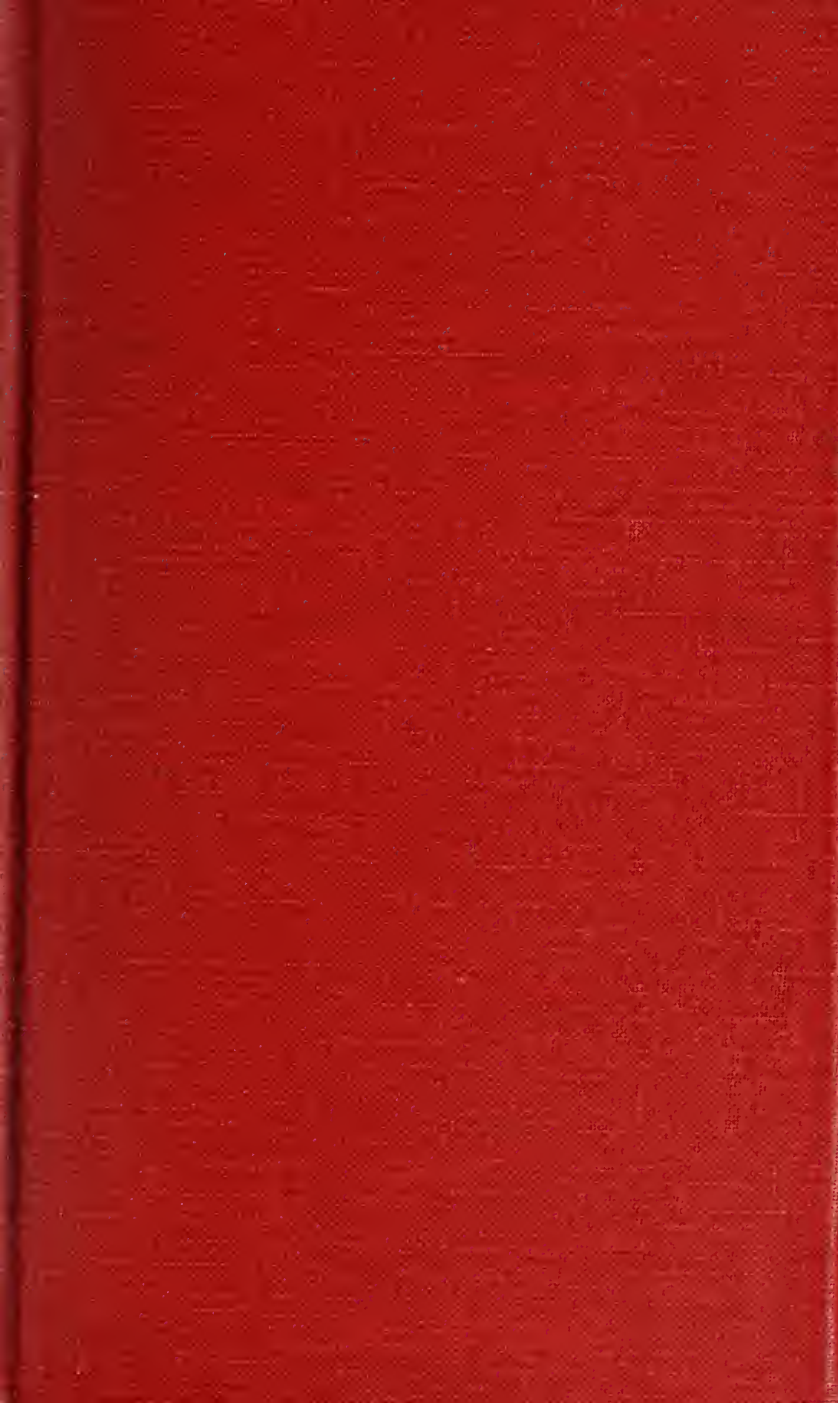




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POEMS

AND

Translations.

BY

EDWARD VAUGHAN KENEALY, LL.D.



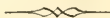
Τὸ φῶς ἐν τῇ σκοτίᾳ φαίνει, καὶ ἡ σκοτία αὐτὸ οὐ κατέλαβεν·

There came a Knight upon a steede of brass;
And in his hande a brode mirrour of glass;
Upon his thombe he had of gold a ring,
And by his side a naked sword hanging,
And up he rideth to the hiè bord;
In at the halle, ne was there spoke a word,
For marveile of this Knight him to behold.

CHAUCER.

*Werd Vieles bringt wird manchem et was bringen,
Und jeder geht zufrieden aus dem Haus.*

GOETHE.



LONDON:

REEVES AND TURNER, 238, STRAND.

—
1864.

4839
K352A17
1864

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
SIR ALEXANDER EDMUND COCKBURN, BART.,
LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND,
ETC. ETC. ETC.

This Volume
IS MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED
BY ONE,
WHO SHARES IN THE FERVENT ADMIRATION,
HONOUR AND REGARD,
WHICH THE WHOLE BAR FEEL,
FOR THE JUDGE, THE JURIST, AND THE SCHOLAR.

822153



P R E F A C E.

Ὅμοια ἐστὶν σαγγηνὴ βληθείσῃ εἰς τὴν θάλασσαν, καὶ ἐκ παντος
γένους συναγαγούσῃ.

The Poems and Translations that follow were originally intended to precede the publication of my *New Pantomime*; but circumstances, to which it is not necessary here to advert, interfered with that design. Now, however, that they are in print, I wish them to be considered the First Volume, and the *New Pantomime* as the second, in this department of my writings. It is right, indeed, that it should be so; for the larger number of the compositions that follow, were written when I was a Student at the University, and a great proportion of them have been in print about twenty years; resembling thus, in some sort, the *viginti annorum lucubrationes* of Lord Coke. I have now collected them, with several others, for which I have no space, from a variety of periodicals, but have made few alterations; preferring to let them appear in their

primal shape, such as it was, to remodelling them; nor indeed, since I first began to hunt after them, for the purposes of this compilation, have I had leisure time either for their revision or improvement. This, I am aware, is no excuse for their faults; but the reader must take them as they are.

They are not, however, all reprints: there are many which it will be at once seen, are of recent composition, and which are now published for the first time. This observation applies not merely to the poems, but to the translations. I knew but little of the Orient when the earlier versions into foreign languages first appeared. But from a very youthful age, I was an admirer of SIR WILLIAM JONES, and thought I should like to follow in his footsteps. I know no man, indeed, to whom we are more indebted; for he first in modern times, demonstrated, to the great disgust of all dullards and pedants, that the acquisition of varied and elegant knowledge was not inconsistent with the cultivation of those far different faculties, which make up a lawyer or a judge. Nor has the example which he set been without its fruits or followers; for at no period in our legal annals has the judicial Bench of this country been so eminently illustrated by great scholars, masters of language,

and proficients in science, as in the present century. Small men there always will be in great places; but as a rule the roll of our Judges proves what I have said.

And now, having rescued these productions from that species of oblivion to which nearly all magazine literature is subject, and having been graciously permitted to send them forth on their adventures, under the auspices of a Name universally loved and honoured, I bid a final farewell to the MUSE, to whom for so many years I have played truant.

Vale Camœna blanda, cultrix ingenti,
Virtutis altrix, mater eloquentiæ,
Linquenda alumno est laurus et chelys tuo.*

E. V. K.

GOLDSMITH BUILDING, TEMPLE.

* Sir W. Jones, *Ad Musam*.

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P O E M S.

Sonnet.*

My summer task is ended—the sweet labour
Thou oft hast heard me speak of, is complete :—
Songs rudely cast for rustic pipe and tabor,
Wild quips, and sportive thoughts, and fancies, meet
Here in this little book, that at thy feet
Like some meek suppliant lies. O Ladye fair !
If there be aught within this varied tome
Worthy to win one passing thought of thine,
Thou art the cause—thy songs of beauty rare,
The pleasant days passed in our happy home
Of roses, myrtle, and green eglantine,
Thy smiles—thy sweet fond talk, and angel heart,
And loveliness, and goodness all divine :—
These have inspired thy Poet's gentle art.

* Prefixed to a small volume of prose published some years since, and which contained a few of the Greek translations that are in this.

LATINÈ.

*Tandem igitur venit lapsis gratissima rebus,
 Et toties votis hora petita meis ;
 Accipe quod multi mitto tibi pignus amoris,
 Carmina perpetui pignus amoris habe.
 Carmina missa tibi quæ carmina, quæque poetus,
 Diligis, et celebri carmine digna facis.
 Musarum studiis, studiis operata Minervæ,
 Aede tuâ colitur Phæbus amatque coli.
 Ecce timet, doctasque fores pulsare recusat,
 Tincta verecundas Musa rubore genas.
 Me cantare tuas juvat, O pulcherrima, laudes.
 Nympha nec Aoniis dignior ulla modis,
 Quod si quid merui de te benè, si quid amavi.
 Vive memor nostri, lux mea, vive memor.*

GERMANICÈ.

Jetzt ist mein Werk gethan, das süße Ziel
 Dir nicht ganz unbekannt, ist nun vollendet,
 Nur Spaß, und Scherz, geringes Musenspiel,
 Der Dichter Dir mit diesem Büchlein sendet,
 Veracht' es nicht, du wunderschöne Dame,
 Das vor den Füßen Dir als Opfer liegt
 Wenn nur ein Glanz von heller Geistesflamme,
 Deiner Anmerkung werth darin sich zeigt.
 Du hast sie angezündet—deiner Töne
 Lieblicher Klang, die Wohnung auch so theuer
 Bedeckt mit Rosen, Lilien und Neben,
 Dein holdes Lächeln, Engels Herz, und schöne
 Freundliche Sprache—diese haben Feuer
 Glühender Dichterkunst mir oft gegeben.

HINDOSTANICÈ.

یختہ

موسمِ گرم کیا ہی کام کیا دنِ خوشی کے مرے تمام کہ
 فرحتیں جو کہ تُم نے تہی دیکھی مجھ پہ یک لخت سُب حرام کہ
 خوش گُلُوئی نے تیرے ای گُلرو جب سر سازِ آخرام کہ
 حالتِ رقص میں ہوے دف وئی غلبہء بیخودی نے کام کہ
 مختصر شعر ہی یہ نہر تری یک نگاہ میں جسے تُو رام کہ
 کچھ نزاکت کو اُسکی وہ پہنچے جو ترا دہیان صبح و شام کہ
 تُو ہو جسکا سبب تو کیا ہی عجب شعر وہ گر جہان میں نام کہ
 شاخِ گل دیکھ تیری قامت کو سر جھکا شرم سے سلام کہ
 سُن خبر تیری غنچہ دہنی کی گل نے دامن ہوا پہ وام کہ
 حرفِ خوبی میں تیری گر جرأت وصف گو نے خیالِ خام کہ
 وامفا کیوں نہو تری ہمت مدح لیدی فلد دوام کہ

تمام

ALTERA VERSIO HINDOSTANICÈ.

غزل

دل گرما اور فراق یار ہی بستر گُل مچھو فرش خار ہی
 ر کے شکوے کہاں لک میں کروں زندگی سے اب تو دل بیزار ہی
 مہ جہانسوز سے تیرے صنم نئے کا سینہ دف کا دل افکار ہی
 قدموں کے ترے ہی جو بیاض اُس میں خوبیکا ترے گفتار ہی
 بسند آوے تجھے اس میں سے کچھ تو تو بندہ عشق کا حقدار ہی
 سے پاتک خوبیان جو تجھ میں ہیں رشک باغ و غیرت گُزار ہی
 نئی ہی اس نظم کا میرے سبب ذکر تیرا ہی مجھے درکار ہی
 عروں سے کب بہلا ہووے ادا وصف تیرا جس طرح درکار ہی

وصف من لیدیِ فلد کے واصفا

نظم تیرا شکرین گُفتار ہی

HIBERNICÈ.

Tá críoch leam gíó Saínpa—an t-íaocháir
 Shíne bo élor leat ríamh—tá noíir néis hom
 Canam a míclóð, do éiríte-íob ír tábor
 Fíadán Raíra, gíne náð, ír t-ííjána
 Shí ran mbeis leabair ío, íoíí do éíóíííí
 Ío rííal aís eacáíííí íííí;—O Rííííí gíé

2hā tā aon deaḍ-ijḍ aḥ ran mbeḥ naḥ ro
 Jṛ fṛ rṛḥḥeaḥ aḥaḥ ṛaṭṛḥ
 Jṛ tṛ ṛō ḥdeaḥa—caḥṭaḥ oḥḍeḥḥḥ bḥḥ,
 Na laeṭaḥḥ ṭaṭṭḥeaḥḥ, caṭaḥ aḍ aṭṭḥeaḥ ṛoḥaḍ
 2ḥ ḥḥḥḥḥḥḥ, aḥ ḥḥḥḥḥ, aḥ ḥlaṛ ḥḥḥḥḥḥḥ
 Do ḥaḥḥ, do caḥḥḥ-cōḥḥaḍ, Jṛ ḍ'aḥḥḥḥ cḥḥḥḥ
 Do ḥeaḥḥḥḥḥḥ, do deaḍ-ḥḥḥḥ, ḥḥḥ ḥḥaḍa.
 2ṛḥaḍ do ḥēḥḥ ṛṛāṛ, ḥḥḥ eaḥaḥ aḥ ḥāḥḥ.

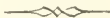
TERTIA VERSIO HINDOSTANICÆ.

غزل

فصل گرما نے فصل وصل صنم کر دیا وای یہہ ستم ہی
 مین نے اکثر کیئے ہیں تجھسے بیان ہجر مین جو کہ مجھہ گذرے
 دال نغمے نے نیء کے سینے مین چھید کیا مطرب نے دف کا دل بہ
 دیکھہ چھوٹی کتاب وہ جو تیرے پاس قدموں کے ہی دھری ای
 گر مناسب تیرے صفت کے ہو اُسمین جو کچھ کیا ہی مین نے
 تو تو رکبتا ہوں مین یہہ استحقاق کہ رہوں عشق سے تیرے
 تو ہی اس نظم کا سبب سے میرے ذکر مین تیرے دل رہے
 شاخ گل نے جو دیکھا قد کو ترے کیا تسلیم وونہین ہو کر خد
 سنبل و گل کھلے ہیں گلشن مین کہاتے ہیں تیرے زلف و رخ کی
 حق تیرے خوبین کے ای دلبر شاعرون کو بنا دئیے اب
 وصف لیدی فلد کا ای واصف عمر بہر گر کرین تو پھر بھی ہی

Poets.

Poets are Phaëthons, with burning dreams
Of beauty, such as blooms not on this earth ;
Of music, such as breathes not, but in heaven ;
Of sunbright splendours, clothed in fadeless light ;
Of virgins moulded from the rainbow rays,
All purity, and loveliness, and calm.
And in these dreams they live in other spheres,
And fly on wings from star to golden star,
And float suspended over seas of pearl,
Or, wrapt in thought, by lonely mountain streams,
Hear, in the spirit, echoes of such songs
As only those in Paradise can wake ;
So, with these grand imaginings inspired,
They go among mankind, and seek to guide
Their fiery steeds and chariot flashing through
The Empyræan of their thoughts sublime ;
But, dazzled by their own exalted visions,
They err—they wander—they despair—are lost,
Are hurled in thunder from their way august,
And die of broken hearts, unwept, unpitied,
Save only by the children of the sun.



Stanzas on revisiting Trinity College, after
long Absence.

I.

ONCE more within these olden storied walls,
So dearly loved from boyhood's happy days,
With eager bound my glowing footstep falls,
With eyes suffused in joy around I gaze;—
Once more I live, and move, and walk, and breathe
Within the dear remembered cloistered aisles,
Whose warm though silent welcomings enwreath
My heart with raptures and my face with smiles;—
Once more I pause o'er each remembered scene,
In my soul's soul in brightest hues enshrined,—
The pillared porch—the smooth and dewy green—
The stately halls—the trees with ivy twined —
The breathing busts—the books—the silence—all
Back to my heart its best and happiest hours recall.

II.

Here in the sunny summer of my youth
My soul grew up, and drank the sacred streams
Of Wisdom, Knowledge, Virtue, Thought, and Truth;—
Here my heart lived on bright and glorious dreams
Caught from the Poet's or the Historian's page;
Homer and Horace, and the Mantuan lyre,
Plato's deep thoughts, and Pindar's epic rage,
The Ascræan bard, and Lucan's words of fire—
From morn till night, from night till morning came,
These and the stars my sole companions were,

Still burned my lamp with clear and vestal flame,
Still my mind fed on visions grand and rare ;
The Past was still before me, and its soul
Shone with the splendour of some heaven-descended scroll,

III.

And wooed me on to scale the starry steep
Where Poesy—sweet Faërie Queen—sits throned ;
Beneath her feet the fiery lightnings leap,
But her fair brows with rainbows shine enzoned ;
Round her the Muses sport the livelong day,
The Graces, young and laughing, dance and sing,
The bright-eyed Nymphs with rosy Cupids play ;
Music wells forth from reed and shell and string ;
Phantoms of sunshine formed—the Bards of old,
Whose vernal thoughts make heaven of earth are there,
While songs and hymns in strains of wonder told,
Fill as with fragrance all the echoing air :
These are thy glories—these, Immortal Past !
On these my heart was fixed, my longing looks were east.

IV.

The Wild, the Grand, the Beautiful, the True,
Each an Enchantress with enchanted wand,
Flung o'er my soul their spells, until it grew
Entirely theirs, and sought no bliss beyond.
Its only world became a world unknown,
Of dreams fantasque and visions strange and quaint,
Within whose skies eternal summer shone,
And scenes that liveliest fancy scarce could paint ;

A wondrous wild embodiment it seemed
Of things transformed to beauty—Titan shapes,
And Grecian deities, and seas that streamed
Through silver isles, and foamed on golden capes ;
Forests and Nymphs, and Fauns and Sylvens blent,
With Gothic scenes and spells, tilt, magic tower, and tent.

V.

And fabling Ovid, with soft eyes of fire,
Was by my side and coloured many a thought ;
And many a gay and many a fond desire
Unto my soul Verona's minstrel brought.
And Ariosto sang me curious strains
Of magic castles built on marble heights,
And gallant soldiers pricking o'er the plains,
And mail-clad steeds and antique-armoured knights,
And ladies chaste that roamed through forests wild,
Pursued by giants and in dire despair,
Until some brave and angel-guided Childe,
Wafted perchance ten thousand miles through air,
Appeared before their wondering eyes to prove
His valorous arm in fight, and straightway fall in love.

VI.

The magic of these old delicious songs,
The hours of silent reverie and thought,
The paradise-light that to past time belongs,
Dreams of Romance and Beauty all enwrought,
The early sunshine streaming o'er the glade,
The song of birds, the voice of some sweet flute,

The ancient trees with broad and leafy shade,
The moon that clothed the halls in silver suit,
The fire-winged stars, the solemn silent night,
The lamps through many a latticed window seen,
The deep-toned bell for morn and evening rite,
The reverend gloom relieved by the moon's sheen—
All these come back upon my soul, like strains
Of native music heard on far and foreign plains ;

VII.

Filling it deep with sadness and with gloom.
Alas ! where are ye, dear past innocent hours ?
The scythe of Time hath swept ye to the tomb ;
Yet in my soul ye still survive, like flowers
Round some sad mouldering shrine ; I sit and think
Of sweet old times, familiar faces passed
Away for ever ; friends, link after link,
Methinks move on, in faithful memory glassed.
Where are they now ? Some sleep in distant lands,
Some slumber in the ocean ; some remain ;
But the fond ties once twined by Friendship's hands
Are snapped, and ne'er may re-unite again.
Oh ! that once more I were a careless Boy,
As when I first beheld these halls with pride and joy,

VIII.

And wandered wild through portico and park,
Emparadised in Fancy's purple clouds ;
Heedless and happy ; dreaming not of dark
Tartarean cloud, like that which now enshrouds

This visible orb ;—to boyhood's laughing eyes
The earth seems Eden ; everything looks bright ;
Life, a glad journey to the golden skies :
To manhood, all seems black as blackest night.
Why are we here ? What power hath peopled earth ?
Why wend we in our pilgrimage of woe ?
Whence have our souls derived their fiery birth ?
Unto what bourne is fated man to go ?
Why clings he still to life ? Why hug the chain
That eats into his heart, and turns his joy to pain ?

IX.

Alas ! we know not—must not hope to know.
The Future looms far off in mystery veiled :
Present and Past are ours—but like the bow
Of heaven, still far the future lies concealed,
Robed in enchanting colours, formed to fade
As the quick hour moves on. We live and die ;
In the same hour, cradle and grave are made ;
Monarch and slave in the same black earth lie ;
And is *this* life ? For *this* was man designed ?
Was it for *this* the All-Powerful gave him store
Of hopes and thoughts sublime, and filled his mind
With longings after high and heavenly lore ?
A wise fine soul, a glory-loving heart ?—
No—'twas for mighty ends that thou shouldst play thy
part.

X.

For mighty ends thy soul to earth was sent—
A mission grand and high, O Man, is thine !—

Work in the spirit of that great intent ;
Walk like an angel in the path divine.
Here, in these sacred walls, old, world-renowned,
The seat of learning, shall thy young heart swell,
Fired by the glories of the classic ground,
By the great memories that around thee dwell ;
Here shalt thou train thee for thy pure career ;
Wisdom and Knowledge like twin orbs of light,
Shrined in these hallowed temples, greet thee here,
And point the way to Virtue's star-crowned height ;
Onward, still onward from glad youth to age,
Here shall thy soul learn strength for every changing stage.

XI.

Thoughts of great deeds and lofty acts be thine,
The mighty dead, the shadowy shapes of old.
Heroes and Bards—a starry gleaming line
Of souls celestial, still before thee hold
Their glorious course, and beckon on thy soul
To tread the shining footpaths that they trod ;
Onward they marched, until they reached the goal
For minds of light like theirs prepared by God ;
Sages and Bards and Statesmen, on whose forms
Pictured on canvass, let thine emulous eyes
Still gaze with rapture. What though winds and
 storms
Break round his head who to Fame's Palace flies,
The attempt is grand and noble, though he fall—
Conquer thyself, brave heart, and thou shalt conquer all.

XII.

Look on the pictured epics throned around—
Go to thy books, and study their career—
So shalt thou feel thy swelling spirit bound,
And cast aside, like chains, despair and fear ;
Learn from their thoughtful eyes and resolute brows
To nerve thy soul with stern resolve for fame ;
Heaven to the heart that works, due strength allows,
And crowns her toil with an undying name.
Burke, Berkeley, Flood, Burgh, Avonmore, and
Swift,—*

Behold the men who shook or charmed their world :
Behold—revere—aspire—toil on—and lift
Thy soul to thoughts like theirs ; if haply hurled
From thine immortal flight by chance or fate,
Well hast thou clothed thy soul with noble thoughts
and great.

Trinity College, Shrove Tuesday, 1844.

* Their portraits are in the Theatre and Dining-hall.



בת קל*

A Voice of Mystic Beauty ever singeth,
In gentle cadences of silver music,
Through the enchanted caverns of my being.

Is it a Siren from the sunny waters
That glides into those splendour-tinted caverns,
On billows green, transparent, sun-reflecting?

Is it a Spirit from the starry circles
Of fire, and light, and harmony, descending,
That in those echoing aisles her lute awaketh?

I see, methinks, a gleam of eyelids flashing
Hues softer than the evening star's sweet lustre—
Fair golden glimpses, breathing love and beauty.

I feel, methinks, the touch of snowy fingers,
Softly—like moonbeams—passing o'er my temples,
And the warm air of fragrant virgin breathings.

Silence enwraps my Spirit like a garment;
The starry Veil of Paradise enfolds it;
It is alone, and yet it is not lonely.

For faint and shadowy, like far distant echoes
Of song divine, with lyres and lutes entwining,
Is the loved presence of this Mystic Beauty.

* Bet-ql, commonly called *Bath-Kol*, the Daughter of Voice; mystically, the Daughter of Wisdom, who is the Voice of God. *Cal*, in Shanscreet, means Wisdom; hence *καλος* and the Saxon *call*, Greek and Saxon being lineally derived from the Shanscreet. The Chal-dæans and Cal-, or Cul-dees, were worshippers of Wisdom. *Cali* is an Indian Divinity, synonymous with Eternity, but by the ignorant called the Goddess of Death.

A Morning Walk.

Come—let us mount the Downs, and breathe the air
 That murmurs o'er their slopes of fern and thyme ;
 And in the silent wastes of spreading green,
 Give ourselves up to thoughts too pure for earth,
 Conversing there with Nature and her works,
 Beautiful, ever-living, ever new.

The sun is on the waters ; in the heaven
 There is no cloud to speck the sapphire arch
 That, like God's bright and guardian angel eye,
 Beams over all his children ; here and there,
 At distant intervals, a white bird flits
 Over the violet sea : but peace divine
 Is the prevailing feature of the hour,
 That, crowned with sunshine, typifies Repose,
 Lulled in a Paradise-dream of deepest bliss.

Waste not a moment looking in the glass—
 Dally not over ribbands, lace, or gloves ;
 But with thy hat, and scarlet cloak, and hair
 Flowing as loose as woodbines on the breeze,
 Or the wild hyacinth on Attic fields,
 Let us ascend the winding way that leads
 Into the depths of their sweet solitude ;
 And bring no book with thee but Sacontala,
 That orient jewel of most perfect song.

How pure this morning perfume !—the soft wind
 Is laden with sweet odours ; like a breeze
 Wafted from Paradise, it breathes its music
 Into our being, and I long for wings

To bear me from the earth, and, like yon lark,
Soar upward, pouring out my prayer to God.
Stay for a moment—listen to his song :
How rich, how clear, how melting with delight,
The cheerful carol of a happy nature !
Over green fields and cottages he soars,
With eyes turned sunward, till aloft, aloft,
And out of sight he passes ; but his lay
Is still borne down to us, who stand and listen,
Warmed with the sympathy that from the bird
Passes into ourselves, as if we twain
Were one with him, his elders in the scale
Of being ; but in all things else alike—
In spirit, soul, and heart, the great trivamz
That constitute the all of organized life.

Look on this hedge-row, rich with many a bloom—
With star-like flowers, more delicate than snow.
How full of life the wonder-work of God !
What strange variety of being !—some
With wings as beautiful as eastern gems,
Others in armour, like the glittering emerald ;
Some golden-burnished, some of silvery beam,
And some of opal hues, enshrining light—
The many-coloured flashing rainbow light
That from the neck of queens bursts forth and awes
The empty crowd to silence. These small lives,
Which the base bumpkin crushes with a laugh,
Are images of the Father ; they, too, have
The same desires as man ; and some are pure
In their clear sphere of thought, and live on flowers ;

And some are fierce and cruel ; some are found
To dwell alone like monks ; some place their bliss
In love and innocent sport ; and some there be
Who ruthlessly regard their own dear selves,
And sacrifice all others to their passion,
Like any common statesman of our time.
This hedge-row is a microcosm, and if
We two could read, interpret, and well know
Its inner history, we should find but little
That differs from the daily life that runs
Its course amid our village and its flies,
Except that those are not so finely dressed
As the poor mites that populate the wild.

O Mab, thou Faërie Queen, that thou wert here,
To change us for an instant by thy spells
To insects in this wilderness of plants !
What glories should we see ; what groves and gardens—
What sweet parterres—what fragrant nooks and bowers,
More beautiful than Alladin ever raised,
Or Arab fancy painted in bright dream ;
Or, since that mighty Queen hath not appeared
Since gay Mercutio sang her dædal art,
And Shelley summoned her in splendid song,
Had we but a small lens to aid the eye,
What wonders we should see in every branch :
Glands brimming o'er like cups with golden juice,
Goblets of sunbright hue from which to quaff ;
Rafters of gold and silver ; pillars fair
As ivory carved ; and tents that spread their wings
Of ruby and of topaz, underneath

Whose cooling dome fountains of honey flow ;
Dove-coloured dawn, with white and gold yflowered,
Wakens those insects from their bowers of dream ;
And when the Evening Star, with golden ray,
Faintly illumines the gray of heaven, they sink
Into their leafy beds as soft as down.
And there are forests in whose wilds they stray
And sun themselves into delightful trance,
And chrysolite columns under dazzling thrones ;
And in these flowers of thyme are flagons filled
With amethystine dews, and cups that shine
Transparent as with diamond and pearl.
And here these happy mortals all day long
Banquet, and think God made the world for them.

Why should they not ?—To God's omnipotent eye,
The bee, the butterfly, the gold-winged moth,—
Nay, the poor earthworm delving through the mould,—
Are objects not uncared for : See how well
Their wants and pleasures are regarded by Him.
Why, I have looked upon a speck of life
No larger than the point upon a pin,
Have scanned it curiously and marked its beauty,
Its rapid motion, its pulsating heart,
Its quick perception of the things about it,
Its readiness to avoid what it should shun,
Its evident relish in its sense of being,
Its every faculty perfect to the end
For which the creature lived ; and I have asked
Myself this question :—In the Final Day,
When Cæsar stands before the thrones of Light

And points to oceans of red blood, let forth
To float him proudly to the Capitol,
Will not the Father of all Life exclaim ;
More beauteous in my sight is yon poor insect,
Which passed its days within a leaf, than thou
Whose title to renown is based on death,
Ruin, and misery, and fires, and graves ?

Here let us stand beside these cottages,
Blooming with climbers, and before we reach
The quiet village, let us cast our eyes
Back to the sea, the ever-royal sea,
Now flashing with a green transparent light
More lovely than the delicate emerald tint
That fringes round the rainbow. See the lines
Of deep and dark leaf-green that streak its surface,
Making the brighter colours shine more bright
By contrast. On the shore the waves advance,
Like warriors tossing high their snowy plumes,
That glitter in the sunlight ; the sea breeze
Is wafted hither, softened by the sun,
And the sea boom is echoed in our ears.
But on the waters not a sail is seen ;
All is as lonely as the wilderness
In Araby the desert ; but the solitude,
Though vast and grand, is instinct with quick life,
That shows itself in motion and in voice,
Yea, and in soul ; for who that ever gazed
Upon the sea, did not in thought confess
And feel its mighty living influence,—
Feel that it viewed him with majestic front,

As though a god it were with crown and throne
Imperial, till his spirit bowed before
The grandeur and divinity that effused
Themselves from the great Presence ;—let us on,
Or I shall look for ever on this Sea,
Which interpenetrates mine inmost essence
With spells that fix me as in magic dream.
But ere we pass, delay a little moment ;
Inhale the perfume of these rustic gardens,
That with a paradise of sweets surrounds
These humble homes of labour ; how they breathe
Their gentle harmonies into the heart.
The birds have here a colony of nests,
And sooth they show their taste ; for here are flowers
In front and all around of brilliant dyes,
And fragrant odours, and a hive of bees
Humming for ever, as from cup to cup
They pass, like those gay drinkers of old time,
Who with Anacreon crowned their brows with rose
And myrtle, and on leafy beds reclined,
Tasted a score of purple vintages
To the' health of the fair nymphs who handed round
The brimming silver in more silvery hands.
Yes—those indeed were days of high romance ;
The world was in its youth, and all was fair,
And life was purpled o'er with classic thoughts ;
And there were Nymphs, and Goddesses, and Sprites
Of beauty and of love in every vale,
And Naiads purple-zoned, with full black eyes
Paling the splendour of the brightest stars.
Greece, and its pearl-like isles of lute and song,

Were very epics, such as Homer hymned.
Could we but live among them !—but the hope
Is hopeless ; though indeed we may in fancy
Wander amid those green enchanted bowers,
And see its soldiers and its women fair,
Whose lives and loves are writ in chronicles ;
And as we saunter up this gentle hill,
Crowned with its fane, I'll tell thee an old tale
Which has this moment flashed across my mind—
A tale of love and faithfulness, and death.

When the Milesians took the isle of Naxos,
And heaped all cruelties upon the people,
A fair young Virgin named Polycrita
Fled to Apollo's altar in despair.
The general of the victors, Diognetus,
Saw her and loved, but did not dare pollute
The sanctuary. Oft he sent the Maid
A loving message, but she would not hear.
At last he forced his way into the shrine.
The Virgin said, *My heart I'll freely give
To thee for ever, if thou'lt vow a vow
To do as I desire.* The general sware,
So great the might of love. Then spake the Maid :
*Betray the city to my brothers, who
Encamp outside the walls, and I will be
Thy loving wife.* Amazement struck him dumb ;
But he consented, and the plot was laid.
And messages were sent unto her brothers,
To charge upon the city when they saw
A blazing torch uplifted from the Temple.

In feast and wine the conquering soldiers passed
The riotous day. At night, when all was still,
The torch was raised. The brothers saw, and went
Against the city, and with vengeance burning
Bore all before them the unconscious foe.
In the confusion, Diognetus fell.
Polyerita, who loved him for his faith
To her, expired upon his corpse, and both
Were buried in one tomb; apart in life,
In death they were conjoined. So ends the story.

Now pause we here a moment, ere we pass
Along yon rising road, and lap our souls
In meditation under this old tower
With reverend ivy mantled, which has seen
So many generations glide beneath
Its Gothic portal: childhood, manhood, age,
The happy-hearted virgin, the bright babe,
The strong of limb, the feeble, gray-haired sire,
Called by the Sabbath bell to kneel and pray,
And offer up their simple thoughts to God.
Over its flower-sprent turf the bees revolve;
The sunbeams play above the lowly graves;
And from yon garden breaks the sweet wild note
Of birds, the innocent choristers of the dead.
The place is solemn with a voiceless beauty;
A gentle melancholy wraps it round—
A stillness, a repose, that like the Preacher,
Ever and ever sayeth, All is vanity.
And when I wander through it in the evening,
When twilight wraps it in a silvery haze,

And only one faint star of light is seen
High in the heaven, I feel as if the Shade
Of Gray were near me, and that in my ear
It whispered the sad Elegy of old,
Whose plaintive music hath in many a heart
Left such deep imprints, that where'er we roam,
We still remember the loved lines of song,
Which in our schoolboy days we learned by rote,
Until they were a portion of ourselves.
Here, or in some sequestered wild churchyard,
As lone, as lowly, and as far from towns,
We also shall repose when all is done,
And life's bright lamp hath suddenly gone out ;
And over us, as now above these sleepers,
The winds shall blow and summer sunbeams fall,
And winter ice the grass with star-like gems,
And wild flowers bud, and bees with buzzing wing
Pursue their pleasant toil. The birds shall sing ;
But we who sleep shall hear not their sweet song ;
Nor shall the lightning dazzle, nor the voice
Of thunders wake us. By our lone green beds
The stranger and the villager shall stand,
And look, and go his way ; nor think perchance
That we once stood in life and strength and hope,
Upon the very spot where his foot traced
Its print upon the grass. Upon his brain
No image shall there rest of you or me ;
And these frail frames in which our spirits live
Shall be as though they had not ever been,
Blended with all the elements,—infused
In air, in earth, in water, and in fire,

Never to reunite ;—for the bright soul,
Which is a lucid spark from God himself,
Will not again pollute itself with dust.
What homilies are in these mouldering stones !
What sermons in these gray time-worn records !
What psalms, more speaking to the sensitive mind
Than ever harpist sang, are in these frail
Memorials reared by love or pious reverence,
Over the remnants of their sires or sons ;
Over the wife who shared with them their toils ;
Over the babe whose eyes were their delight.
This mound of turf, this rude and simple rail,
Speaks to the heart more feelingly than brass
Or marble, or the rich man's gaudy pomp,
Blazoned with coats and crests and pedigrees,
For Mephistopheles to mock at. Here,
Or in some humble field like this, would I
Myself desire to be consigned to dust,
Beneath a hillock with the daisy fretted,
A simple villager 'mid village folks.
With only these, my name and time of death ;
All else is foolishness ; all else is vain.
Yet would I not be grieved to think that some,
Warmed with the feeling for a dreamer dead,
Such as in blessed youth I too have felt
For the sun-soaring spirits of sweet song,
Some high-aspiring boy, some gentle girl,
Would come and sprinkle flowers o'er my grave,
Would fling a rose or violet on the turf,
And say, Upon thy breast I cast this gem
Of spring or summer, in a fond remembrance,

In token that thou hast a little place
 Within my heart and dwellest in my thoughts.

Even as I muse, methinks I hear a voice
 Speak to my soul from yonder simple grave,
 While the far-distant wave that on the shore
 Breaks into fragments, symphonies the words ;
Thou shalt, be even as we : thy strength, thy life,
Shall fade, as fade fair rainbows in the even,
And the glad thoughts in which thou dost indulge
Shall pass like autumn leaves ; no more for thee,
When thou shalt have crossed o'er the gloomy stream,
Shall happy sunbeams smile, nor on thine eyes
The starry lights that gild the arch of morn
Shall gleam, nor thy sweet sorrowing look, O moon !
The haunted forest, the flower-sprinkled plains
Thou shalt not tread again, nor look aloft
On the crystalline clouds that veil from sight
Of human eye the paradise-thrones of God.
O Son ! bear this in mind, nor let the earth,
From which so speedily thy foot shall pass,
Be aught to thee than what it is—a shadow
That ever teems with unsubstantial shadows.

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Farewell, old tower ! fare ye well, ye graves !
 Ye have awakened thoughts within my soul
 That are as balm to wounded wayfarers.
 Gone are the hands that reared your holy walls,
 And planted ivy round them ; gone the brain

That first planned out this modest shrine to God :
Their bones, their ashes, nay, their very names
Have perished from the earth ; but thou art here,
A venerable record, bosomed deep
'Mid trees, and standing in a tranquil beauty,
Shedding a venerable grace and shadow
Over the sleepers. Long mayst thou abide
In storm and sunshine, in revolving years,
To open wide thy sabbath doors of peace,
And house the villagers who flock to hear
The lessons of their pastor, while they raise
Their untought, simple hymns of hope and trust
To the Great Father, who disdains not any,
But hears the voice of faith, whether it comes
From temples garnished rich with gold and gems,
Or lowly altars such as thine presents ;—
Hears it with equal ear, nor gives to one
That audience which it yields not unto all.

How softly breathes the wind amid these trees,
That overshade in parts this gentle hamlet.
We shall not meet with any on the Downs.
How sacred is their presence ! Never falls
My gaze upon a Tree that o'er the sward
Rises in blooming vigour, but I feel
Religious peace wrapping my soul around,
As if it were a living priest of Nature,
That spake to me of beauty and repose.
How picture-like yon sycamore ! With what strength
Yon mighty elm puts forth his brawny boughs !
How graceful is that lilac ! Solemn awe

Seems clustered round yon yew, that now has stood,
Perchance, for centuries, and has seen so many
Pass and repass in life's quick panorama.
How lustrously, in sunlight, shine their leaves,
With varying tints and many-twinkling lights !
How soft their musical whisper ! Round their trunks
Spring many wild flowers, gemming the thick grass ;
And unseen lyrists, warbling through the spray,
Make the air musical with silver sounds :
The dove bells forth her sweet and ringing coo—
The blackbird sings his rich and musical note—
The thrush and linnet waft their honey tones
Over the clear and crystalline expanse
Of morn's transparent, sunny, sparkling air.
In such a solitude of merry birds,
Amid phantasmal pictures born of the sun,
Lay Shakspeare when he dreamed of Ardennes' wood
And melancholy Jaques—that muser quaint.
In such a foliaged nook of shade and sun,
Lulled by the heavenly tone of lyres and lutes,
Spenser reclined at length ; and day by day,
From Sibyl trees and sylvan Delphic dreams,
And strains and hymns by Poets only heard,
Encircled also by those mystic Shapes
Of light and splendour, loveliness and youth,
Such as Bards see in sovran thought inspired,
Drew the sweet lore that lives i' the Faërie Queene.

O poet-dreams, how dull and dark were life
On earth if ye were absent !—Man were then
A kind of beast, but one degree removed

From the four-footed creatures of the field,
In which the light of fancy burns not. Love,
With its high-coloured splendours, were unknown,
Or would be animal only. Ye upraise
The sons of mortals into far-off spheres,
And make them happy in ideal scenes.
They drain the diamond goblet of Djemsheed,*
And wander in the halls of Chil-Minâr ;
They wear the magic ring of Suleymân,
And see the sparkling light of Samarcand ;
They gaze upon Iskander's fated mirror,
Reading therein the Present, Past, and Future ;
And from the cup, the crystal, and the ring,
Evoke such glorious pictures, visions, clouds,
As neither conqueror, nor sage, nor shah,
Ever beheld in fair reality.

And now we pace along the cart-road path,
Rough with sharp flints, and breathe the fragrant breath
Of woodbine ; now we enter on the Downs—
Spreading before us like an ocean vast,
With waves gigantic ; swelling hills, deep vales,
In which are cottages that seem the home
Of mild content ; yet could we scan the souls
Of those who tenant them, what wild desires,
What vague ambitions, restless hopes and wishes,
As varying as the surface of the sea,
Should we discern. Such is mankind—a being

* The goblet of Djemsheed, the ring of Solomon, the mirror of Alexander, are the three renowned and magical treasures of Oriental legend.

Whom Alexander's conquests cannot fill ;
Whom all the wealth and power of all the world
Never can satiate—for his infinite nature
Desires the Infinite. So hath God ordained,
When first He formed the spirit, and so willed
That only *He* should satisfy its needs.
How the free breeze blows freshly on our brows—
How our minds revel in the boundless sense
Of liberty that circles us. O Father,
Gladly I thank Thee that my thoughts are free
As this pure mountain air ; that I have bathed
My spirit in the Truth revealed by Heaven,
Renewing its virginity, and flinging
Away for ever from its shining limbs
The chains corroding which dull Custom binds
About the splendid wanderer from the skies,
Seeking to make it one with earth and night.

O ye surrounding hills, how beautiful,
How full of pastoral loveliness ye are !
The sky seems purer o'er your silent crests,
That sleep in purple ; but your winding depths
Bear many-coloured hues. The sheep and lambs,
And meditative kine that on your heath
Browse in luxurious ease ; the singing birds
And humming bees that flash through silver air,
Carry me far away, o'er land and wave,
To ancient Arcady and bygone days—
Hybla, Hymettus, Pindus, Enna's vale,
When poets were but shepherds with their crooks,
And Muses sought them in their sylvan haunts,

And breathed into their pipes the songs of heaven ;
And the fair Moon herself came down to Latmos,
To kiss Endymion's mouth of rosy flowers.
Hence, also, am I wafted, as I gaze
On yonder steep and heaven-kissing hill,
Basking beneath the rosy-purple sky,
To Taunus and the golden-coloured Rhine,
And Drachenfels, and Bingen—that fair nook
Embosomed in green hills of vines and trees.
'Twas in a mood like this which now I feel—
In such a moment, too, long years ago,
When I had never tasted aught but bliss,
I left green Bacharach, and climbed on high,
Amid the warm and kindling roseate air,
And stood upon the ruined tower, that like
An eagle in his eyrie proudly stands
Aloft, in high disdain of all below.
Round me were many reliques of old time,
Peopled with legend and the phantom host :
Fairies, and gnomes, and spectres of the past ;
And mighty shades that still cling round the shores :
Cæsar, and Attila, and Charlemagne.
Beneath me flowed the Rhine—a thread of gold,
On which the sunbeams played ; the mountains round
Were vernal with the vine, and wheresoe'er
I cast my eye, were churches, castles, cots,
Gardens and children, and the distant hum
Of labour, vintage, laughter, and sweet song.
But fairer than all these were thronging thoughts
That round me curled in rosy, beaming clouds,
And lent their life to all the landscape there,

Making a Tempè in my raptured brain.
Thus fled the hours, unnoticed, even as now ;
But I was all alone, with no fair form
To share the Elysium of that happy hour,
Or echo the wild music of my soul,
As it is echoed now by thee, love, thee.

What have we here ?—A bird's nest from its bower
Plucked by some wayward urchin : mark how well
The wingèd little architect had made
Its woven chamber, lined with moss, and hair,
And down, so softly blended—a bird-boudoir,
Such as my Lady Fashion—who, of all things,
Studies her comfort most—might well have ordered
Her sleek, sly cabinet-maker to inspect,
And take a lesson from the country bird.
And here's a broken egg, of pale sea-green,
Flung on the road remorselessly—a life
Wantonly sacrificed that might have made
The forest musical, and charmed the ear
Of many a villager, when underneath
The spreading tree he rested from his toil,
Or breathed his love-tale to the willing heart
Of some young haymaker in ribbands trim—
Love-secrets sweeter to the happy thought
Than golden honey to the schoolboy's mouth.
Poor mother-bird, I pity thee : this morn
How rich in hope thou wert, and thou didst flutter,
With all a mother's pride, over thy nest,
And didst indulge in dreams ; but in a moment
Thine airy castles were dissolved in air,

And all thy love and labours were for nought.
Where art thou now, thou little desolate one ?
Would I could find thee, and with gentle love
Console thee in thy sadness and despair.

Yonder's a flock of sheep and bleating lambs ;
Their shepherds marshal them with dogs and crook,
And drive them to their watering-place—a pond
Of chalk and lime, battened to hold the rains,
And form a fountain in this waste of heath.
The black-faced simpletons, with anxious eyes,
Gaze on us as we stay to view them pass.
With what fond love they look upon their young,
Whose tottering feet can scarcely help them on !
How gravely do these dogs with shaggy hair
Watch o'er the troop like captains : quick of eye
And foot they are, and with their arduous duty,
Methinks they blend a sort of rough regard,
As if they looked upon the silly sheep
As wayward children—to be rather pitied
Than blamed or barked at ; for they mean no ill,
Howe'er they wander from the well-ranged troop,
But do so in mere female thoughtlessness.
A flock like this it was Don Quixote saw,
When in the leading ram his errant brain
Beheld the puissant Ali-Fanfaron,
Lord of vast Taprobana and its people ;
And in the opposite troop, that valiant chief,
The Garamantian king, Pentapolin,
Wending to deadly battle, for the love
Of that most beautiful and graceful lady

(Her name discreet Cervantes hath suppressed)
To whom Lord Ali offered throne and hand ;
But he a worshipper was of false Mahound ;
And so Pentapolin, with Christian faith,
Refused his proffered love ; and therefore they
Rushed like two lions into deadly fight.

There is an ancient legend of fair Greece,
Of one who met a flock of sheep and lambs
In this wise, and who perished. I will tell it,
If thou canst think of aught besides that glow
Of dazzling pictures in this splendid scene—
If thou canst summon back thy raptured thought
From the all-sparkling radiance of this hour,
To an old story of the antique times ;
And thus, in simple phrase, methinks it ran :
Young Hipparinus loved Leucippè, who
Disdained his suit. He courted her a year,
But could not win one sweet, approving smile :
Go forth, she says, and prove your strength of love,—
Slay the fierce lion that the forest haunts.
He went, and slew the lion ; then Leucippè
Loved Hipparinus. Blest, indeed, are they
Who love and are beloved. The tyrant-king
Who ruled the island where this happy pair
Dwelt in delight, the virgin saw, and fired
With passion, sought her modesty to spoil.
Then Hipparinus rose and watched the king,
And stabbed him to the heart. The monarch's guards
Pursued the youth, who might have 'scaped their rage,
But on the road he met a troop of shepherds,

Driving their lambkins, which were tied together,
And thus his progress stayed. The soldiers came,
And killed the youth. Leucippè died that day,
But the good people of the island, freed
From the despotic rule of that old king,
Raised up two golden statues to the lovers,
And passed a stern decree, that, from that time,
No shepherds should their lambkins tie and drive
Upon the public highways of that realm.

Mark yonder cluster of green faërie rings :
Methinks they held wild revels here last night,
Under the silver circlet of the moon.
How vivid is this emerald turf!—as if
The little people, with their magic feet,
Impressed it with new verdure as they tripped.
Here we can fancy Oberon reclined—
Here Queen Titania, with that pretty minx
Cowslip, and Master Cobweb, and Peasblossom,
And sprightly Robin Goodfellow, called Puck.
What sports, what quips, what jollity and love,
These silver-crested mushrooms witnessed then !
They are the sole fair records of the feast ;
And so I counsel thee to bring them home,
And from their fragrant stems and glistening orbs
Extract the juice, which, in the winter-time,
Shall make us roam in fancy here once more,
And I shall see thee, as I see thee now,
Stooping to gather them with snow-white hand,
Like a pomegranate flower, in scarlet leaf,
Bending above the green. These magic rings,

How dear to me they are !—and how they breathe
Of poets past, and the wild minstrel notes
That charmed our forefathers in merrie England :
Drummond and Drayton, Daniel, Jonson, Greene !
They bear me back to Sherwood, and the sports,
And lays, and legends, and chivalric games,
That with the memory of our glorious isle,
Are intertwined for ever ; and I live
Another and a happier sort of life
In the brief moment of that waking dream.

Boundless and fair the prospect opens still.
Here are no splendid flowers to form a wreath
For high-born dames that flaunt in tapestried rooms,
But humble blossoms, not so finely bred
As those in lordly gardens, yet not less
The exquisite image of wise Nature's art :
Cowslip and primrose, purple creeping-Jenny,
Briony, pimpernel, white bindweed, fox-glove,
Buglos and harebell, and the periwinkle,
With dark blue eye, like some young laughing babe's,
And wild forget-me-not. With buds like these,
Curiously intertwined in richer flowers,
As Pliny tells us, Glycera of Sicyon,
The beauteous nosegay-girl, sat all day long
Enwreathing fancy chaplets for the fair,
Blending their colours in a thousand lights,
Each different from the other, with rare skill.
And by her side young Pausias the painter
Learned the true harmony of varied tints,
And on his canvass copied her fresh wreaths,

With such a fervent love of art and Glycera—
Blent into one great passion,—that no other
Could flower-paint like him, as no one else
Could harmonise their opposite hues like her.
And so they lived and loved, amid fresh flowers
As fragrant as their hearts ; and life flowed on,
Calmly and sweetly, like a stream that glides,
With gentle pace, through sylvan solitudes,
Passing from sunshine into quiet shade,
And so from shade again to sunny light,
Through drooping willows, roses, and wild thyme,
And silver water-lilies ; hearing ever
The lay of birds, the shepherd's plaintive pipe,
The song and chorus of the evening feast,
When all their labour ended for the day,
The youths and maidens meet upon the mead,
And sport beneath the mellow harvest-moon.

And lo ! another feature in the scene !
Recalling, still, Cervantes to the mind :
A windmill perched upon the hill. 'Tis well
The melancholy Don is far away,
Or we might see another desperate duel
With yonder giant of extended arms.
Hapless Cervantes ! doomed to eat thine heart
Away, in ling'ring round the gates of courts,
Feeding on airy promises, as false
As those who made them ; fitly didst thou pass
Thy days, like thine own Quixote, in high dreams
Of chivalry, and knighthood, and fair dames,
That soothed thy soldier-soul, when else it might

Have changed to gall, rememb'ring what it was,
And what it gained from Spain. True cavalier !
Brave as the bravest !—so Lepanto proved—
To thee and Camoens, that fine gentleman,
Poet, and scholar, would my pen accord
Whatever praise it can ; and yet how idle
Are laurel wreaths around the dead man's brows !
How vain the posthumous glory which earth gives
To heroic hearts like thine ! But thus it is—
The Sons of Splendour win not crowns of gold,
But crowns of glory that for ever gleam.

How fair, how rich, how honey-like these clumps
Of golden gorse ! The bee finds here the wealth
Of Hybla's self within their flashing cells ;
The throstle sings amid their saffron shade ;
The lark soars out of sight, as if he longed
To bear his song close to the gates of heaven.
These heather tufts are altars of perfume,
That waft their fragrant breath, like prayers, around.
Hark to the cuckoo's sweet and hidden note,
Welling upon the enchanted lawns of air !
Varied the lights on hill, and dale, and glen—
From brightest emerald to the rich dark brown
Of yonder field new ploughed. I never gaze
Upon this spreading scene of sloping peaks
And dark ravines, and Nature's holy presence,
Without a thought of Palestine, and Him
Who, in the softest, yet the grandest tones
That ever Man used to propound the Truth,
Came from the Mountain, and, in heavenly speech,

Taught the disciples words that to the hearts
Of millions have borne peace, and which to earth
Are glintings of the sacred light of God.

Oh ! that the wand of Merlin now were mine,
How suddenly I should people these broad Downs
With pictures of the byegone classic days.
I'd crown the hills that circle yonder vale
With oak, and elm, and olive ; on the sides
Should thickets, formed of beech, and rose, and woodbine,
In green luxuriance twine, beneath this sky,
Lustrous with starry blue and silver-specked
With cloudlets brighter than Olympus' snows.
And it should be a forest far and lone,
For wood-delighting Fauns and Sylvans arch ;
And there should be a world of dreamy bowers,
Fanned by soft winds that rustled through their leaves,
Blending their delicate whispers with the voice
Of bell-like music from a singing rill.
There would I lie and muse, and from beneath
The velvet shadows, see young Cupid trip,
With rosy cheeks and laughing, bright blue eyes,
Joy, like a sunbeam, brightening his fair brow ;
And gentle winds kissing his floating locks ;
His snowy pinions sparkle in the sun ;
His quiver, filled with beauty-wounding arrows,
Shines on his polisht shoulders, while his bow,
As delicately rounded as the breasts
Of Cytherea, is entwined with wreaths
Fresh woven by Aglaïa's fair white hands.
And now a shout of Bacchant revelry

Is heard with laughter and delighted cries.
And sounding cymbals, lapsing on the air.
And see ! a Nymphal train whose presence breathes
Beauty, and love, and summer, with its flowers,
Into the soul, and gives it heavenly youth ;
Their chaplets, wreathed with ivy, vine, and rose.
Glisten amid their bright ambrosial locks ;
A fawnskin robe with careless grace is thrown
Loosely across their ivory shoulders, and
In their white hands a leafy thyrsus each
Bears, which she waves delightedly on high.
From their glad eyes flash splendour and desire :
Their rosy lips seem rosier still with wine.
Where am I ? oh ! where am I ? Do I dream ?
Is old Anacreon in my wand'ring thought,
With his tall flagons crowned with mantling grape ?
Is it the music of some golden harp,
Evoked by angels, or the faërie host,
That swells along this heath ? How sweet, how soft
Its billowy whispers float upon the ear,
Like the fond love of virgins first confest
In woodland bowers beneath the evening star.
I look upon the sea, that far away
Sleeps in sunlighted splendours, still and calm,
As some young Eastern bride, all youth and beauty.
In a loose violet robe of gems and silver ;
But from the sea that sweet sound cometh not :
No fair mermaiden breathes it from her cave
Of glittering emerald, or from the crest
Of some blue wave, while combing her dark locks.
Warbles the love within her passionate soul.

I look across these hills, but look in vain,
To trace the source of that enchanting hymn :
No fountain gushes forth in silvery stream,
To tempt the Naiads to come here and sing
To lyres or lutes ; no forest trees are here,
Beneath whose foliage, on the moss or stone,
A Dryad might recline, and, with sweet harpings,
Lure the fair Sun-God to repress his steeds,
Mistaking her for Daphnè, ere transformed.
No crystal brook wafts melody as it flows—
The melody which is its psalm to God,
In thankfulness for its being. Whence then comes
This music of the spheres ? I pause, and muse,
And listen still, with eye and ear attent,
Like one who, tremblingly alive with love
That throbs in every vein, awaits the footstep
Of her who is the Egeria of his heart.
The spell is gone ! I find I did but dream !—
It was not music, 'twas no harp of gold,
But a divine and heaven-born echo heard
Within the winding galleries of my soul,
That in this moment feels imparadised
By the delicious beauty that breathes round—
The fragrant air, the perfume-wafting thyme,
The song of wild birds dancing in the air,
The light of sunbeams, the bright flashing sea,
The sweet transparent arch of blue above,
The boundless prospect, the serene repose,
The solitude—the majesty of nature,
And, last of all, by thee, my spirit's soul,
Who givest life, and melody, and thought,

And every charm to the surrounding scene.

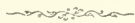
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Yonder's the Dyke, and o'er the vast expanse
The fruitful Weald of Sussex, crowned with spires,
And villages, and church towers, and cots
Embedded deep in woods, and vales, and gardens.
The eye delighted, moves its glistening sphere.
How splendid is the prospect ! with what love,
And awe, and gratitude, and thoughts sublime,
It beautifies the soul. We grow too great
For earth as we behold, and fling aside
The miserable sense and care of self,
And are exalted into greater breadth
And grandeur, such as spirits feel when first
They wing their way into the heavenly zones,
And then, for the first moment, think and know
Themselves to be indeed a part of God—
So lofty, so august, their new-born splendour.
Now glide we gently by this winding path,
Into yon dingle, thick with shady boughs,
And musical with birds of varied note ;
Down by the curving stream, so cool, so clear,
With rushes, cuckoo flowers, and hart's-tongue fern,
And water-mint, and Robin-run-i'-the-hedge ;
And stealing round this smooth and silver mere,
On which two stately Swans of brightest snow
Move like king's daughters changed by magic spells.
We stop and watch them. In their arching necks,
Curved as a steed's of purest Arab blood,
The line of beauty gleams ; their eyes are dark
With fire suppressed ; their wings, like arum flowers,

Are open to the wind, and as two galleys
From marble Venice, with majestic pace
They float upon the crystal. Here's their nest,
And in 't five eggs. Lo ! even while we look
Upon its osier woof, the mother Swan
Hath sailed to land, and now she faces us,
With Amazon front and swelling neck and plume.
Let us away, and free her anxious heart
From further care ; and leave her to her bright
And happy dreamings in this sunlit scene.
Leave her to her demesne of waters, nooked
In perfumed hills and by the verdant bank,
And roofed by the blue heaven that shines o'er all.

And now, reclining on this couch of thyme,
Read to me of that virgin of the East,
The gentlest maid that ever shone in stars
On poet's dazzled fancy—Sacotala.
Carry me in tranced thought to Orient skies,
And forests grander than the halls of kings,
In which, amid the hermit-priests of heaven,
That maiden pure as snows, or flowers, or light,
Dwelled in the music of her thoughts divine.
O loveliest vision of the Poet's soul,
How often hast thou made me blest in fancy !
How often has thine image soothed my heart,
Wearied with all the littleness of the world,
And borne it backward to that golden age,
When Calidasa saw in Indian maidens
The living type from which he painted thee,
Thou fair ideal of all female beauty.

So flies the hour in happiness away,
And so our morning-walk is fitly crowned
With music at the end, and reveries
Rising like perfumes from the poet's page,
And wafted in thy soft and lute-like voice.



The Story of the Fair Blanaid.

The princely chief, Cuchallain,
Our chief renowned of old,
From frowning tower and fortress,
He calls his warriors bold :
From frowning tower and fortress,
With broadsword blue and shield,
And lance and spear, athirst for blood,
They march into the field.

Many a hawk-eyed bowman,
And many a swordsman brave,
Thronged where his flapping standards
Along the leasowes wave.
His star-bright, flapping standards,
Like pillars tall were seen,
The Yellow Lion rampant
Upon his field of green.
And with these stout-limbed archers,
A cloud of spearmen came,
With tufted beards and shaggy brows,
And deep dark eyes of flame.

Then outspake brave Cuchullain—
 “Ye Red-Branch Chieftains, hear,
We’ve shared in many a battle-field,
 And conquered far and near ;
We’ve humbled many a haughty fort,
 And many a captive led ;
And side by side, o’er land and tide,
 We’ve stoutly fought and sped.
But now our spirit slumbers,
 Our broadswords sleep in rust,
Our polished spears are blunted,
 Our war-shirts mould in dust.
The antlered deer and brown wolf
 Too long have been our game ;
Once on a time the Red-Branch Knights
 Were fired with nobler aim.
The game of war with foemen,
 The strife with gallant men,
These be our ends ;—then up with me,
 And share such game agen.”

He spake—and from his stout thigh
 His broadsword blue he draws,
Outbursts from all those chieftains round
 One shout of wild applause ;
The listening vales re-echo
 The loud and glad hurrahs ;
And on their blades those chieftains
 A hurried oath devise,
To follow still their leader
 To deeds of great emprise.

From rank to rank, like lightning,
 Flashed on one fierce accord ;
They clashed upon their iron shields
 With brazen spear and sword.

Then spake once more Cuchullain :
 “ In Alba’s isle there stands
A fortress strong and mighty,
 With spoil from many lands,
Piled up with Asian plunder,
 And Afric’s choicest wealth,
From olden times collected,
 By labour, force, or stealth ;
With bright and priceless jewels
 From Orient empires brought,
And store of sparkling wonders
 By magic hands enwrought :
Large drinking-cups of silver,
 And golden cauldrons bright,
With shining rings, and linen coats,
 Of scarlet and snow-white ;
Sleek dark-gray steeds of swiftness,
 With aureate housings stoled ;
Bucklers, with equal portions mixed
 Of silver and red gold ;
Broad-bladed spears and standards,
 And swords for knightly thighs,
With daggers and war-axes,
 Of temper, strength, and size.
But brighter still, and brighter,
 And destined for our prize,

There dwells within this Castle's walls,
A maid of soft blue eyes—
Blanaid, the rarest Ladye
That heaven did e'er behold ;—
Be mine that rarest Ladye,
Be yours the wealth untold."

Loud shouted all those chieftains,
With fierce and glad assent ;
And soon the news was spread about,
Like fire from tent to tent.
And all those stout-limbed soldiers
Swore to the bargain made—
For them the wealthy fortress,
For him the fair Blanaid.

Now there was one—false Conrigh—
A knight renowned was he,
In battle-plain and ladye's bower
Gallant as knight could be.
Fierce in the flaming conflict,
With martial strength of nine ;
His swelling soul of battle
Shewed in his haughty cyne.
But skilled in arts of magic,
And wizard schemes of hell,
He swore to win that Ladye fair
By sorcery and spell.

He rose and left his Castle walls,
And donned his robe of gray—

A robe whose might, the stars of light
Must bow to and obey.
In his gray magic mantle,
The Red-Branch camp he sought,
In garb a common soldier,
A conquering prince in thought.
The Red-Branch troop he found them,
Upon the white sea-beach ;
They hailed the stranger-soldier
With welcome looks and speech.

They launched their hollow galleys,
Their bending oars they plied,
And night and day, with might and main,
Rowed o'er the waters wide.
The waves rushed round their black prows,
The winds blew loud and long,
And over the boiling billows,
They passed with shout and song.
And now they reached that Fortress,
With mighty walls and towers ;
Dark o'er its brows a threatening cloud
Of mist and tempest lowers.
And in that rock-built fortress,
The Lord of that lone isle,
Stood stoutly girt with wizard aid,
And serried rank and file.
His Magi stood around him,
His armoured guards before,
His flag waved stern defiance
To those who thronged his shore.

Right in the fiery gateway
Whirls an enchanted wheel,
Ten thousand dusk and shadowy shapes
Were round it seen to reel ;
Ten thousand dusk and shadowy shapes,
Of shapeless fire and cloud,
And blazing fronts and flickering heads,
That hissed and screamed aloud.
With jestings lewd and jeerings,
They taunt the Red-Branch Knights ;
With peals of hideous laughter,
Sore mock the grinning sprites.
The sun looked black and bloody
Down on the mailed array,
And like fierce wolves, the waters,
Seemed gaping for their prey.
In front the mocking Fortress,
The swollen seas behind,
Around them storm and darkness—
What succour shall they find ?

Then outspake wily Conrigh,
Disguised in robe of gray—
“ Methinks it were a deep disgrace
From hence to turn away.
Shame on the valiant warriors,
If recreants from the fight ;
Shame on the Red-Branch Chieftains,
If hence they take their flight.”

Then outspake brave Cuchullain—
“ Sir Churl, thy tongue is rude :

How canst thou dare on valiant knights
Thy tauntings vile intrude?
Get hence, get hence, thou brawler,
Nor dare our deeds to scan;
Canst *thou* surprise this Fortress?
Wilt *thou* lead on the van?"

Then answered wily Conrigh—
"All this I swear to do;
The fort, though girt with fire and cloud,
I'll lead our soldiers through;
The wheel that whirls with spectres
Shall fall before my hand;
The frowning cloud of darkness
Shall fly at my command;
The tower and all its treasures
Shall be—I swear it—thine;
The choice of all the jewels
Shall be—but swear it—mine."

He swore by his Hand of Valour,
By his Arm of Might he swore;
He swore by the Winds of Heaven,
That sweep the mountains hoar;
By the silver Shield of the Moon,
By the Sun and the Sacred Fire,
By the Ghosts of the Mighty Dead,
By the Ashes of his Sire.

Then outspake brave Cuchullain,
A mighty Oath he swore:

“ By the viewless Winds and foaming Waves,
That dash on Alba's shore ;
By the circling Sun, and Moon, and Dew,
And all that men adore—
The choice of all the jewels
In yon proud tower shall be,
When taken by thy skilful hand,
Reserved alone for thee !”
And all these valiant warriors
Assented to that oath
Thus sworn, with due solemnity,
Of Heaven and Earth, by both.

Then up rose wily Conrigh,
He donned his robe of gray,
And like a Spirit of Evil,
Full loud he laughed that day.
He raised his magic clarion,
And blew one mighty blast,
Whereat the fierce and frowning towers
Recoil with fear aghast—
A rending blast like thunder,
That sounded far and wide ;
And the black clouds that veiled the heaven,
In thunder-peals replied.
Straight from the Fort the pale ghosts
Passed like affrighted things,
Away, and away, for ever and aye,
They sailed on the tempest's wings.
The wheel of fire no longer
Revolved the gates before ;

It screamed like a ghost in torture,
And vanished for evermore.

Then outspake wily Conrigh—

“Ye Red-Branch Knights, advance !
Give to the breeze your sunburst* bright,
And charge with sword and lance.”

And onward still and onward,
Right through the open gate,
False Conrigh thundered onward,
With pride and hope elate,
Like a hawk on a troop of small birds,
False Conrigh led the van—
Of all that bold and battailous troop,
There flinched no single man ;
And the deadly fight seemed over,
Ere it had well began.

They met on the lofty ramparts,
With shield, and sword, and spear,
Those strong-armed men, with bull-like hearts,
That knew no thought of fear.
Loud clashed their brazen bucklers,
Bright shone their broadswords blue,
They heard no cries, they spared no man,
But still they slew and slew.
Like the fierce and rapid sledging
Of smiths on the anvil broad,

* “Sunburst”—the name of a war-banner.

When blows descend like thunderbolts,
Hurled by some angry god,
Were the quick and heavy crashes
Of sword on mail and bone—
Were the shrill and hollow blendings
Of war-shout and death-groan,
Till, as the dark-red tempest
Some forest oak lays low,
The Chief of all was seen to fall,
'Neath Conrigh's slaughtering blow.

Then rose the shriek of women,
Their arms the men threw down,
And the babe grew white with shivering fright
In the nook of its mother's gown.
The young and old they gave them
Up to the ravenous blade ;
For two whole hours those Chieftains
A deadly slaughter made,
They only spared one captive—
The beautiful Blanaid.

Like a bright rainbow shining
Aloft in southern skies ;
Like a rich garden painted
With flowers of softest dyes ;
Like music in sweet Lough Lene,
By skilful minstrel played—
So looked that white-armed captive,
The beautiful Blanaid.

Her branching gold-bright ringlets,
Fell to her feet of snow,
Her eyes shed tears of crystal,
Her cheeks were wet with woe ;
And over her heaving bosom,
Her lily-white hands she placed,
And gently, like a spirit of air,
Before the Knights she paced.

Bent was her moon-like forehead,
Her rosy lips close set,
She panted like a blackbird
Toiled in a fowler's net.
Sadly she gazed around her,
Nor saw one friendly face ;
Ah, me ! for the modest maid,—
Gods shield her by their grace.

Oh ! weep, white-bosomed Ladye,
Weep for thy lonely fate—
A captive in a foreign land,
Fallen from a high estate ;
Weep for thy loving kindred,
That slumber round thee cold ;
Weep for the sweet days passed and gone,
The innocent days of old ;
Weep for the loving music ;
Weep for the dear old songs ;
Weep for thy little fawn slaughtered ;
Weep for thine own sad wrongs ;

Weep for the haunts of childhood,
Where thy tiny footsteps strayed.
Ah, me ! ah, me ! I pity thee,
Thou lonely-hearted maid.

Away, and over the ocean,
The Red-Branch Champions speed ;
A glorious capture theirs, I ween—
A bold and gallant deed !
And they bore away in their galleys
The ransom of ten kings.
Success attend their galleys,
That float on the wind's black wings !

Three hundred painted chariots,
Three hundred steeds of size,
Two chests of jewels, gathered all,
Beneath fair Orient skies ;
Breast-plates, all rough with garnets,
And glittering like bright stars,
With well-stitched leathern helmets,
Enwrought with golden bars ;
Six hundred scarlet mantles,
Of hunting spears ten score,
Stout hatchets of black basalt,
Full fifty pair and more ;
Two hundred silver bucklers,
With red gold edged all round,
And gems for ear and finger
In white bright silver bound ;

Bracelets, and torques, and tunicks,
Lances with sharp stone heads,
Blue-coloured swords, with ivory knobs,
And robes with golden threads ;
Long ashen pikes that glittered,
Like moonbeams on the snows,
And thin swan-feathered arrows,
With quivers and bent bows ;
A hundred fire-eyed falcons,
Well trained to cleave the air ;
A hundred mares for breeding,
And rams with fleeces fair ;
Spear-heads of dark gray granite,
Two hundred full they found,
With flint heads for long arrows,
And many a deep-mouthed hound ;
A hundred gold-fringed cassocks,
Ten brazen chandeliers,
With five score strong and shining reins,
And five score sharp blue spears ;
And vast uncounted treasure,
The wealth of many lands,
Piled up within the Castle's walls
By strong and skilful hands :
The mighty Red-Branch Chieftains,
The flower of Innisfoyle,
Bore in their ships from Alba's isle
To Eric rich in spoil.
But brighter still, and brighter
Than gold or jewelled prize,

The fair Blanaid, the stolen maid,
With heaven in her soft eyes.

Away and over the ocean
The curved black galleys sped,
While wind and wave their thin keels drive,
And fast as hawks they fled.
And now they range the prizes,
To choose as each one may,
When outspake wily Conrigh,
Clothed in his robe of gray.

“Hear me, ye Red-Branch Chieftains,
Ye valiant warriors, hear ;
And you, O great Cuchullain,
Who sware an Oath of fear,
Fallen is the mighty Fortress,
And by *my* hand it fell ;
Here stand the gorgeous treasures,—
Here *I* who broke the spell.

“And now, ye noble Chieftains,
Remember what ye sware—
The richest jewel of my choice,
Is destined for *my* share.
By the Sun and Moon ye sware it,
By many an Awful Name,
By the viewless Winds and solemn Waves,
And by the Sacred Flame ;
And here, ye Red-Branch Chieftains,
The richest gem I claim.”

Out spake the Red-Branch Chieftains,
Out spake Cuchullain wise—
“Choose as thou wilt, O stranger Knight,
Be thine the choicest prize.”
Loud laughed the wily Conrigh,
He touched the blushing maid—
“*This* is the rarest jewel,
The beautiful Blanaid !”

Red flushed the brave Cuchullain,
With still and stern surprise,
His fiery soul, like lightning forked,
Flashed from his midnight eyes.
And all his valiant warriors
Stood round about amazed ;
But silent stood false Conrigh,
As on the maid he gazed.

Robed in the light of beauty,
And red and white by turns,
Her blushes seemed like roses,
Budding o'er cold death-urns.
She stood like some sad marble,
By sculptor hands portrayed ;—
Ah, me ! ah, me ! I fear for thee,
Thou beautiful Blanaid.

And still beside the maiden,
False Conrigh, gazing, stands,
In his gray magic mantle,
With still and folded hands.

It was a sight of sadness,
To see that silent pair—
She like a spirit come from heaven,
He like a fiend of air.

Then from the brave Cuchullain,
These words like thunder burst—
“Avaunt, and quit the maiden—
Avaunt, thou vile accurst !
Take all my richest treasures—
Gold—jewels—armour, take ;
All that thy false heart chooses :
The maid thou shalt not take.”

Then outspake wily Conrigh—
“O perjured prince, beware,
Before these Red-Branch Chieftains
An oath of dread you swear.
And here I claim the maiden,
To be my lawful prize ;
Accurst of gods and men be he,
Who now my claim denies.

And I will take the maiden
From thee, false chief, perforce,”
He said, and placed the maiden,
Right on his coal-black horse.
Away—away—Cuchullain
Rushed from his lofty throne,
But ere he reached the greensward,
The fair Blanaid was gone.

East and west, and north and south,
The Red-Branch Knights pursued,
Through hill and vale, and lawn and dell,
And sylvan solitude ;
Through shadowy glens they wandered,
And by the sounding shore ;
Through the leafy gloom of the forests,
In vales and caverns hoar.
Night and day, and day and night,
In sunshine, storm, and shade ;
But never more those Chieftains brave
Beheld the fair Blanaid.

Twelve birds fly over the ocean—
Twelve birds with coal-black wings—
From the wild North Sea they are flying
Hither like ominous things ;
Hoarse and harsh are their screamings,
Sharp and shrill they shriek,
They mutter and croak like guilty souls,
As they perch on a mountain's peak.

Then uprose brave Cuchullain,
He drew his elk-horn bow,
And the string whirled loud as the arrow
Leapt at its wingèd foe.
And the twelve strange birds screeched wildly,
As up in the air they rose ;
But home to the heart went the arrow,
And thick the life-blood flows.

Down to the earth the arrow,
Fell with the stricken bird ;
Never a single groan he gave,
Never a wing he stirred.
Horribly shrieked his comrades
As they saw him tumble dead ;—
Up in the dark deep glens of the sky,
With screams of woe they fled.

Then laughed the brave Cuchullain,
As the strange birds took their flight,
Clanked on his back his quiver,
While he followed them day and night—
Day and night without ceasing,
Wherever the strange birds flew,
Till he passed twelve fertile counties,
And in each a bird he slew.
And he rested in Momonia,
In a forest of old Srabh Bhreen ;
For three whole days the hero dwelt
Alone in the wild wood green.

On the fourth day Cuchullain
Rose from his sylvan lair,
And whither and whither shall he go,
In search of the absent fair ?
For twelve long months had he journeyed,
Yet never the nymph had found :
Oh ! lives she still on the happy earth ?
Or sleeps in the cold black ground ?

By the sweet Fionghlas he wandered—
That river as crystal clear—
When he was aware of a soft sad voice,
That rose from an arbour near—
A voice that like heavenly music,
Stole on his anxious ear :—
And a harp's low gentle breathings
Were wafted upon the wind ;
And the song was a song of sorrow—
The plaint of a moaning mind.

And it was a song of sorrow,
The lay of a broken heart,
Murmured to weeping music,
Artless and void of art.
Murmured to weeping music,
And blent with tears and sighs ;
Murmured to weeping music,
That drowned in grief the eyes.

Oh ! who is the gentle damselle,
That sings such a moving song ?
Oh ! who is the craven traitor
Hath done such damselle wrong ?
Out with thy brand, Cuchullain !
Flesh well thy biting blade !
The traitor he is false Conrigh,
The dame is the fair Blanaid.

Then outspake brave Cuchullain,
As he fell on his bended knee :

“ O Ladye ! I am thine own true lord,
Smile gently down on me,
And fly with me from this traitor—
And fly with me from thrall—
And thou shalt sit in my palace,
And rule my chieftains all ! ”

Then spake the startled damselle :
“ Grant Heaven, thou dearest knight,
That I were with thee on the saddle-tree,
Equipped for a speedy flight !
That I were away from false Conrigh,
Whose love my soul detests ”—
The tears they fell from her sweet eyes
Into her roseate breasts.

“ Oh ! where is now my father ?
My mother that tended me,
When I was a little innocent babe,
And nursed upon her knee ?
And where are all my brothers—
My brothers that loved me well ?
And where are my gentle sisters ?—
All—all in the narrow cell ! ”
Down on the grass the damselle fair,
In swoon of sadness fell.

Then outspake brave Cuchullain :
“ Mine own beloved Blanaid,
Fly hence with me this moment,
Nor stand thou thus dismayed. ”

“No, no,” quoth the damselle, weeping,
“Not now bethink of flight,
’Twere vain to ’scape false Conrigh,
Clothed in his magic might.
But hearken, dear Cuchullain,
Heed well the words I say—
Gather thy forces far and wide,
And, on the thirtieth day,
Encamped in yonder forest,
Watch well the river clear,
When its stream runs white, with main and might,
Charge, as thou hold’st me dear,
For I will lull false Conrigh
To sleep in that same hour ;
And I will hide his mantle gray,
And sword of demon power.
Ten thousand of thy chieftains
Were vain against his charm ;
Ten thousand of thy chieftains
Would melt before his arm.”
She said—and then stood silent ;
He kissed her lily-white hand,
And went his way rejoicing
To the king of all the land.

Thirty days have passed and gone,
And brave Cuchullain lies,
With a band of chosen Chieftains,
Concealed from prying eyes.
He lies in the oaken forest,
In the trees and tall thick grass

That grows in emerald richness,
Beside the clear Fionghlas.

Thirty days have passed and gone,
False Conrigh lies in sleep,
And by his side the fair Blanaid
Doth anxious vigil keep.
She hath stolen his magic mantle,
She hath stolen his magic sword,
She pants for the happy moment
That will bring her soul's adored.

A little footpage then enters
Softly on tiptoe ;
And he gives her a golden token,—
“Thine errand well I know.”
She spake, and swiftly gliding,
On the waters' brink she stood,
And over its banks she poured the milk,
Till it whitened the clear cold flood ;
And the Knight and his anxious Chieftains
Leapt from the shaggy wood.
On, like the rush of a tempest,
The mighty warriors came—
On, like the sweep of a tempest dark,
With thunder girt and flame ;
Into the sleeping palace
Like some wild sea they roll ;
Cuchullain took false Conrigh's life,
The demons took his soul.

And now the brave Cuchullain,
Hath carried his fair Blanaid

To his own good moated fortress,
And there the lovers stayed.
In a rosy dream of gladness,
Their happy moments flow—
They heed not the coming evil,
The dark impending blow.

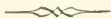
Farcartnè, Conrigh's minstrel,
An oath of dread he swore,
That he would seek the damselle
Twelve times the island o'er.
And if he found the damselle,
He swore that she should die ;
Then muttered he low a wondrous spell,
And there were sounds of joy in hell,
And tears in heaven on high.

Six times o'er the green-faced island,
The fierce Farcartnè passed ;
Sharp and sure, wherever he went,
His vengeful looks were cast.
Six times he missed the damselle,
Yet never he felt despair—
He followed her like a vulture
That snuffs the blood in the air.

Till, on a summer evening,
In the rich and golden light,
A gallant companie he spied,
On Rinchin Beara's height ;

A troop of fairest ladies,
With many a princely knight,
And, shining midst these ladies,
As shines the queen-like moon,
Stood fair Blanaid—the minstrel,
Farcarntè, marked her soon.

Like a fair courteous minstrel,
Farcartnè clomb the height—
Like a fair courteous minstrel,
He played for dame and knight.
Slowly he moved to the damselle,
And lowly still he bowed—
So moves to a star of splendour
A thunder-laden cloud.
And now he stands beside her,
And now he clasps her tight ;
The damselle screamed as the minstrel
Leapt from the dizzy height.
The damselle and the minstrel,
They perished in that day ;
Their bodies are dashed to pieces,
Their souls are passed away !



Okman.

There is a tale in Arab chronicles,
Which, were I king, I would have carved on gold,
And set upon a pillar in my city,
To cure the ambitious of his hot disease.

And thus it runs : As Lokman sate one day
And worked at carpentry, the trade he lived by,
A host of Angels entered, and in words
Celestial blessed him, but he saw them not ;
And so he made no answer. Then arose
An Angel like a sunbeam, and thus spake :
*We are the Messengers of God on high,
Who made the Universe and formed all creatures ;
And He hath sent us with this message hither,
To tell thee to lay by thy plane and saw,
And chisel, and go forth and govern men,
And be a king—God's viceroy upon earth.*
Then ceased the Angel, and the other Angels
Murmured divine assent, and filled the place
With heavenly radiance from their virgin eyes.
Lokman made answer then in words of gold :
*If God commands that I shall be a king,
His high command must be indeed fulfilled,
And He will give me grace to be a ruler
Not all unworthy of the will of God ;
And He will help me when I need his help,
And He will give me wisdom, justice, strength.
But if the liberty of choice be given
To me to choose between a crown and plane,
I would abide within this humble cell,
And earn my bread by labour of my hands.
This only do I ask of God, my Lord,
To guide and guard me from all thought of sin ;
For if I should offend Him, all the state
And pomp of earth would be to me as nought.*
So Lokman spake, and all the Angels heard

And were delighted with the goodly speech.
God also heard its music high in heaven,
And smiled upon his throne, and bowed the head,
And gave to Lokman two celestial crowns,
Outdazzling all the diamond crowns on earth,
Knowledge and Wisdom, which so graced his soul,
That no man ever spake more beauteously
Than Lokman, son of Bâour, in his day.



Aeschylus.

Oh ! for a glimpse of that great lion soul
That fought at Marathon, that flashed its fire
At Salamis, and Plataea ! Glorious Greek,
How shall I speak thy praise ? how shall my pen
Put forth a picture of thy godlike nature ?
We who, in this material age of Mammon,
Find ourselves in the vortex, and are borne
Along the whirlpool with surrounding straws,
Machine-made mortals, with our fiery spirits
Quenched into nothingness by creeds and shams,
And lying mysteries, and glozing priests,
And riddles called religions—how shall we
Conceive an image of thine inner essence,
Which, lighted by celestial flame, put forth
Its great oracular wisdom, raising man
From the corruption of an idol-faith
Which dragged him hell-ward, to the clear pure heights
Of true divinity, such as Zeus or God

(I care not how ye name Him) meant that man
Alone should pace, until he reached the goal
Olympic, where his soul should ever live ;
Or, if I could in words portray his picture,
How should I hope this puny, peddling age
Would recognize its kingliness and might ?
Or see in him aught else than Athens saw,
When, nose-led by her priests, she dared to call
This worshipper of God a God-denier ?
Well—well—so be it. So it ever is :
The hero-hearted by the stones are stoned,
And so ascend to God, and leave to man
His horrid fanes and falsehoods ; while the base
Who truckle to the madness of the crowd,
And make the many their right willing tools,
Are borne along on thrones of ivory,
In clouds of incense, and applauding cheers,
Until they drop into the dread Abyss—
Their bodies in Westminster or St. Paul's,
Their souls immortal with the Father of Lies.



The Children of Lir.

In the King's Ancient Palace,
Are nuptial-feast and rite,
The princes, lords, and chieftains,
Fair dame and fiery knight.
High swells the harp's proud music,
And high the voice of song ;

And pass the silver beakers tall,
From hand to hand along.
A hundred sweet-voiced minstrels,
That strike the harp, sit round ;
A hundred white-haired Magi,
In sable garments gowned ;
With men-at-arms and esquires,
And mines and pages gay,
And stout surcoated heralds,
In green and gold array.
And many a gladsome greeting,
Salutes the well-matched pair—
Lir and the Ladye Eva,
The monarch's daughter fair.

Lir and the Ladye Eva—
Six years are passed and gone,
And with them Ladye Eva—
Her days, alas ! are done.
She died in the prime of beauty,
As dies a summer flower ;
She died, like the fleeting rainbow,
The child of sun and shower.
But ere, like flower and rainbow,
The Lady Eva died,
Four gentle babes of beauty
Were born from her fair side ;
And as upon her death-bed,
With heart that well nigh brake,
She lay, she called her sister,
And sadly thus she spake :

“O sister, sweetest sister mine,
A mournful death I die,
My breath is wasting fast and fast,
Take thou my latest sigh.
I feel the long grass growing,
In dew above my breast;
I feel my limbs descending down
To earth, to take their rest.
To-morrow’s dawn may see me,
As cold as coldest clay,
From thee and from my children dear,
My spirit far away.

“But sister, sweetest sister,
My babes I leave to thee,
Be thou to them a mother kind,
And treat them tenderly,
As I, if thou wert dying,
And those thy children were,
Would for thy sake defend them,
So hold them in thy care.”
Fair Eva kissed her children,
With lips as cold as stone,
She turned her face unto the wall,
And made her dying moan.
And Aifie in that moment,
Made many a solemn vow,
Of love and sweet affection,
And pressed that clay-cold brow.

Lir and the Ladye Aifie,

A year being passed and gone,
They sit in the Ancient Palace,
That shines as once it shone :
Princes, and knights, and minstrels,
Magi and ladyes fair,
And glittering robe and tunick,
And nuptial feast are there ;
Wine in the silver beakers,
And light from golden lamps,
And mail-clad men, and banners bright,
The spoil of hostile camps ;
And festive mirth and gladness,
And the purple-blushing bowl,
And soft stolen looks of fondness,
That spake the inmost soul.
And from his throne the monarch
Descends and joins their hands,
And every heart with gladsomeness,
And happy hope expands.

Ah, me, for the Ladye Aifie !
The sad and solemn vow,
She made that dying mother,
Is all forgotten now.
The mother she lies sleeping,
All in the cold black earth,
The sister she sits smiling,
All in her nuptial mirth :
The mother is dead and buried,
Her soul is with her sires,
The sister sits exulting,

In songs from golden lyres.
And little she heeds that midnight,
When at the dying bed,
She vowed her promise solemn and sad,
Before the still and dead.
And often, yea, and often
The thin and weeping shade
Of Ladye Eva rose from earth,
Her sister to upbraid.
"Thou heedest not my children,
Thou heedest not thy vow,"—
And Ladye Aifie's envious heart
Is filled with madness now.

And still they grew in beauty,
Like fair young forest trees,
Which open their bright and vernant leaves,
To dew and sun and breeze.
They grew in strength and beauty
As day succeeded day,
Like stars shining out of heaven,
As twilight fades away.

Away in her magic chariot
The Ladye Aifie flew,—
Away, away on the rustling winds
Like waves that round her blew.
And with her she bare those gentle babes
Far off from mortal view;—
O'er vales, in hills sequestered,
Through forests dark and deep,

To lone Lough Derg she bare the babes,
 Wrapped in a mystic sleep.

She stood by the shining waters ;
 And waved her enchanted wand ;
And her stole of darkest sorcery
 The Ladye Aifie donned.

She stood by the shining waters,
 That trembled beneath her spell ;
For the waters of earth and the shapeless winds
 Knew Ladye Aifie well.

And she struck the sleeping children
 Each with her wand of might ;
Four Swans she saw before her,
 Stately and purely white.

Four Swans of snow-white beauty,
 That waved their musical wings ;
Each with a sweet soft human voice,
 That, oh so sadly sings !

Like the wild and mournful sougling
 Of winds through churchyard graves,—
Like the deep and solemn moaning
 That bursts from the midnight waves,—

Like the sad and sorrowful sighing,
 Of gusts that force their way

Through the long and echoing cloisters,
 Of mouldering abbeyes gray,—

Like the voice of waters falling
 Through lonely glens at night,—

Like the keene of the wailing women
 That search the field of fight.

Alas for the Ladye Eva!

In the narrow bed she sleeps;
And the sad and drooping cypress tree
Over her dark grave weeps.
The lonely birds of the woodland,
Around it whirl in flight;
The winds with their sorrowful voices,
Wail over her tomb at night.
The clouds drop their dews above her,
The thistle bends his head,
And these are the sole companions
That cling round the cold and dead.

Alas for the Ladye Eva!

Her babes she loved so well,
Transformed to Swans by magical art—
Alas! where shall they dwell?
And will not God rise up, and break
The chain of that fearful spell?
And still their musical weepings
Pour through the echoing air,
A world of the saddest sorrows,
Of deep and dark despair.
O Swans of the snow-white pinions!
I weep your sad mischance;
My soul is dark and sorrowful,
Like one in a deadly trance.

Now years have passed nine hundred,
Since that eventful day,

And the Swans have fled from Moyle's brown stream,
To the shores of the clear Lough Neagh.
And plaintive are their weepings,
And wildly sweet their songs ;
And men repeat with sorrowful lips
The story of their wrongs.

And Lir and the aged monarch
Have gone to the narrow bed ;
And thirty generations
Of that old race are dead.
The place in which they prided,
It knoweth them no more ;
They passed away like forest leaves,
Or the waves on the ocean shore—
The leaf that last year sprouted—
The wave that swelled to day,
In beauty and light alike are gone,
And passed for ever and aye.
So pass the generations
Of peasants and of kings ;
So fades away from this dream-like earth
The light of mortal things.

Oh! who is this white-haired Stranger,
With solemn step and slow,
With golden cross and mitre,
And vestments pure as snow,
And boys with bells of silver,
And candles in the hand,

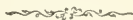
With reverend tread advancing
Along the pebbly strand ?

By the clear Lough Neagh he paces,—
That tall and white-haired man,
And closely still those weeping Swans
His eyes were seen to scan.
And he raised his hands to heaven,
And long devoutly prayed ;
And thus to the Swans, with angel smile,
The holy Stranger said :

“ O Swans of the snow-white pinions!
Fly hither unto this place,
For I have prayed to heaven for aid,
To give ye the sign of grace.
O Swans of the snow-white pinions
Your hour of joy is nigh ;
Then hither unto this altar,
I, Patrick, bid ye fly.”

They came to the blessèd altar,
And safely nestled there,
And the Holy Man four crosses of gold
Hung over their necks so fair.
And he prayed to the Lord of Heaven
To bless them evermore :—
Their plumes fall off—their starry souls
Through the crystal æther soar ;
The Gates of Heaven are opened,—
The Children enter in,

To sit with the good for ever in bliss,
Unstained by earthly sin.
God grant that I, and all who hear,
A like retreat may win.



On the Zand-a-Vesta.*

Within this Sacred Book, by Heaven inspired,
And given to Zaratusht, the Holy Messenger
Of God to man in ages far remote,
Are lessons, prayers, truths, and laws divine,
Such as the Spirit of Light itself reveals
But to the Chosen Twelve who are the mouth
Of perfect wisdom to the sons of earth.
In the fair Orient was its advent bright ;
It shone on man as shines the Morning Star ;
It called him from the idols, at whose shrines
Impure he bowed his soul of majesty,
Adoring images, ignoring God.
It spake in words of thunder-flame, it flashed
In dazzling lightnings on his troubled mind,
And by its own supreme and sovereign presence
Proved its divinity and heavenly birth.
Mountain and forest, river, lake, and grove,
In those far distant days, had each their god,
Or tutelary goddess, at whose altar

* A copy of this Scripture, very different from the spurious one foisted on Anquetil du Perron, is among my papers. Zand-a-Vesta means *The Everlasting Fire-Word*.

The priests attended and the people bowed.
The planets, too, were worshipped, and the sun
And stars, and all the other visible features
Which indicate God's mighty handiwork.
And man knew nothing of the Supreme Father,
But lavished all religion upon symbols,
Sunshine, and fire, and beasts. Therefore was sent
To Zaratusht this Volume of pure light,
That he might summon man from fraud to Truth,
And lead him from the mesh of priests to God.
And so it came to pass. Therefore do thou
Who wouldst in wisdom garment thy clear soul,
And school it for the splendid after-life
Which followeth this, as surely as the day
Succeeds the night, seek in this sacred Book
The lessons that shall make thee pure and wise.
Think not that to this narrow western world
The Father gave true knowledge of Himself,
And hid it from the East and orient men,
But know that all true light proceedeth thence--
Ex Oriente Lux ; and that this Light
Is God's religion freely given to all ;
For are not all mankind the sons of God ?
And feels He not as Father unto all ?
Therefore, my brother, read, and for thyself
Judge if it be not a true Word of Truth ;
And if thou find in it such speech sublime,
Such doctrine fragrant with the flowers of Heaven,
Such love celestial as the East hath found,
Bow down before it reverently, and believe
That God is not so partial or unjust

As to restrict the knowledge of Himself
 To tribes or sects, but that He gives it freely
 To all mankind, albeit in different ways.



Fionn.*

[Miluachra and Ainè, the two fair daughters of Guillin Cualgne, of the magic race of the Danaans, once saw and fell in love with Fionn, or Fingal, the beauteous son of Comhall. Miluachra was jealous of her sister's charms; and hearing her one day take an oath that she would never marry any man whose hair was gray, she determined, if possible, to make this rash vow a bar to her union with Fionn. She assembled her friends of the Tuatha-de-Danaans, and by the power of their enchantments they called forth a magic lake at the side of Slieve Guillin, which had the property of rendering old and gray-headed any person who should enter its waters. This done, she assumed the form of a beautiful Doe, and appeared to Fionn as related in the Ballad. Then followed the chase and transformation, which ended in the destruction of the Enchantress's cave. The magical cup which restored his youth to Fionn, endowed him, at the same time, with additional wisdom and knowledge.]

Lightly through the forest glancing,
 Like an arrow sharp and fleet,
 Flies a Doe of milk-white beauty,
 With black eyes and twinkling feet.
 O'er the glades that laugh in sunshine,
 Through the dells that sleep in shade,
 Darts the Doe of milk-white beauty,
 Trembling like some frightened maid.

Quickly rose the Son of Comhall,
 Calling loud his faithful hounds,
 Bran and Sgœlan, and they hurried
 When they heard the well-known sounds ;

* Pronounced Fûn, rhyming to June.

Through the forest, far outspreading,
In pursuit the monarch hies,
While the milk-white Doe of beauty
Still before him onward flies.

Oh ! the morning sun shone sweetly,
When the wond'rous chase began,
Yet the evening sun descended,
While still followed dogs and man ;
Through the many woodland windings,
O'er the forest's grassy floor,
While the milk-white Doe of beauty,
Flashed before them evermore.

Till they came to old Slieve Guillin,
The white Doe before them flew ;
When they came to old Slieve Guillin,
Then she vanished from their view.
East and west looked Fionn all anxious,
North and south the monarch gazed,
Sweet and broken was the baying
By his sad hounds wildly raised.

From the deep heart of a valley,
By a silver-bosomed lake,
Strains of plaintive sorrow wander,
And the forest echoes wake ;
Wild and mournful was the music
As it struck the monarch's ears,
And the voice to which he listened
Seemed a voice of sobs and tears.

By the still and gentle waters,
Where the weeping willows twined,
He beheld a beauteous Ladye
On the lonely bank reclined ;
From her wild blue eyes of sweetness
Fell the big tears of despair,
And adown her neck of lilies
Swept her long dishevelled hair.

And, " Oh, say, thou beauteous Ladye,"
Thus outspake the noble chief,
" Whence proceeds thy great affliction ?
And whence comes thy song of grief ?
Hast thou wandered in this wild wood—
Hast thou wandered from thy way ?
Or can knightly succour aid thee,
O enchanting Ladye, say ? "

Then outspake the lovely Ladye,
Smiling through her tears of woe,
" Gentle chieftain, noble chieftain,
Since my sorrows thou would'st know,
In the deep well of yon river,
Lies a jewel rich and rare,—
A gold ring of brightest lustre,
Which this morn my finger ware.

And this jewel, rich with diamonds,
I do love more than mine eyes,
More than all mine other jewels
Do my foolish wishes prize.

Since rose the morning sunlight
I have wept this lake beside,
Gazing like a maid distracted
O'er its waters deep and wide.

Gentle chieftain, valiant chieftain,
Wilt thou find my ring for me ?
Wilt thou dive beneath the sleeping waves,
And search them curiouslie ?”
Scarcely spake the beauteous Ladye,
When the brave and noble king
Plunged beneath the shining waters
Of the lake to find the ring.

And alas, alas ! what languor
Seizes on the monarch's limbs ;
His brawny shoulders shrivel
In the moment that he swims.
He crawls into the valley green
With footsteps faint and slow,
His eyes grow dim and glassy,
And his hairs as white as snow.

In the Hall of Spears at Alwin
There is festal joy and mirth,
The wine-cup sparkles brightly,
Brightly shines the blazing hearth.
Oh ! where tarries our brave monarch,
From the feast of cups and shells ?
And why stands his gold chair vacant
While the harp's proud music swells.

Sadly rise his noble chieftains,—
To the wild wood forth they wend,
Where the green and drooping willows
With the lake's blue waters blend.
Deeply sighed the stricken monarch
As he saw his chieftains bold,
To their wondering ears his story
With slow faltering tongue he told.

For three whole nights they laboured,
Till they burst the Witch's cell:
For three whole days they clamoured,
Till they found that imp of hell.
From her throne of magic terror
She descended, trembling, pale,
Shivering like a frightened spectre
On the gloomy northern gale.

Then she moved unto the monarch,
Bearing in her snowy hand
A Cup of strange Enchantment,
Which he drank at her command ;
The spell passed off like darkness,
And the monarch stood confessed,
In the light of all his beauty
And his former splendour dressed.



The Legend of Lewy, King of Ireland.

King Lewy he was the noblest knight
That ever in Erie's isle was seen,
And bright as the sun on that morning fair,
When wending forth to the forest green.

Ah ! those were faërie days.

The birds they sang in the rustling leaves,
The streams they leapt from the sparkling hills,
And the purple blushes of bonnie May
Fell softly over the sylvan rills.

Ah ! those were faërie days.

Then up arose the Faërie Queene ;—
“ Bring hither my harp of gold,” quoth she,
And into the woodland thick she rode,
On her palfrey white as the moonlit sea.

Ah ! those were faërie days.

She struck the strings of her golden harp,
And so divine was the hymn they spake,
That the harts and hinds in the forest green
Ran down to listen from bush and brake.

Ah ! those were faërie days.

King Lewy he rode through the woodland green,
And followed the sound of that harp divine ;
He saw but the trees and the dancing leaves,
And the streams that laughed in the bright sunshine.

Ah ! those were faërie days.

King Lewy he rode on the velvet turf,
And oh! his eyes they shone to see
The beautiful Ladye with harp of gold
Beneath the shade of the old oak tree.
Ah! those were faërie days.

The birds they sang in the rustling leaves
The streams they leapt from the sparkling hills,
And the crimson smile of the virgin May
Fell softly over the sylvan rills.
Ah! those were faërie days.

Her shining hair and her snow-white hands
Flashed far and wide o'er the grassy dell;
And whether she was from heaven or earth,
That noble Knight he could not tell.
Ah! those were faërie days.

The bean-field's bloom lit up her cheek,
Like mountain snow her glossy skin;
She looked a beautiful faërie bird
On a leafy spray so lithe and thin.
Ah! those were faërie days.

Her palfrey white frisked by her side,
The saddle with precious stones was set,
The bridle was made of the ruddy gold,
The housings bright of silken net.
Ah! those were faërie days.

King Lewy he leapt from his slender steed,
And leant down on his knightly knee ;
“ Oh, never before such a Ladye fair
In cottage or hall 'twas mine to see.”
Ah! those were faërie days.

“ Sir Knight, I am the Faërie Queene—
The Faërie Queene, Sir Knight, am I.
And wilt thou dwell in my golden halls,
And thine own palace of marble fly ?”
Ah! those were faërie days.

“ O Faërie Queene, I will gladly leave
My palace of marble with thee to stay ;
And better it were than the proudest throne
To feel the spell of thy gentle sway.”
Ah! those were faërie days.

“ Sir Knight, I am the Faërie Queene,
And mine are the spells of the magic might ;
And wilt thou leave thy ladye love
To dwell for ever with me, Sir Knight ?”
Ah! those were faërie days.

“ O Faërie Queene, I will gladly leave
My ladye love to dwell with thee ;
For better than thousand years of life
One hour beneath thy smile to be.
Ah! those were faërie days.

She pressed the Knight to her heaving breast,
The birds they sang, and the purple smile
Of evening glistened as Cleena* clasped
The noble King of the Ocean Isle.

Ah! those were faërie days.

The stars are in the gleaming skies,
The cuckoo coos in the leafy boughs,
And through the forest alone they rode,
King Lewy and Cleena his fairy spouse.

Ah! those were faërie days.

Away and away to her golden halls,
Away on their steeds of light they go ;
And Erie's knights they search in vain
For their king, whom they shall see no moe.

Ah! those were faërie days.

And golden bright are those magic homes,
And silver clear are those lovely lakes,
And like the voice of heaven the songs
Which the Faërie Qucene from her gold harp wakes.

Ah! those were faërie days.

The trees are jewels of sparkling beam ;
And when the winds are breathing low
Through their rustling leaves, no music on earth
Is like the strains from their boughs that flow.

Ah! those were faërie days.

* The Faërie Queen of Irish mythology.

Two hundred years in this dream of bliss—

Two hundred years that seemed a day ;—

King Lewy he goes to the Faërie Queene :

“A boon, O ladye sweet, I pray.

Ah! those were faërie days.

I dreamed last night I was once again

In my Ocean Isle enthroned in state ;

And may I go back for an hour, O Queene,

And sit in the halls where once I sate ?”

Ah! those were faërie days.

“For an hour, sweet love, to thine Ocean Isle

Go back thou shalt, but oh beware,

As thou prizest thy gift of immortal youth,

Set not thy foot on earth while there.”

Ah! those were faërie days.

They brought King Lewy a magic steed :—

“While this thou ridest, gentle knight,

The glory of youth shall still be thine ;

But never, O King, on earth alight.”

Ah! those were faërie days.

King Lewy he came to his Ocean Isle,

And through the forest green he rode ;

And he was aware of six champions fierce,

Who paced in front of the King's abode.

Ah! those were faërie days.

The champions fierce they saw the knight,
But knew not the face of the noble King ;
They mounted upon their stately steeds,
And circled him round in hostile ring.
Ah! those were faërie days.

“ Ho, ho, Sir Knight, what brings thee here,
Thou ridest well on thy slender steed : ”
King Lewy he smiled a scornful smile,
Nor checked his magic courser’s speed.
Ah! those were faërie days.

“ Ho, ho, Sir Knight, now halt, we pray ;
Six champions bold and brave are we ;
And none shall enter these palace walls.”
“ By my Ladye faire will I,” quoth he.
Ah! those were faërie days.

King Lewy he drew his trenchant blade,
And charged and smote those champions round ;
He gave six thrusts of that broadsword green,—
The champions dead were on the ground.
Ah! those were faërie days.

The King came forth from the palace walls ;
On foot by the golden gate he stood,
And saw his champions bite the dust,
And roll in the stream of their own red blood.
Ah! those were faërie days.

“Ho, ho, Sir Knight, dismount, dismount,
 And fight with thy King a-foot,” quoth he,
 “Or else thou art but a craven knave
 Of base descent and of low degree.”

Ah! those were faërie days.

King Lewy he leapt from his magic steed,
 The magic steed he neighed aloud;
 King Lewy he touched the earth, alas!
 He falls down dead in that gory crowd.

Ah! those were faërie days.

The King came near that noble knight,
 And saw on his neck the collar of gold:
 Alas, and alas! 'tis that monarch brave
 Who vanished unseen in days of old.

Ah! those were faërie days.



SAADĪ.

Yes!—I can well believe the Eastern legend
 That Djami tells us of this Sheikh inspired,
 Whose sacred apologues seem angel-songs,
 But who, to common men, was only man,
 Who had not tasted of the Springs of God,
 The ever-flowing crystal wells of light.
 “One night,” he says, “I lay in dream, and saw
 The Gates of Heaven open: forth there came
 A host of angels, shining Sons of Alla,

With golden, glorious beakers in their hands,
 Filled from the paradise-fountains of the stars ;
 And all the place was luminous with splendours.

I rose and spake with one, and asked him why
 He bare the beaker ? and received for answer—

*‘ I bear them to Sheikh Saadī, of Shirāz,
 Who, while I speak, is penning words divine,
 That are as music even to God Himself.’*

‘ Sir,’ said I, ‘ wilt thou tell me this great verse ?’

The angel answered—*‘ Harken and bow down :*

To him who understands, the grove of trees

Is a great Volume, which in every leaf

Displays the wisdom of the Lord our Father.’

And having spake, he vanished ; quick as thought

I sought Sheikh Saadī’s cell, and by his lamp

Beheld the sacred Poet : all was still

And beautiful, and breathing heavenly calm ;

And round him were the glittering angel-choirs,

With the star-waters from the paradise-wells ;

And in that moment heard I him chant forth,

In tones of sweetness issuing from his soul,

The very words the glorious Angel spake :

‘ TO HIM WHO UNDERSTANDS, THE GROVE OF TREES

IS A GREAT VOLUME, WHICH IN EVERY LEAF

DISPLAYS THE WISDOM OF THE LORD OUR FATHER.’

And having heard, I bent myself before him,

Confessing Saadī for a priest of Heaven.”

Go, reader, and do likewise : so shalt thou

Rise from the grovelling rank of men of clay,

Who have no poet-music in their being,

But are the soulless rabble of this earth,

And in communion with the great inspired,
Thy soul and spirit shall ascend on high,
And bathe them in the starry paradise founts.



The Princess Seinín.

In silver light the river glides,
Its pace is like some royal bride's ;
The Princess Seinín, on the strand,
Awakes her lute with milk-white hand,
But now she smiles no more.

The Water-Fay, within his caves
Of crystal clear, beneath the waves,
Hears the enchanting strain, and kneels
Before her, and his love reveals,
But now she smiles no more.

In waving plume and armour bright,
He seems some young and noble knight ;
An emerald belt his sword sustains ;—
The Princess fair his love disdains,
But now she smiles no more.

The Water-Fay departs in rage,
And vows some vengeance dark to wage
Upon that fair, but scornful Maid,
Who coldly heard him while he prayed,
But now she smiles no more.

The morning's dawn of blushing rose
O'er waving woods and waters glows,
The Princess Seinin seeks the lone
Secluded creek she calls her own,

But now she smiles no more.

Here is she wont her bath to take,
When morning's golden sunbeams break,
From the blue mountain crests that gleam
Above that broad and princely stream,

But now she smiles no more.

The silver fir, arbutus green,
And willow o'er that wild nook lean,
And water-lilies, bright as stars,
When night her glittering gate unbars ;

But now she smiles no more.

The Princess Seinin does undress
Her lily limbs of loveliness,
And goes into the waters deep,
Which round her like white roses leap ;

But now she smiles no more.

And never shone the sun on maid
More fair than her who bird-like played
Amid the waters, wreathing there
The beauty of that Princess fair ;

But now she smiles no more.

The Water-Fay, in page disguise,
Unto the monarch's palace hies :
" Oh ! haste, and Princess Seinín save,
She sinks beneath the yawning wave ; "

But now she smiles no more.

Up and away the yeomen dash,
They seem to hear the waters clash ;
They reach the sweet sequestered nook ;
The Water-Fay, he cries out, " Look ! "

But now she smiles no more.

No struggling Princess there they see,
But all is calm as calm can be ;
The virgin Princess hears the sound
Of human tongues, and turns her round ;

But now she smiles no more.

Oh, horror ! does man's eye behold
That unveiled form of beauty's mould ?
She reddens like some blushing noon,
And sinks beneath the tide in swoon ;

But now she smiles no more.

The Water-Fay bore off the maid ;
In vain the yeomen strove to aid ;
He bore her to the crystal cells,
And halls of coral where he dwells ;

But now she smiles no more.

Yet often is her spirit seen
To rise, when shines the moon serene ;
Her golden lute is often heard,
When stars the zone of night engird ;
But now she smiles no more.

The princely Shannon bears her name,
Her grave may well that glory claim ;
Her story else had passed away,
With many a legendary lay ;
But now she smiles no more.



The Knight of Inchiquin.

The evening sunlight slowly sank
O'er Inchiquin's blue lake,
The tall, bright towers, with silver gleam,
The glassy waters strake.
And from the terrace looked the Knight,
Across the landscape wide,
Of winding mountains, crowned with pine,
That beetled o'er the tide.

What swans are these, with snow-white plumes,
Disporting in the west,
And sailing o'er the moveless lake,
With arched and stately crest ?
Their silver necks are golden wreathed ;—
The Knight enraptured stands :

“And, oh !” he cries, “for swans like these,
To grace my wave-girt lands.”

As starlight melts across the lake,
And o’er the beach of leaves,
The Knight of Inchiquin in thought
A wily plan enweaves :
The swans of beauty proudly float,
Nor dream that man is nigh ;
The Knight grasps one, the rest with screams
Of sadness star-ward fly.

The Knight exulting bears the Swan
Within his castle’s walls ;
And, oh ! what wondrous faërie change
That lovely Swan befalls :
Her snow-white plumes and wings are gone,
A Virgin young and fair
Before him beams with eyes of light,
And starry crown of hair.

Her breasts are foam on sunny waves,
A golden harp her voice,
Such heavenly beauty round her shines,
As makes his heart rejoice.
Bright in her ringlets still she stands,
Like some sweet stream of light ;
And thus with rosy smile she greets
That brave and blooming Knight :

“Three pledges of thy love I crave,

Ere I will yield me thine ;"—
" A thousand ask, and they shall be
All offered at thy shrine."
" Our union thou shalt secret keep,
From dice and wine forbear,
And bring no stranger to these halls ;"—
The Knight exclaims, " I swear !"

He rose—he clasped that blushing Maid ;
The golden heavens beheld
Those nuptials sweet ; and in their ears
A faërie music belled—
A music soft, and wild, and deep,
Like that which travellers hear
At night, when magic moonlit hills
Of elves they wander near.

And days passed onward winged with joy,
And who so blessed as they ?
Three lovely children in those halls
Of stately splendour play ;
And ever still, at evening's fall,
That faërie music steals
Across the lake, whose echoes sweet
Catch up those silver peals.

The morn is bright ; with horn and hound,
The Knight a-hunting goes ;
Alas ! he little dreams how dark
That day will round him close :
A gallant train of Knights he meets
Amid the mountain-chase,

And still they hunt, nor see the mist
Of storms grow thick apace.

At length it burst—the thunder's flame
Enwraps them in its fold,
And hail, and rain, and tempest-winds,
That make the blood run cold.
The Knight forgets his plighted oath,
And asks that weary train
Of fainting Chiefs within those walls,
That all his wealth contain.

“My Ladye fair,” —— alas ! alas !
What faërie strains are these,
Like woman's wail of wildest grief,
That moan upon the breeze ?”
He hears them not, or heeds not aught
The tidings that they tell,
Nor dreams he ne'er again shall hear
That sweet, soft evening bell.

They reach the Castle ; ladye faire
Is none to greet that train,
That living dream of beauty's light
Shall ne'er be seen again.
She plunged, with swanlike wing and plume,
Within the crystal lake,
And melted with her children three,
As melts the snowy flake.

The Knight, in madness wild, fills high

The wine-cup to the brim,
And flings the dice ; but grape or play
No sweetness bear for him.
He loses all—lands, fiefs, and hall ;
And ere the morning's beam
In blushes smiles o'er lake and wood,
His life hath been a dream.

They laid him in the silver beach
That bound the crystal tide ;
No wife or child stood round his bier,
And none his tomb beside ;
But oft at moonlight faërie strains
Are heard across the wave,
While glides a Swan with snow-white plume,
And sings above his grave.



Castle O'Kenealy.

Gray old Castle ! throned above the river,
Ivy-mantled ruin, stark and lone !
From thy cells and cloisters murmur ever
The deep accents of the Past and Gone.
Beauteously and slow the shining wave
Glides beneath thy towers dusk with time,
Time, that crushed and brought thee to the grave,
Still hath clothed thee with a spell sublime.
Gleams of other days, historic glory,
Knightly daring, faith heroic, glow

Through thy fallen arches famed in story,
O'er thy once-proud ramparts, now laid low.

In thy primal youth thou wert a monarch,
Firmly seated on thine iron rock,
Still defying rebel, traitor, anarch,
Hurling down on them thine arrowy shock.
Armies marched to quell thee o'er the plain ;
Horse and horseman, catapult and ram,
Strove and raged against thee, but in vain :
Never made thy haughty towers salaam.
Who that knew thee in thy puissant splendour,
Could foresee thy present drear decay ?
Could foresee that thou wouldst thus surrender,
And from grandeur rot into decay ?

Centuries have rolled since thou, all glorious
In the strength and pride of youth, didst rise
Bristling bravely, and with arm victorious
Flaunting out thy banner to the skies—
The White Hart upon his scarlet field,*
Tripping lightly, and with royal mien,
Borne by kings on corslet, casque, and shield,
Still foe-facing wheresoever seen.
Now it waves not, beats the breeze no longer :
Flag-staff, ensign-bearer, all are past ;
Time hath been thy foe, and proved the stronger ;
Time hath felled thee, not the battle-blast.

* The banner of the royal Clan-Kenealy.

Could I summon from thy dark recesses,
Soldier, statesman, minstrel, priest, or sage,
Blooming virgin, with her flower-like tresses,
Plumèd knight, with arch and saucy page.
Could I call to life each gallant band
Who within thy walls exulting dwelled—
Eye of fire, and brow of thought, and hand
Which the harp or falchion deftly held,—
Stately were the Vision that before me
From thy portals would descend in pride ;
But the wish were vain, and never o'er me
Shall they gleam whose bones thy vistas hide.

Blackened are thy dark and solemn pillars ;
Lichen, ivy, weeds, thy robes are now ;
O'er thy spacious court-yards pass the tillers
With the labouring horse and snouted plough.
Sad and soft the melancholy breeze
Breathes its dying dirge above thy clay ;
From yon agèd church amid the trees,
Pours the owl her inauspicious lay ;
And upon the sabbath, when the singing
Choirs awake the echoes o'er the green,
Seems the song as of some spirit winging
O'er thee, with its sad funereal keene.

Oh ! how often in my youth I've hearkened,
As I paced amid thy glimmering cells,
Which the Rembrandt hand of Time had darkened,
To the distant mass's music-spells,
“*Ave Maris Stella*,” like a chant

Breathed from heaven, stole upon my ear,
And with faith I felt my pulses pant,
As the "*Miserere*" hymn came near.
Days of dreams, of legend, myth, and fable,
When my child-like spirit all believed,
Mounting heavenward on a Tower of Babel,
Like the framers of that Tower deceived.

Yet was not that fervent faith all barren,
Though delusive as the desert stream ;
Time hath shown me since the lights that are in
Every creed that sheds on man its beam.
I have sought the soul that lives in each,
In strange lore have made myself at home,
Mastered secrets wrapped in foreign speech,
Pored till morn o'er many a mystic tome,
But in none have I found more devotion,
Even not in thine, sublime Islâm :
None that moves with more profound emotion,
Rousing up the heart like trump or shawme.

Whither strays my wayward fancy, whither ?
Let me back recall it unto thee,
Ruined abbey, which the tempests wither,
Ivy-mantled Fort so dear to me.
With another land my fate is bound,
In another land my bones shall lie,
Far from this ancestral sacred mound,
Underneath another roof or sky.
Never, never more may I behold thee,
Never pace again along those aisles ;

Yet though distant, still shall thought enfold thee
To its heart with filial tears and smiles.

Musing now amid thy crumbling arches,
Olden golden memories o'er me spread ;
Through the desert past my fancy marches,
And evokes the gray and ghostly Dead.
Will they hear me ? will they come once more
From the Land of Shadow where they dwell ?
Will they back to earth and sorrow soar,
Bursting death's transcendent brazen spell ?
Soul and spirit ! couldst thou bear to see them,
Rushing on thee like the lightning flame ?
Wouldst thou not be tempted quick to flee them ?
Canst thou answer for thy nerve-sprent frame ?

Now thy fancy clothes them in Elysian
Colours, in the pomp and pride of old ;
What, if otherwise upon thy vision
They ascended,—couldst thou dare behold ?
Hark ! I hear them—yea, I see them now,
Star-beam-like surround me as I gaze,
Mystery written on each shadowy brow—
Secrets dark of dim and distant days :
Some are beautiful, and brave, and noble—
Hero-forms, with hero-step and mien ;
Some I dare not look on—woe and trouble
In their weird and dismal eyes are seen.

Silently they come, and still surround me :
Old and hoary men, with ice-blue eyes ;

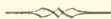
Virgins, who in spell divine have bound me,
Wafting airs and lights from Paradise ;
Soldiers, clad in steel, with vizor down ;
Sheathèd swords, and plumes, and martial crests ;
In their eyes methinks I trace a frown,
Though their arms lie folded on their breasts.
And the air than fields of ice is colder,
And the silence stills my very heart :
The life-heat within me seems to smoulder,
And my pulse with fitful glow to start.

Sinks the sun within his purple chamber,
Yonder faintly gleams the crescent moon ;
What a sea of roses, gold, and amber,
Floods this vesper sky of radiant June !
As I turn away my thoughts from those
Who are near with cold and shadowy gleam,
With new life my waked-up being glows :
Music lapses through me like a stream,
And some far-off Minstrel song is waking
In the bosom of the lonely dells—
Plaintive songs, as if his heart were breaking,
Sad as are the dying swan's farewells.

Like a requiem o'er those long-dead warriors,
Sounds that sad and melancholy strain,
Greeting those who now have burst their barriers.
And from death have hither come again.
Leave me, leave me, gray ghosts of my sires !
On the moonbeams seek your shadowy home :

Nought ye bring but sorrows, or desires
Unfulfilled, that shine and pass like foam.
Nought ye bear but gloomy recollections,
Broken images, and hopes dashed down,
Hopes in which I shrined my young affections,
But on which the fates and fortune frown.

Thus have ended all my splendid dreamings :
I desired, but dared not hope they'd rise ;
They but came to vanish straight, like gleamings
Of a meteor seen in summer skies.
Fare ye well, ye Spirits of the Dead !
Fare ye well ! nor anger feel if I
Have evoked ye from the narrow bed,
Where in restless, misty trance ye lie.
Beauteously the moon shines forth from heaven,
Silvering fallen fort and living plain,
Chasing from my soul all earthly leaven,
Broodings o'er the past, and visions vain.



To a Fountain in Hymettus.

O pure and limpid fountain,
What snow on Alpine mountain
Sparkles like thee ?
While on thy turf reclining,
Our features, soft and shining,
In thee we see.

The Zephyrs flitting o'er thee,
O fount, methinks adore thee,
 And linger still,
With winglets bright and tender,
Over thine eyes of splendour,
 And drink their fill.

A thousand sunny flowers
Their fragrance, like rich dowers,
 Around thee shed ;
And through the woodbine branches
No breeze its coldness launches
 On thy calm bed.
Sunshine upon thee slumbers,
As if thy rills' sweet numbers
 Lulled it to rest ;
The stars of night and morning
For ever are adorning
 Thy crystal breast.

About thy banks so fragrant
That little rose-winged vagrant,
 Cupid, is seen ;
And in thy silvery waters
Bathe the mild Goddess-daughters
 In beauty's sheen.
The Dryads robed in brightness,
With feet of fawnlike lightness,
 The Graces Three,
Beneath the golden glances

Of Hesper, weave their dances,
O fount! round thee.

Pan leaves his rosy valleys,
And by thy brightness dallies
All day, and wakes
Echo—the forest-haunting—
Up with the notes enchanting
His wild pipe makes.
Here, too, at times, resorted
Fair Venus, when she sported
With amorous Mars,—
Their hearts with passion beating,
And none to view their meeting
But the lone stars.

Play on, thou limpid fountain,
Eternal as yon mountain
Olympus-crowned:
Gush on, in light Elysian,
As Poet's shape-filled vision,
Or Apollo's round.
The smiles of heaven above thee,
And the stars to love thee,
Fount, thou shalt glide
From thy crystal portal,
Strong, beauteous, and immortal,
Whate'er betide.

To ———.

The winds and the waves are asleep,
And the greenwood trees are still,
And the white clouds softly creep
O'er the brows of the distant hill :
Come hither, come hither, sweet love to me,
And under the shade of the greenwood tree
Sing fond remembered lays
Of the dear old summer days,
When thou and I were dreamers wild,—
I a Boy, and thou a Child,
In those bright summer days.



Song.

Look upon the shining air,
All about thee, Ladye fair ;
'Tis the brightness of thine eyes
Thus sheds sunlight through the skies.

Look upon the purple rose
Underneath thy foot that blows ;
Ladye, 'tis thy gentle tread
O'er the flower its blush doth spread.

Look upon me, so shall I
Seem in sunbeams sweet to lie ;
Smile upon me, and I know
Round me flowers shall seem to grow.

Sunlight vanishes with day,
But thou passest not away ;
Roses wither with the spring,
But thou dost not so take wing.

In the night my star thou art,
And the sweet rose of my heart.
Hither, hither, Ladye fair,
Like a spirit bright and rare.



To ———.

In the green and leafy wood,
When the gentle sisterhood
Of stars are bright,
Wilt thou, wilt thou, Ladye fair,
Wander fondly with me there,
By the pale star-light ?

We shall stroll beneath the trees,
Through whose boughs' interstices
The young moon flings
Smiles as sweet and pure as thine,
Or the million rays that shine
In a spirit's wings.

We shall wander by the stream,
Gazing on its water's gleam
Glassing the skies,

Hand entwined with hand the while,
And upon me bent the smile
Of thy loving eyes.

As its waters glide along
We shall listen to its song,
Whose melody,
Though it charm full many an ear,
Still is far—oh! far less dear
Than thy voice to me.

On the turf we'll sit and pull
Flowers the most beautiful—
A moonlight wreath;
Though their bosoms perfumed be,
Have they, love, the fragrancy
Thy kisses breathe?

When our garland is entwined,
I with it thy brows will bind—
O garland blest!
Of this flowery diadem
Every leaf is worth a gem
On a monarch's breast.

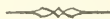
Then, along the turf we'll walk,
Talking only Cupid-talk,
And the sweet bond
Of affection, which, methinks,
Our two spirits closely links
In *one* spirit fond.

Or, within our own dear grove
We shall sit and talk, my love,
 Thou, my sweet theme ;
How I first before thee knelt,
Wildly, fondly loved, and felt
 Thee my life's dream.

How thou wert within my heart
Long its bright Star ; how thou art
 Still, still mine own ;
How unto the paradise
Of thy face and shining eyes
 My whole life hath grown.

As our Eden moments fly
Thus beneath the purple sky,
 The stars shall shine
With a sweeter, lovelier light
On that bower flower-dight
 Where thou and I recline.

In the green and silent wood,
When the starry sisterhood,
 With footsteps bright,
Trip along the azure air,
Meet me, meet me, Ladye fair,
 By the pale star-light.



A Love-Thought.

There is a snowy vase of many flowers
 Beside me in my window as I write ;
 The purple pride of choice and blooming bowers—
 Rose-red, and yellow, damask, pink, and white,
 And violet blue like heaven's cerulean light ;
 And through the green leaves and the petals fine
 The setting sunbeams softly pierce and shine.
 Belovèd ! this reminds me still of thee,
 Who art a living Garden fair to see,
 With every beauteous flow'ret intertwined ;
 And this fair sun is as thy lucid mind,
 Which shines so brightly through thy form and face,
 Lending to every movement perfect grace,
 As if by heaven itself in choicest form designed.



On the Sea.

Alone, alone with thee, thou glorious Sea.
 The blue above in heaven, the green around,
 With ever shifting, ever tremulous light,
 Sun-tinted splendours, iris-flashing beams !
 Lo ! I am rocked as if on emerald air,
 I and my boat ; my oars lie o'er her sides
 Sparkling like silver in the sun ; while I
 Stretched o'er the thwarts, am wafted where the wind
 And wave impel—an atom on this vast ;—
 Heedless where'er it bears me in this calm

And music-breathing moment ; the soft zephyr
Sheds sweetness round me like a honied dream.
So I surrender up my wandering thoughts
To nature, and the spells that she inspires,
And leaving Proclus give my soul to Heaven,
As freely as the wind that o'er me plays.

O Sea ! O Sky ! how beautiful ye are !
In aspect how divine, how great, how pure !
I feel my spirit blend with ye in love.
I feel mine inner nature spread and swell
Into sublime proportion, till it folds
The earth, the sea, the heaven within its arms,
As though it, they, and all, were one and all.
God breathes his splendid light within and through me ;
Its starry magic flows through every vein ;
Its fires celestial raise me as on plumes
Into the ether-spheres, where Beauty dwells,
Crowned with immortal glories ; the dark chains
Of sense fall off, and I am borne on high,
By the winged eagle, to celestial climes,
As Ganymede from Ida,—all my being
Etherealised into the Infinite,
And like the Infinite divinely blest.

O Nature, how I love thee ! how my soul
Delights to gaze upon thy splendent form,
Till like Pygmalion, raptured by the sight,
And passionately fond, God gives thee life
In every feature ;—and thou art not matter,
But vital essence : in thy streams and hills
And vales and mountains, trees and herbs and flowers,

And all the living creatures that they hold,
I see and feel the active soul of heaven ;
I blend as with the godhead, the Divine ;
I give myself devotedly to thee,
In silent loving worship of the heart,
Until my soul no longer dwells in clay,
But is made one even with the Universe,
Mingled in love with mountain, sea, and sky,
So great the majesty of its high thought.
And as I now float o'er this emerald sea,
This wilderness of waters, with no sail
In sight, and far away from land, I feel
Such aspirations swell my soul, as give
Even unto me—a frail, faint, finite being,
Emotions such as gods themselves might own.

Ocean of wonders ! could I pierce thy depths
And dive into thy dark and azure breast,
Below, below, far, far, and far below,
Amid shells, sea-weed, and cerulean gleams,
What sights should I behold ! Upon thy floor
The Roman, Greek, and Dane sailed forth in pride,—
The Norman, Gaul, the Anglian, and Spaniard,—
Their haughty banners o'er thy mirror flashed,
Their gilded galleys passed in royal state,
Their iron prows like tigers met in fight ;
Their soldiers, helmed and corsletted in steel,
Sank in the dire death-grapple ; raging storms
O'erwhelmed the wealth of princes, casting down
Their cherished treasures on thy barren sands ;
And underneath the spot o'er which I float,

Divided only by a plank from death,
Are golden diadems and coats of mail
Embossed with gems, and there are torques and rings,
And idols rich with jewelry, and chains
Of silver, carved with rarest art, and caskets
Filled with rich wines and perfumes, and lost barques
Crusted with corals, in whose mouldering holds
The fishes make their home ; the wealth of Ind
Is bedded in thy grave ; embroidered shawls
From the far Orient, China, and Assyria,
And turbans bossed with diamond and pearl,
And swords and daggers from El Shâms, are buried
Within thy caverns,—all these treasures lie
Beneath thy calm. And yet how mild thy face !
How sweet, how fair, how treacherous ! my soul
Shrinks, as I rise and look into thy heart,
And think how ruthlessly thou wouldst engulf
Me and my boat, if winds and destinies willed.

There was a story told me when a boy,*
As first I essayed Virgil,—’twas where he
Describes Charybdis and the horrid gulf
Wherein, with Scylla, she sucks in the ships,
And shoots her dark green billows at the stars.
Here as I paused, my gray-haired teacher laid
His book upon his desk, and taking off
His spectacles, detailed how in old days

* It is to be found in Brydone's *Tour through Sicily and Malta*, p. 84. Schiller has written a poem on it, called *The Diver*. Every schoolboy hears it from his teacher.

A certain King sat over this death-gulf,
And summoning all the boldest in the land,
Flung in a golden beaker rough with gems,
And said, *This prize be his who brings it back.*
But none would venture. Then his anger rose,
And he began to chide them all as cowards,
And wished that he were king o'er men indeed—
Not timid women, who were thus afraid.

Stung by his taunts, a certain Youth stood up,
And said, *O King! this wrath is not deserved,*
For here are men as brave as ever breathed ;
But this dread whirlpool is a present death.
Yet will I venture—not for thy cup's sake,
But for the honour of my brethren here.

Thus speaking, he plunged in ; the yawning wave
Swallowed him in its hungry jaws ; a groan
Burst from the women, from the men a sigh,
For he indeed was loved of many. All
Bent their fixed glance upon the King, who half
Ashamed, would shun their gaze, and sought to hide
His thoughts in rapid talk with those around.
And thus the moments passed : each instant seemed
An hour, a day ; and murmurs, curses rose
Against that cruel man with the gold crown.
And many an eye was fixed upon the surge
That raved and roared, and hissed and spurted foam
From its deep heart, and sang a funeral knell.
And women wept, and children cried, and virgins
Fainted in fear and sorrow. And the gulf
Heard them and still howled on ; when lo ! as if
A spirit from the air, the youth shot up,

Bearing the golden beaker high aloft,
And waving it with pride : his face was pale,
And stark his limbs, as those of one whose struggle
With the grim foe beneath had been a fight
For life indeed ; so to the King he came,
And laid the beaker at his feet, and told
Of many a wonder underneath that wave
Of yawning caverns filled with shapes of dread,
The dark and cruel monsters of the deep,
Who rushed upon him with cold pitiless eyes
That breathed deep horror, and with many a wile
Sought to entrap, entangle, or devour ;
While overhead the thunder rolled in waves,
And all around and underneath was turmoil,
Rushing and roaring, horror, and mad foam,
The weltering frenzy of the gulf of hell.
Thus spake he ; and the monarch, high inflamed
With strange desire to know of further wonders,
Took from his head his jewelled diadem,
And flung it in the wave, and promised half
A county to the youth, if he would dive
Once more, and bring the sparkling treasure back.
Long he delayed, but yielded to the wish
Of that old man ; he plunged, he sank below,
But never saw the light of day again.

Softly the rippling wave of sunlit green
Taps on my boat, as if with elfin touch ;
And now I hear a low and silver chime,
Sweet as a baby's murmur on the breast,
When these bright wavelets melt and meet in one.

How cool! how fresh! how pure the sea-sigh breathes
Upon my brow; its perfume, richer far
Than all Arabia's incense, glides like light
Into the currents of my heart, and fills them
As if with an elixir of the gods,
And I grow, spirit, all. Methinks I move
Amid a sphere of rainbows; every colour
From deepest purple unto emerald, gold
And rose-like pink and silver flash around,
As each new tract of water mirrors heaven.
As each far-rolling wave reflects the sun.
Such are the oceans in the spirit-sphere;
Such are the streams and lakes on whose bright banks
The Children of the Happy play and dream
Away their blest existence, in the music
That ever is evolved from God's great throne.
Oh! that I were with them, away from earth!
Oh! that my soul were disengaged from clay,
And that this moment it could soar aloft,
A wingèd Splendour, to the halls of Him
Who made this sea, this earth, this universe
Of most transcendent majesty and beauty,
And clothes it every day in colours new,
In glories, and in gleams divine and fair,
Like some great Painter with unceasing hand.

On such a summer sea as this, as smooth,
As bright, as sunny, sailed the Duke of Milan
(The false usurping Duke) over the waves
That wafted him to Prospero's magic Isle.
And o'er such sparkling, green, and silver billows

Sped Ariel, when he raised the tempest's wrath
And brought the shipwrecked ones to shore. Beside
A beach like this, of blended sand and shingle,
And delicate sea flowers, and tinted shells
Of varying light, the sweet Miranda strayed,
And in a purple atmosphere of love
Gave all her child-like soul to Ferdinand,
And drank with greedy air the first fond tones
That spake to her of other lands and ties,
In music sweeter than a sea-nymph's song.
On such a sea-shore, too, in lone Fernandez—
That fabled oasis amid the seas,
Roved wandering Crusoe, dreaming still of home,
And happy England, with its white church spires
Peeping from forest trees ; and Sunday bells
That called the hamlet forth in holiday dress,
Through hedge-rows, wooded lanes, and village greens,
And so beneath the low and Gothic porch
Of time-worn stone, and wainscot dark with years.

O Dreamers of the Past ! I wonder not
That ye with magic peopled the lone Sea,
That from its deep and many-changing breast
Ye saw strange beauty rise as Venus rose,
Supremely perfect, lovely as the Dawn
When breathing roses she precedes the sun :
For who can see the Ocean, who can glide
Upon its glorious form, and not be raised
Above the earth, into a mightier life
Of thought sublime, of vision vast and pure,
Of aspiration after things too noble

For earth-linked destinies? I do remember
When I too, as a Boy, strayed through Arcadia,
And made my paradise in Hesperid' gardens,
How often have I, tossed on ocean waves
As now, and wreathed in sunshine, peered afar
Into the purpling West, to see revealed
A glimpse of those Blest Islands which appear
At times to wanderers o'er the dark blue deep,—
Those Isles of Sunshine, on whose dazzling shores
And faërie-beaming leasowes, and green woods,
Fragrant with all the perfumes of the earth,
Such happiness is found as lives in love.
Oh! how I prayed that God would shew me them!
And I have felt in moments, as if God
Had heard my prayer; for suddenly there rose
Before me in the golden vesper trance
Of glittering colours, when the sun was setting,
A vision of those Islands: ships I saw
With saffron hulls and sails of silver-pearl,
Anchored in bays and rivers of red gold,
Beneath the palm trees or the olive mountains,
Beneath the sloping hills of pine and rose;
And palaces of marble, gleaming bright
From gardens gorgeous with the fairest flowers;
And minarets of ivory that raised
Their exquisite trellis-work aloft in air,
As if by faëry fingers carved; and gates
Of Orient silver flashing proud with gems
Of every brilliant hue the East supplies.
And banners glittered, and fair pennons waved

Their streaming airy loveliness ; and songs
Resounded from the beach, with music blent,
As if the happy tenants of that land
Were dancing in delight. And through my soul
The voice as of mermaidens calling me
Was sweetly, darkly, indistinctly echoed,—
Was softly, murmuringly, confusedly heard,
As thus entranced I lay ; and I have longed
To spring from my frail barque and plunge into
That sea of silver beams, and seek that strand
Where all these exquisite enchantments dwelled.
Then the sun sank into the ocean's cup,
And twilight bare the Vision from my view ;
And I was left alone upon the waters,
In darkness and in sorrow, and I sought
The purpling sea-shore with desponding oar
And disappointed spirit. Yet methinks
I would not have such rose-bright picturings lost
For all the saddening gloom they left behind.

And yet thou Sea, I cannot pardon thee ;
For thou didst snatch from earth the fairest soul
That ever shone on earth since Phœbus hymned.
Thou didst engulf him without mercy, in
Thy false, bright, smiling depths. The Lesbian Sappho
Sang not so beauteously ; but her I weep not,
For she by her own act sought out the death
Thou gavest her. But him indeed I weep—
Immortal Shelley, flower-bright Child of Heaven,
To whom the Muses gave their choicest gifts,
Whose spirit God himself enrobed in suns,

Whose soul and mind are now amid the stars.
Ah me ! methinks I see him, when like night
Rushed the tornado o'er his fated barque—
Rushed madly, headlong from the Appenine,
Where in dark vulture-clouds of ominous look
It long had gathered ; with relentless wing,
And claw, and beak, death-bearing, it swooped down,
As if a thousand fiends were in its heart,
And in the mighty wreck of boiling waters,
Engulfed the Morning Star. O ruthless Fate !
Hadst thou no sympathy for that bright Child
Of Heaven, or for the dear ones whom he left ?—
That morn, so fair, so fire-bright, with strong soul,
So clear an image of the true Divine.
Oh ! what a loss was there to man for ever :
That Paradise of exquisite thought dissolved—
That Fountain from which loveliness so flowed,
That might have still enriched the world with music,
Never to die out of the echoing heart,
But be a joy and loveliness while Time
Exists, and our great language governs man.
Therefore, O Sea ! I cannot pardon thee,
And though thou art to me, of all the Elements,
That which I fondliest love, on which I gaze
With most delight, o'er which I send my soul
In quest of argosies of thought sublime ;
And though thou most of all God's mighty works
Appearest to me the great type of God,
In silence, majesty, and strength and beauty,
Yet can I not forgive thee, sovereign Sea,
For hurrying thus from life that star of light.

And yet the terrible chaos of thy waves
Is not less grand, or glorious, or sublime,
Than is thy calm and marble dignity,
So like the passive majesty of a god.
Lovely, indeed, thou art, when summer veils
Thy face in sunbeams ; but I've seen thee rise
As if a Pythoness inspired with flame
From heaven, when thy brow grew black as night
With thunders, and thine eyes shot lightning-flashes,
And thy deep voice boomed loud ; and winds arose
And called the hurrying clouds, and mist, and rain,
And the loud shout of tumbling waves was heard,
Blended in battle roar ; and eye, and ear,
And brain, were all confused by the dread strife
That rushed a thousand ways, and shrieked in each,
Making confusion horrible. In such
A moment sank the Spaniards' haught Armada,
When, with its gilded pomp and pride, it came
To bind our island down in foreign chains.
And they who called themselves "Invincible"
Were weak as infants in thy giant grasp.
This hour how mighty in their flaunting roar,
The next a rabble of wrecks, with sails and masts
Shattered and ropeless ; gone their silken flags,
Their tossing plumes low trailing, and their hopes
Blown on the winds that crushed them. Thou, O Sea !
Didst see this spectacle, and didst shout for joy ;
And thou didst call thy mighty squadrons back,
And didst control them like a flock of sheep
Within the fold, and wert all smiling peace,
Even as thou art now while I float on thee.

Spirit of Beauty ! Universal Soul !
How in this hour I feel thee ! how my heart
Opens her gates to thy loved presence !—all
My being gives itself to Thee, and fain
Would clasp Thee to its inner perfect life :
Would own Thee, love Thee, worship Thee for God,
For thou art Love, and Loveliness, and Light,
And Truth, and Majesty ; and these are things
That blend, combine, and concentrate in Him,
The great All-Father of the Universe,
As different from man's false idea of God
As perfect splendour is from murky mist.
Here on this Sea, girt by the distant hills,
And sparkling with a radiance most divine,
How gloriously He reveals His glorious being :
With what a flood He rushes on my soul !
With what a music He psalms forth His nature !
In what vast harmonies He breathes His laws !
Mountains ! ye are His strength ; and thou, O Sea !
Art His pulsation. As I look aloft
Upon the sky, painted with light and glory—
An ever-changing picture, day by day,
Of his most radiant, ever-shifting form,
That wears a myriad shapes, and beams, and splendours.
Types of the Universal—as I gaze,
And meditate, that never for one hour
Since first the skies cradled this sphere of man,
Have they presented twice the same grand painting,
But every moment still have changed and changed,
Passing, by imperceptible transition,
From beauty into beauty, from the vast

To the sublime, the terrible, the lovely,
 As if they were a canvass whereon ever
 The Artist-Father limned celestial pictures ;
 How can I utter the stupendous thoughts
 Of Thee that fill me ? how in words describe
 That deep, awe-stricken, powerful sensation
 Of Thee and of Thy works that strikes my soul
 Prostrate before Thee, O Thou Sacred One ?

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In the far distance, sleeps the sunny land
 With beauty crowned, as though it were a Dryad
 Reposing in the flowers ; the green trees
 Are like the trees in pictures—dark and still,
 Arching o'er forest paths, or by bright streams
 Bent till their leaves are mingled with the waters,
 And on their waving branches warble birds ;
 But here their minstrelsy is all unheard :
 The ripple only murmurs ; yet methinks
 The very absence of the birds' soft songs
 Wakens remembrance of them, and I feel
 As if this moment at full length I lay
 Upon some bank of violets and thyme,
 Drinking within the caverns of mine ear
 The dear, delicious ballads of the wood—
 The serenade of this enraptured bird,
 The lullaby of that above her young ;
 So great a witch is Fancy in this hour.

Ye distant Downs, brown with dark gorse and heath,
 And undulating like the waves around me,
 In one part sunshine, in the rest all shade !

How often have I mused amid your depths,
Soaring aloft as the sweet skylark raised
His heaven-ascending song, and with him lifting
My thoughts to God's great palace ; or have chased
The fleet-foot hare or rabbit through your slopes,
Or watched the winding starry-spotted snake
Gliding amid the bushes and wild flowers ;
Or hunted moths of many-flashing plume,
Or hearkened to the grasshopper's shrill note,
Or gazed upon the distant wall of sea,
Rising like crystal, dotted here and there
With the dark hull and silver-flashing sail,
While o'er the waters like a mote was seen
The sea-mew dipping, with light glancing wing,—
How beautiful, how full of peace ye are !

Ages have rolled above your waving brows
Since ye were deep in ocean—since the vast
Primeval waters bellowed o'er you, when
The race of man was yet unknown on earth,
And ye were then the homes of mighty creatures
Whose very bones have perished. Could I breathe
Life through your centre, and an instant lend
It voice, to tell me of the Mystic Past—
Of centuries folded in remotest gloom,
When this brave sphere was new, and fire and sea
Contended for the mastery, and all
Was forest, ocean, and volcanic mount,
And the great mammoth tribe of fishes, beasts,
And reptiles owned this world ; what mighty secrets—
Profounder in their depth than oracles—

Would then be heard ! what wonders of old time !
What revolutions ! what gigantic changes !
What mysteries typical of God's high law !
But this can never happen. God hath willed
That Man should nothing know of those past days,
But see them only as in glimpse or dream ;
Yet shall there be a time when the great soul
That is in mortals shall again assume
Its primal grandeur, ere it fell on earth,*
And raised again to archangelic beauty,
Shall know all knowledge, and shall talk with God.

And see where yonder gray-haired Church peeps out,
Amid the trees : its tower is ivy-robed,
The noon-day sunlight glitters on its vane,
And round it sleep, in their cold chalky beds,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet ; falls
Upon their resting-places the sweet sun,
As if to bathe them in delight ; no breath
Of air disturbs the leaf ; the only sound
That's ever heard within that old churchyard
Is the wild blackbird's rich and thrilling note,
The thristle's melody, the skylark's song,
As mounting to the skies, he breathes carillons
Of ever-new delight. I gaze, and gaze,
With closely-peering eye, and yet no motion
Is visible in the landscape : team or man
Wander not o'er its mirror ; all is still,

* Allusion is here made to the ante-terrestrial existence of the spirit, of which so many are conscious.

As though it were a picture, or a pageant,
Presented to the fancy when it soars
From actual life into ideal scenes,
And on some golden landscape lingers long,
Fearing to break the magic spell of silence.

And thou, my little hovel, o'er the brow
Of the fair waters perching like a bird,
And battlemented with the Bacchant leaf,
Already promising autumnal clusters,
How calmly dost thou look !—a ray of light
Plays o'er thee and around ;—some magic spell
Attracts me to thee. In thy quiet shade
What happy moments have I passed, amid
Thy flowers, and books, and pictures ; what sweet hours
Have winged their flight while underneath thy vines,
And jasmines, and wild roses, I have lapped
My soul in dream Elysian, with the souls
Of Homer, and Euripides ; have flown
Aloft with Pindar, or o'er Schiller's page
Have wandered into Dreamland ; or have laughed
With Lucian, Rabelais, Aristophanes,
Or glorious Swift, or Scarron, or Voltaire ;
Or given up my thought to wild romance,
With Ariosto, Tasso, Spenser, Scott ;
Or meditated, like the royal Dane,
O'er Plato, Porphyry, or the Ouknephat,*

* That is, *Secrets not to be Revealed*, a work comprising more profound, sublime, and subtle theology than the collective essence of all the Fathers. In imagination, learning, and high speculative thought, the Platonic writings are not to be named beside it.

Wrapped up in Shanscreet mystery and wisdom,
Whose every thought seems echo of a thought
Fresh flown from Heaven, and sparkling with its light ;
Or talked with Byron in his happiest mood
Pictured upon his page ; and from the wild
And sibyl-soul of Shelley drawn strange lore,
And clothed my spirit in great panoply
From the Æschylian armoury of steel ;—
And strolled through Paradise-gardens with the Shades
Of Shakspere, Calderon, Fletcher, Calidasa,
Uhland, Theocritus, and blithe Boccacio ;
Or with sweet Hemans dreamed myself to bliss,
Until we melted into Faërie Land.
Where are thy merry sprites ? I see no form
Gambolling near thee, yet methinks I view
Thy loved interior opened, as the Imp
Of cloven foot disclosed to Don Cleophas
The mysteries of Seville. There is Ahmed
Poring upon the Iliad, underneath
That flashing dame of Lely ; all his heart
Seems bent upon the book ; beside him, near
Keen Hogarth's speaking picture, on a chair
Of rose-bright hue, is seated Charlemagne,
With arch, deep eyes, sucking the very life
Out of St. John in Latin ; the quick rogue
Is like young Hermes, as sage Homer drew him,
Or as Mercutio, when he was a stripling.
At the end, near Caravaggio's breathing canvass
Of Jesus and the Baptist, I can see
Grave Henrietta o'er her patchwork, while
Her brother, with his merry eyes of blue,

Stout Maurice, carves, with engineering skill,
A piece of wood into a windmill-shape ;
Fair Arabella wreathes a bunch of flowers
Into a garland worthy of Aglaïa,
Or dances gracefully in silken scarf ;
And little Mary Annesley sprawls about
Beneath the mantling oleander leaves,
Now pointing to this Titian, dark with light,
And now to this sweet landscape, which O'Connor
Painted as if with rainbow-tinted pencil ;
And now she sees an orange, and with quick
And fawnlike foot is on it, ere we know
What well she aims at, and she lays the fruit
Before her mammy, and with eloquent look
(For speak she cannot), asks her to dissect
Its golden, fragrant quarters,—and 'tis done.

How still, how silent, are the glens of heaven !
I look aloft, and in their windings see
No trace of life or motion ; even the clouds
Move not, but hang like curtains, blue and gold,
Over the earth and sea. There soars no bird
Into the crystal arch, but all is vacant ;
And yet methinks the whole is filled with life,
Although I see it not. It cannot be
That God has made this splendid vault of beauty,
To be a grave without a living soul.
O Shapes invisible ! descend unto me,
And breathe your melodies into my thoughts,
And flash upon me with your heroic forms,
Bringing me tidings of the luminous plains

Of light and glory where your homes are placed.
Have I not schooled my soul to be like you ?
Have I not raised my thoughts from earth to God ?
Have I not fed me on sublimest dreams ?
And yet ye come not, answer not my call,
Ye heed not my wild prayer. Oh ! that I
Could rise from flesh, and mingle with your choirs,
And fill my soul and spirit with the light
That is your atmosphere and vital essence.
Beautiful ones, invisible, but real,
Dwellers amid the clouds, descend and bear
My pining spirit far and far away,
And make her one with your enchanted choirs,
And waft her with you to the kindred stars.

Anecdote.

At Charing-Cross by Northumberland House,
When I was a student at old Gray's Inn,
I sauntered one day in my sunbright youth,
And wondered what trophies I yet should win.

I looked at the statue of Charles, and thence
At the Nelson Column, and thought that kings
And glory and power were after all
But mites or motes—ephemeral things.

Here was an omnibus loaded with cits ;
Here was a coach with a duchess inside ;
Here flowed a current of women and fops,
Flaunting along in folly and pride.

Cabmen, senators, parsons, cads,
Lawyers striding down to the Hall;
Anxious suitors, milliners, clerks,
And a coffin with plume and pall.

While I looked at this current of life,
Rolling along its allotted way,
Happened a scene I shall never forget,
While I walk about in clay.

It was a woman with snow-white hair,
Poorly clad and worn and weak ;
Feeble her limbs, and she tottered along
With footstep faint and with aspect meek.

By Northumberland House she stood ;
A moment she stood, and she fainted away ;
Hurried along the sensual crowd ;
Did they not help her?—no, not they.

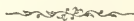
Cabman, senator, parson, cad,
Galloped along with upturned nose.
Why does she dare to block up the streets ?
Drunk she *must* be, we suppose.

There came a Man on whose broad fair brow
Genius gleamed like a glowing star ;
He is one of our Judges now,
Then the brightest light at the bar.

Oh! how tenderly in his arms
Did he raise that woman weak.
Oh! how gently did he soothe her—
Words of mine were faint to speak.

Tenderly as a child he bare her
Into shelter, out of the crowd ;
So the shepherd succours the lambkin
Under the blast of the tempest bowed.

Cabman, senator, parson, cad,
Shamed into feeling, helped her all ;
Ever since then I have thought that there's something
Good in the air of Westminster Hall.



Eyes.

Oh! was there any language ever on earth,
Could match the eloquence of love-speaking eyes?
Or is there any music under heaven
So soft, so sweet, so exquisite to the soul,
As that which breathes in glances soft as dawn
From the fond eye when first it glows with love?
Where'er you look it lights on you alone ;
Where'er you move it only follows you.
'Tis as a gleam of Eden quickly seen
Through the half-opened portals, when the Spirit
Stands on the outer edge, in hope, in fear,
Of ever entering that bewitching land.

To ———.

Beauteous thou art indeed in gems and flowers,
 A living Queen of loveliness and thought ;
 Yet would I rather have one loving glance
 From those star-sphering eyes of darkest light,—
 One smile of fondness beaming from thy brow
 Unto my passionate heart,—one gentle touch
 Of that small hand, so beautiful, so white,—
 One word of love breathed by thy paradise mouth
 And printed on my lips, than all the wealth
 Of jewelry about thee, though thou wert
 More richly dressed than now, in the full blaze
 Of Indian splendour, which beside thine eyes
 And on thy bosom are unseen by me.
 Could I but kneel to thee and speak my love!
 But this can never be ; we met but once,
 And haply may not ever meet again.
 I spake to thee but little, though I sat
 Beside thee, for my heart was filled with love,
 And thou—thou didst not know that it was so,
 Yet thou hast been beside me ever since.
 Never shall I forget that short half hour,
 Nor thy soft voice, nor those enchanting eyes
 That weave around me now their magic spells.



To ———.

Let me kiss those shining eyes,
 Where thy soul of beauty lies !
 Let my lips of love alight
 On those eyelids lily-white.

Oh, sweet heaven, that thou wert mine !
 How my soul would grow to thee !
 Thou, a gentle golden vine,
 I, its fond sustaining tree.

Let me kiss that budding mouth,
 Sweeter than the fragrant South ;
 Let me nestle on the rose
 Round thy teeth of pearl that grows.
 Oh, sweet heaven, that thou wert mine !
 Soul to soul in fondness bound ;
 Thou, a bright and starry sign,
 I, the air that clasped it round.

Fold me as the stellar zone
 Folds its much-loved earth, mine own ;
 Or the rainbow, bright and clear,
 Folds the smiling hemisphere.
 Oh, sweet heaven, that thou wert mine !
 Ne'er in life or death to part ;
 Thou a spirit in its shrine,
 And that shrine my faithful heart.



Hafez.

Shemseddin Hafez, in his early youth,
 Loved Shakhi Nebât,* fairer than the Star
 Zohair, and graceful as the bending branch
 That in the silver stream its foliage dips.

* Branch of sugar-cane.

Her also loved the Prince of proud Shirâz ;
And many wondered how the Maid would give
Her heart, and whether youth or power would win.
Now hear ye, how this gentle Virgin did.
Outside Shirâz is Piri-Sebz, so called
Because at certain times resorted there
A Sage Immortal of the byegone days,
Who, on the true that watched for forty nights,
Bestowed celestial gifts—the gifts of song.
These gifts Shemseddin Hafez longed to hold ;
And so he sought the sacred mystic spot.
Yet on his way he cast a loving eye
Upon the house where Shakhi Nebât dwelled,
And sighed, but sighed in vain ; for no fond glance
From lattice or balcony strewed his path
With flowers or gems. But still he sought the place,
And hoped, when Hope herself might well despair.
So for the nine-and-thirtieth time he went,
When like a sunburst on his dazzled eye,
The beaming Virgin shone, and beckoned soft
With delicate white hand, and called him in,
And covered him with roses : long he stayed,
Until the night approached ; and then with will
Of iron, but with heart that struggled much,
He tore himself away, and ran and ran
Until he found himself at Piri-Sebz.
So when the splendent stars and moon shone bright
O'er tree and stream, and in the flowering trees
The nightingale sang songs as sweet, as soft
As Israfil's—that Angel fair of God,
The Immortal Sage appeared in emerald robes

More flashing than the sea-reflected moon,
And gave him a gold cup that sparkled high
With heavenly nectar. Quick Shemseddin drained
The draught celestial, and with it acquired
The paradise gift of poesy divine.
So to the Virgin's house he back returned ;
And then in speech all lustrous with the light
Of melody and love and hope, revealed
The secret reason why he fled away
From her, in whom his heart of hearts was placed.
She hearkened and forgave, and gave her hand
To him who was to be the Prince of Song.
And so she left the Prince of proud Shirâz
To mope in melancholy like an owl
Amid his courtiers, chamberlains, and slaves.
Now tell me if this Virgin did not well ?



The Lion of Florence.

O love! O wondrous love, how wonderful,
How lovely, and how terrible is thy force!
Thou givest to the gentlest heart a power
As great as that which moves the mightiest soul.
Thou art God's energy in toil and trial,
Inspiring strength that breathes of heaven, not earth.
This saw I proved in Florence. On a day,
It happed a lion fierce with Nubian flame
Burst from the Grand Duke's gardens, where he caged,
And through the stately streets he bent his march,

Lashing his flanks. His eyes breathed terror round ;
Fire flashed from out their pupils ; and he roared
Like a low muttering thunder ; at the growl
Quailed every heart, and every wayfarer
Fled in dismay. But there was one, a Woman,
Who in her terror dropt her baby down.
The lion seized him, when she too with heart
Courageous turned—a lioness at bay.
She faced the tawny savage ; on her knees
She fell before him, and with a mother's love
Prayed fiercely, earnestly, with tears and words
And passionate gesture, that would move a stone,
To spare her child. The lion stopped, surveyed
The weeping frantic woman with fixed eye ;
His ravenous nature melted was by love ;
And so he laid the infant at her feet,
And like a monarch in his pride passed on.



Ladye Digna.

When Attila the Hun, the Sword of God,
Had taken Aquileia, it chanced
He saw the Ladye Digna, the most fair
And lovely woman in the captured city.
Her beauty fired his heart ; her sunbright eyes
Shot flame resistless through his stubborn soul ;
And so he sought her, but she would not hearken.
I cannot be thy wife : I will not be

Thy mistress : thus she spake, and cast her eyes
Upon him with a fixed and noble pride.

But he, the lord of millions, scorned repulse,
And said, *Thou must be that which I may will.*

If love cannot persuade thee, force may do it.

Knowest thou not I bear the sword of Mars,

And that no living power on earth can cope

With Attila : be mine, or thou shalt be.

The Ladye Digna heard ; a moment's thought

Opened before her the safe starry road

To honour, safety, purity, and God.

And thus she spake to Attila : *O King !*

Great is thy strength indeed ; and if thou sayest

The word, I know that I must needs obey.

Follow me to yon tower, far remote

From eye and ear, and then—no more she spake,

But led the way. The impatient monarch strode

Quick by her side ; they reached the lofty roof,

From which the rolling river underneath

Was seen—a line of silver. On the heaven

The Ladye Digna fixed her soft blue eyes,

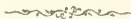
Shining with faith sublime in heaven's God.

Follow me now, she said, if thou wouldst have me ;

And so she cast herself in headlong death.

The river bare her body ; but the winds

Wafted her spirit into Paradise.



Sabinus and Eponina.

Past are the horrors of the fight ; the troops
Of Prince Sabinus have been crushed ; Vespasian
Is once again an emperor with no foe.
His Roman eagles have swept o'er the plains,
And borne his triumph on their outspread wings.
Sabinus flies, but large rewards are offered
To him who shall betray that hapless prince.
So in a cave remote from stately Rome
He hid himself, but not alone. His wife
The noble Eponina, fair and bright
As the young Morning Star, was by his side,—
A glory in his darkness ; days rolled on,
And months, and years, and still they loved and lived
In that stone cavern, deep amid the woods,
With howling wolves around them, and but scant
Participation of the light of heaven.
But she was sunbeams to him,—stars and flowers,
Music and birds, and rivulets, and air,
Nature herself in all her golden hues.
And in her presence peace and love were seen,
And beauty, and sereneness, and content.
So nine years rolled ; but in the end betrayed,
The two were brought in chains before Vespasian,
Who, pitying not that matchless love, condemned
Sabinus and his wife to death. No tear
Escaped her ; no weak prayer for mercy flowed
From those firm lips that despot force disdained.
But looking on her husband with a smile

Of pride and love and constancy, she spake :
Happier we both have lived, though underground,
Than yon proud monarch on his guilty throne.
Let his assassins come and strike the blow ;
Together, hand in hand and side by side,
We'll die, and pass from earth to God's free heaven.
And so it was. And in a few short years,
Vespasian and his race were seen no more.



Gertrude Von der Hart.

They bound him living on the wheel ; they bared
His beautiful limbs upon its savage beams ;
And left him in the sun to pine and die,
Or own the guilt in which he had no hand.
And one by one the crowd departed home.
And in the night I found myself alone
Before that cruel cross. The stars came out
Like angels from their dark blue gates in heaven,
Serenely calm, gentle, and beautiful,
As if no sin or suffering could come near
Their holy atmosphere of silver light.
Oh ! how I longed to fly away with *him*,
And be alone in some sweet starry sphere,
Where only happiness and peace abode ;
And we should sit beside green ocean streams,
Or from blue caves of crystal watch the moon,
Or in the woodlands lying, hear the birds.

And with these longings, tears were in my eyes,
And in my heart deep agonies and pangs,
That sought relief in prayer. Then I rose,
And with thick logs of wood piled up a stair,
On which I mounted to him, laid myself
Upon his quivering limbs and bursting head,
And stroked the hair which the night wind had blown
Over his face and in his bleeding eyes.

O leave me, dearest, leave me to my fate.

*The day will break, and they shall find thee here,
How will they then wreak vengeance on thee ; fly,
Nor add new misery to thy wretched husband,
Seeing thee sink beneath their cruel stripes.*

Thus spake he ; but I answered : *I will die
Before thee, with thee, and beside thee, dearest.*

*Unto that end thy faithful wife is here,
Nor shall they separate us but by death.*

And spreading out mine arms, I clasped him round
To my heart's centre, and I prayed to God
To take us both from life.

The day broke slowly ;

The stars departed one by one ; the moon
Had long since veiled herself in darkness ; cold
And night' dews wrapped us. As the sounds of life
Began to rise around us, I replaced
The logs where I had found them, and descended :
The guard shrunk scared as they had seen a ghost,
And so did they report ; and thus it happed
A mighty multitude of men and women
Flocked to the place of torture. Foremost came

The wife of bailiff Winterthur, whom I
Had known and fondly loved in better days.
So I implored her to entreat her husband
To ease my Rudolph's sufferings by death :
Alas, she said, and mournfully she wept,
He dare not do it ; by the Queen herself
The sentence was pronounced, and he must die
This lingering death of torture.

Then they brought
Me bread and wine, but nothing could I taste :
Their sorrowing sympathies were food to me :
These cheered me in my anguish more than meat.
The executioner stood nigh ; he spake,
May God have mercy on this suffering man.
The priest felt no compassion, but cried out,
Unhappy Rudolph ! wilt thou not confess ?
To which my husband answered, *Lamprecht, well*
Thou knowest I am not guilty of this deed.
I had no hand in Emperor Albert's death.
The priest stood silent. Then I heard a cry,
Make way ! make way ! and lo ! a troop of horse
With their steel vizors down ; fiercely they rode,
And one cried out with harsh and vulture voice,
Whither have flown the crows, that the knave's eyes
Are still in his head ? I knew the horrid sound
That spake the bad heart of Duke Leopold.
Then said another of those scornful knights :
Long let him writhe in bloody pain and sweat ;
But these vain crowds must be dispersed, and taught
To laugh, be still, be silent—but not weep,

*Or I shall rage against them ; here no pity
Must be displayed. Remove this howling wretch—
This woman, who so moves them ; who is she ?
Away with her. I will not have her here.*
And then I knew it was the Queen herself,
Disguised in knightly arms—the Queen whose tongue
Had given my dearest lord unto this wheel.
Then spake a third, *It is the wife of Wart.*
We thought she had drowned herself in yonder moat.
Let her alone ; for hers is faithful love.
Let her alone ; we can do nought with her.
This was the mild soft voice of Landenberg.
How well, how sweetly did he speak. I could
Have fallen before him, and have kissed his feet.
Then said a fourth, *Gertrude, be calm, be still,*
Die not of grief, but live ; live and rejoice.
Whose was this voice ? Alas, it smote mine heart.
I could have felled him, killed him, then and there.
'Twas *his*, who when my husband was condemned,
Hissed in mine ear his serpent hiss of love,
Saying, *Away with me,—leave him to death,*
And pass thine hours in happiness and love.
I only turned and said, *Be silent, wretch !*

Then the Queen signed unto a man-at-arms
To raise me up, and tear me from the wheel,
For prostrate at its foot I lay. He came
And strove to bear me from it ; but I clasped
The wooden monster firmly, calling loud
For instant death, so that I died near him ;
But yet they would not give the boon I asked.

So two more men were sent, and I was dragged
Like a wild beast away from all I loved.
Then went the Queen with all her knights away.
And day passed on—a long, dark, dreadful day.
And as the night fell, down again I crawled
To the fierce wheel, where still my Rudolph writhed.
The rain fell down in rivers ; and a soldier
Flung o'er my dripping limbs his cloak. I climbed
Once more to my dear lord, and flung it round
His frozen, naked, broken, dying limbs ;
The night wind whistled through his hair and beard ;
His lips were dry ; his eyes had lost their fire ;
But still in sweetness on me beamed his love.
I fetched him water in my shoe. The cool
Refreshing liquid gave him strength, and so
I laid myself once more against that form
Which was my all, my world of light and love.
His sighs were fast and thick, and like a sword
They pierced my heart. I died a thousand deaths
In that long night of misery. At length
The moment came when his bright soul, released
From earth, should re-ascend the spheres of light,
And be with God, of whom he was an image
In every virtue that befits a man.
He moved or sought to move his dying head,
And with a rosy smile of love that lit
His dying face, he spake—he murmured forth,
Gertrude ! this is fidelity to death.
And so he died ; and I was left alone
Without a friend in the whole world, but God.

Confalioneri.

When Count Confalioneri was condemned
 To death, because he, an Italian born,
 Moved and seduced by Satan, wickedly
 Preferred his own fair land to Austria,
 And had conspired against the Double Eagle,
 His wife, on wings of love, fled to Vienna ;
 And though 'twas midnight, through gates, guards, and
 doors

She burst, until she stood before the Empress,
 Who was a woman though she wore a crown ;
 And in an agony of grief that melted
 The hardest into pity, she besought
 Her husband's life ;—she asked not for aught else.
 The Empress begged the Emperor, who gave
 The thing, as though 'twere but a fly's poor life.
 'Twas all the world to *her*—to him a *word*.
 But being a pleasant man, he thought it right
 To tell her that the hangman had set out
 For Milan, that fair city of dead men,
 And ghosts who've passed away from rack and axe.
 So the Contessa hurried night and day,
 And day and night, and never slept, nor tasted
 Food or sweet sleep, but still upon a pillow
 Rested her throbbing temples, and with tears
 Moistened its silky texture, till 'twas wet
 As though 'twere bathed in some hot running stream.
 She came in time—dear love so hurried her,
 And horse and man, that in the very hour

When the accursèd officer of Austria,
Was gloating o'er the blood of that brave Count
In cruel thought, his wife arrived, and thrust
That most unwelcome of all royal missives,
The Emperor's reprieve, into his hand.
He scanned it, and with sighs surrendered up
The Count from death, but bound him in hard chains ;
And so he sent him—as the Emperor wished—
To Spielberg's wholesome dungeons for his life—
Wholesome for rogues that love their native land.
But the Contessa died ; she had a heart,
As women sometimes have,—and it was broken.
But what are women's hearts to Emperors ?
And so they brought him all she had to leave—
The silken pillow ; and for many a day,
The hapless widower pressed it to his heart,
And bare it with him in his lonely walks,
And spake to it, and waited its reply ;
And in his solitary hours of night,
When through the iron bars the moonlight shone,
And made him think that she had come from God
And homes celestial, on that silver ray,
He clasped it as though it had life and thought,
And could instil into his soul a message
Direct from heaven, from her he fondly loved.
And he would weep to it in midnight hours,
With tears and words that God himself wrote down ;
For the behoof of Austrian Emperors,
And He will read them through on the Last Day.
So 'twas the only comfort the Count had ;
And there were times when even he was happy,

Remembering that heart, which had been his,
 And still watched o'er him from its starry climes
 And Paradise bowers. Thus the days passed on—
 Those long, monotonous, cold, heart-breaking days.
 And even the sternest felt a touch of sorrow
 And human sympathy for that lone man.
 At last Count Vogel came, and said, "the thing
 Was most irregular," and took it from him,
 And with it took Confalioni's life.



Letter to —.

I would not have thee think my heart is dead
 To the divine soft influence hourly shed
 Upon my soul and spirit, love, by thee,
 Who art all-blooming—light and melody,
 Beauteously intertwined, even as a star
 Which, while it shines, makes music from afar.
 I would not have thee deem, because no vow
 Escapes my lip, or smirk illumines my brow,
 Or courtier-speech, more often false than true,
 Swears to a fondness that it never knew,
 That therefore I, as marble, hard and cold,
 Burn not with love intense, although untold—
 Glow not within with those bright lava fires,
 Which every look and word of thine inspires;
 Or that a moment passes in the day,
 Wherein I feel not that thou art away,

And wish thee near me, round me, like the sun,
And long to hear thy music-accent run,
Like silver brooks into mine inner heart,
And through my brain, and so through every part
Of that strange piece of organism, the frame.
It is not so—to me thou art the same,
Lovely and loving one, as in that hour
When first I won thee, in thy beauty's flower,
And gave thee all my being—soul, thought, life,
Claiming thee for mine own, my bride, my wife ;
Whose presence was as though some heaven-sent beam
Came straight from God to light my life's dark stream,
Making it flow in beauty for a space,
Sun-brightened by thine innocence and grace ;
Or moving o'er its billows and along
Their troubled depths, as 'twere a seraph-song,
Wafted upon the echoes to our sphere,
Into some wanderer's delighted ear—
Some sad, some sorrowing one, some stricken deer.

Never shall pass from my soul's soul the dream
Of that ecstatic moment, when a stream
Of light shot through me from thy gentle voice,
Making mine inmost being so rejoice,
That beauty still on earth with man abode,
Shone from thy face, and in thy movements glowed.
The sun was sinking in the west ; his ray
Beamed o'er the ivied tower with ruin gray ;
The dark green wood lay basking in his light ;
The massive keep frowned grandly from its height ;
Autumn had softly tinged the yellow leaves ;

The distant corn, piled high in golden sheaves,
Sparkled in saffron richness. All was still :
No light spray rustled through the sylvan hill ;
And as I mused, in that mild vesper hour,
Beneath a clump of trees that formed a bower,
Behold I heard thee speak !—'twas but a word,
And yet I felt my very life-springs stirred
By that sweet melting, thrilling accent sent
Into my soul, that straightway rose and went,
On wing electric, into thine, and there
Hath still abided, and will ever share
With thee its vital essence. Forth I came
From my green shrine—but need I further name
What passed ? or is it not traced deep in light
On both our souls, as on some snowy white
And virgin page thou'st seen letters of gold,
Whose splendour shines more rich as they grow old ?
There let it rest in loveliness, in trance
Elysian, coloured o'er by wild romance —
Tinted with all the charming *faërie* hues
Of youth and passion, and that heavenly Muse
Who best of all loves songs that speak of love,
And wafts them earthward from her realms above.
Since then ten circling years have come and gone,
Since we were first in soul and spirit one—
Ten wandering years have o'er our lives ypassed,
The first in no wise happier than the last :
For time hath lightly flitted o'er thy brow,
Thou art as dearly loved as ever now ;
Nay, I know not, if thou'rt not loved the more,
As years pass by, and I view o'er and o'er,

The many matchless graces that, enshrined
Within thee, make thee perfect, form and mind.

Here, while I sit and count the hours go by,
Or gaze upon the stars that roll on high,
Raining their soft light o'er the lonely grave
Of one to whom the world but little gave,
Except vain disappointments in his days,
Reserving for his tomb its barren praise,*
My thoughts fly back to home, to babes, to thee,
To the wild echoings of our dear loved sea ;
To the sweet memories that must ever twine
Round that dark ocean that seems mine and thine :
The billows beating on the mournful beach,
In solemn tones that more than sermons teach ;
Now soft as childhood's lisplings, now as loud
As if God spake in them through storm and cloud ;
The moon aloft that sheds her silver beam,
O'er the lagoon's sequestered silent stream ;
The distant lights that glitter o'er the deep,
The winds that lull to, or awake from sleep ;—
All these are now before me as I write,
Clothed in a far-off and a faërie light ;
While thou, the Queen of Dreamland, shinest fair
Through each and all, in light beyond compare,
Throned in calm gentleness that wraps thee round,
In youth, in beauty, and in sweetness crowned.
I see thee draw thy lamp to that dear nook,
Which still thou lov'st so well ; and o'er a book—

* Goldsmith.

Shakspeare or Shelley, Homer, or the page
Of that arch Greek, half-mocker and half-sage,
Lucian, or tender Virgil—muse alone,
Making their lore or poetry thine own ;
Drinking into thine heart and fine-wrought brain,
The golden wine that flows in every strain
Of those divine ones ; or the wisdom shrined
In the quaint page that gave eyes to the blind,
And, more than sword or homily, drove out
The gods of Greece and all their rabble rout
Of pontiffs, mystics, sibyls, galli, priests,
Who changed the Deity to birds and beasts.
The fire burns up—the lamp sheds splendour soft
Over those pages read and learned so oft ;
The oleander breathes its perfumed soul,
From yonder window through the crimson roll
Of folding curtains. Flowers and books are there,
And pictures limned in colours rich and rare :
Knights and fair women, landscapes, portraits old
Of those whose deeds or thoughts Fame hath enrolled
In her historic page, and linked their name
With genius, valour, learning, war's great game ;
But still amid them all, I feel—I see
But one bright flower and picture—thee, love, thee.

Hushed are the voices that the live-long day
Rang through each room in happy childhood's play ;
Stilled are the pattering feet that would not rest
Until the sun was hidden in the west ;
And questionless those little tongues that sought
Oracular answer to each prying thought.

Deep in repose they lie—a gamesome band,
On whom no sorrow yet has laid the hand.
Happy, did they but know it, in these days,
When, far removed from men and the world's ways,
With only those light loving tasks which thou
Imposest on them, as their years allow.
Has Ahmed learned his Homer ? has that arch
Young wag through Latin made his daily march ?
Has Henrietta learned to herring-bone ?
And Arabella tiny patchwork sewn ?
I ask not of the rest—too young as yet
To touch the task that's for their seniors set ?
But all are now at rest, in childhood's deep,
Refreshing, dreamless, silent, graceful sleep.
Kiss them—I know thou wilt, love,—one by one,
Ere thou retirest, when the day is done ;
And breathe a blessing over each fair brow ;—
What prayer so sacred as a mother's vow ?
Then fold the baby in thine arms, and pray
For him whom fate keeps lonely and away,
Now meditating beneath star and moon,—
And, oh ! that I may join thee, dearest, soon !

Now to my books I turn—those musty tomes :
A lawyer's ghost from each black folio gloams.
Here's one with Page's name and crested coat ;
Methinks I see his shade rise up and gloat,
With fiery glee, as Savage stands before
His glowering eye, and hears his wolf-like roar.
So I've seen * * * and * * * in my time—
Denizens now in Satan's rankest slime.

Here is another, writ with Jeffreyes' name :
I wonder in what Hell he hides his shame.
And lo ! a third, which * * * used and read :
I see his notes on all its pages spread ;
The Devil's own finger-prints they seem to me ;
Yet have I seen even good men bend the knee
To this old caitiff, deeming what they saw
Was not incarnate hell, but truth and law.
These are the records of chicane and fraud,
Quips which your special pleaders much applaud :
Heirs plundered by their guardians, orphans spoiled
Of the prized pelf for which their fathers toiled ;
Lawyers perverting justice into wrong—
Villains with viperish heart and adder tongue.
Well, I must e'en toil at them—God forfend,
However, that I work for evil end,
Or learn therein aught that may soil my soul,
Or bring me wealth accursed, and future dole,
Dragging me with its load to deepest hell.
No, let me use them only to do well :
To make the true and righteous cause appear
Bright as the sun ; to dry the widow's tear,
When outraged by some power she seeks my aid ;
To speak my mind—of no man's wrath afraid ;
To search with keen, clear spirit through the net
Woven by guilt in darkness, and to let
A blaze of light shine in, that all may see
In its true phase the dread impurity ;
To stand up boldly for the poor oppress,
Making myself a shield before his breast,
To stand as firmly 'gainst the tyrant's frown,

And still oppose until I smite him down ;
Bent to unfold the wisdom of the law,
Strong in my strength, and not one quirk or flaw,
Or those poor quibbles which have brought disgrace
On justice, till abashed she hides her face,
And scarcely ventures to walk out abroad,
Lest she may be confounded with base Fraud.
Somers and Denman, Holt and Erskine, be
The starry lights of my idolatry ;
And Curran, with his soul of flame and tongue,
On whose wild melody a nation hung.
Lo ! as I write, their splendid Phantoms rise,
In clouds of glory on my dazzled eyes ;
My room is lit by sunbeams, rainbows ; hymns
Seem wafted from God's courts ; the grandeur dims
My vision, and I only feel and hear
That something most divine and pure is near—
That some faint images of heaven pass on
Like meteors—ah ! the gorgeous vision's gone :
Gone from my view, but from my heart—oh, no !
Ne'er shall its memory from that temple go—
Their forms majestic in that fane shall stand,
While beats this brain, or moves this busy hand.
Whiter than marble, white as their own souls,
When they passed on, and over Heaven's goals,
Until God gave them thrones of light, and said—
“ Here take your seats,” and crowned with rays each
head.

Come, I have had enough, methinks, of these—
Let me now turn to Aristophanes ;

For four long hours I've muddled o'er reports,
Noting the wisdom of the various courts.
O prince of jesters, welcome ! would that thou,
For our behoof wert here and living now ;
More splendid food for thy satiric mirth,
Grew not of old from rank Athenian earth,
Than round us grows ; nor sprang it more profuse.
We, too, like Socrates, swear by the Goose :
The loudest cackler, the most long-drawn bray,
Leads on wise people straight from wisdom's way.
Whom have we in this pulpit ?—a fat fool,
Who makes the multitude his pliant tool ;
Buffoon and bully, glib of tongue, but void
Of brain and thought ; by vanity upbuoyed—
A second Chrysostom he thinks himself,
And puts all past apostles on the shelf.
Turn now to Parliament, and see it filled
With blatant coxcombs, by the whipper drilled,
To vote that black is white, and white is black,
And keep in place some most outrageous quack—
Some harlequin with fifty thousand coats ;—
What care they if he pays them for their votes ?
Our bards are mere dull scribblers—poor fifth-rates,
With nought but fustian in their windy pates :
Once we drank wine, but now 'tis base small beer
We taste instead, and sooth 'tis sorry cheer.
Shakspeare and Shelley drew from Hippocrene,
And gave it us, but did not give the spleen ;
Whereas, the horrid slop that now we drink,
Comes from a Castalie that's but a sink ;
It turns our stomach, but, by trick and puff,

We take it, till half poisoned by the stuff.
O thou great Greek, would that some wizard spell
Were mine thy flashing spirit to compel
Here for a space, that with thy pen of flame,
Thou mightst bring back the age to sense of shame,
And crush with ridicule, contempt, and scorn,
The pigmy creatures who raise high their horn,
And think themselves the heirs of that bright band,
Whose songs have glorified our glorious land.

Thus have I hobbled through these idle strains—
The fruit, methinks, is scarcely worth the pains
Of cudgelling the Muse out of my brains.
But as they are, I send them ; thou'lt not play
The critic o'er them, as but t'other day,
That terrible fellow, writing in *The Times*,
Swore I could nothing make but "eloquent rhymes,"
Which had no spark of poetry—no fine
And purple phrases in each laboured line.
I leave such word-hunting to those small wits
Whom I have named—I class them but with nits,
That nestle somehow in Apollo's hair,
And make that God of Song profanely swear :
Creatures who, if you rob them of their phrase
Enamelled, melt away in misty haze.
Mine be the plain, clear English, which, like light,
Shines before all ; which Shakspeare loved to write,
Which burns with splendour full in Dryden's page,
Jonson's and Byron's ; free from false mirage,
Or curious adjectives, or spangled words,
Such as the tinkling Fannius affords.

Let him, and bards like him, waste days and weeks,
 While some strange, dainty, compound word he seeks
 With pain incredible ; and when 'tis got,
 Another Euphues he is, God wot !
 And so, in sooth, he may be—I'll not budge
 Out of my path to strip the harmless drudge,
 Of that which he has raked with awful toil,
 And reckless squandering of midnight oil.
 Pretty it is, and makes a pretty chime—
 Pretty it looks, but costs a world of time,
 And, after all, 'tis not the true sublime.

The Temple.

The Tomb of Hafez.

When Hafez left the earth, and gave his soul
 To Azraël, the Angel dark of Death,
 A contest fierce arose among the people,
 Who loved and hated the lost child of song.
 And they who hated, swore by all their saints
 That Bard profane like him, who sang of love,
 And wine, and pleasure, and fair, yielding maids,
 Should never lie in consecrated earth ;
 And they who loved, declared, by God Himself,
 He should repose within the very fane,
 For that his lays were beautiful as truth,
 And pure and virgin to the virgin pure.
 At length arose a Judge, who spake them thus :

*“ Bring the Bard's writings hither ; let us take
 For guide the first chance stanza that we meet.”*
 And it was so decreed. Now, when they oped
 The gold-illuminated Volume, there was seen
 This gem-like stanza, which came first to hand :
*“ Refuse not honour to the Bard's remains :
 In sin he died, but he will rise in Heaven.”*
 So they adjudged him honour in his death,
 And to this very day his marble tomb,
 Outside Shirâz, is visited, and receives
 Due reverence from all : the old, the young,
 The wise, the mighty, and the lowly man.



Walton-on-Thames Churchyard,

AUGUST 29, 1843.

I.

The dead-bells were tolling,
 The thunders were rolling,
 The big clouds were clashing,
 The fierce lightning flashing,
In mirth.

But yet from the heaven
 The sun was not driven ;
 Its beams glittered o'er him,
 As slowly we bore him
To earth.

II.

The sunlight so splendid,
With thunder thus blended,
The red eyes of lightning,
The atmosphere bright'ning,
Made those
Who wept there and trembled,
But think it resembled
The giant mind broken
By sorrows unspoken,
And woes.

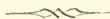
III.

For strong as the thunder
That rends rocks asunder,
Was he, when God-gifted
His bright mind uplifted
Her crest ;
And gentle and beaming,
Like sunshine in seeming,
His spirit was moulded ;
And fondness enfolded
His breast.

IV.

The prayers they were muttered,
The answers half stuttered,
The parson off started,
The clerk, too, departed
To bed ;—

But the Spirit of Thunder
Stood there in his wonder,
With Lightning his Brother,
To guard one and t'other,
The Dead.*



To ———.

On thy brow the rose-like light
Of youth is seen no more,
And those ringlets now are white,
That flashed with gold before.
Faint those limbs, and dim those eyes,
Which, in days gone by,
Were as gleams of Paradise,
Glinting through the sky.

Yet I love thee, love thee yet,
With a fire-bright flame,
In my heart thou hast not set,
But art still the same.
Like a lute that still repeats,
Some olden dear-loved air ;
While brain throbs, or bosom beats,
Thou alone art there.

* William Maginn, LL.D.

A Reberie.

The sky is overcast, a misty haze
 Of cloud obscures the blue, save where at times
 A broken rift of azure bursts in light,
 Like Hope upon a death-bed ; long and loud
 The wind awakes its melancholy trump
 O'er land and water ; and the waves arise,
 Like sleuth-hounds breathing rage, fury, and death,
 And rush in troops on the broad crumbling beach.
 A swelling ridge of ever-flashing foam
 Whirls on my gaze, as on the line of strand
 Stretching away afar, I turn the eye,
 Peering into the faint and shadowy distance
 Of tossing waters, and unceasing heaving
 Of the Sea-Giant, who now, dark in light,
 Puts forth his strength, and shrieks his battle-cry.
 But here, in my broad window, all is calm
 And lettered silence : winds and waves contend
 Outside, and land and water seem at strife ;
 But books and pictures, busts and flowers surround
 My table, where I sit, and think, and write,
 And look abroad upon the tossing ocean,
 Like the blest gods in the old Lucretian verse.

What shall I do, or how employ the hour?
 I feel as idle as a fish i' the pool,—
 A lazy, dreaming, droning, ponderous fish,
 That rests suspended in the dark green shade
 Beneath a rock or tree, and never stirs

For the whole day, but ruminates with grave look,
As if the weight of worlds were on his back,
And empires balancing in his thought profound.
Yet, at the bottom of his working brain
There's scarce more thought than dwells in yonder skull,
Which from its corner fronts me with dark brow,
And hollow eyes, and jaw well fenced with teeth.
So I, o'erwearied by a week's hard toil,
Feel all my energies depressed or lulled
Into inaction, which the war without
Of mighty elements, can scarcely fire
Into a transient effort ; and methinks
These dull dead lines daguerrotype myself,
In the stagnation of exhausted thought ;
And I, too, am no better than that relique
Of what was erst a man in vigorous life.

O thou quick Spirit, who didst tenant once
This dome of bone, and didst inspire its dreams,
Whither art thou departed ? To what sphere
Has thy strong pinion borne thee from this earth ?
Now thou dost know more than all living men,
Though all their science were combined in one.
The portals of the mystic life to come,
Thou hast passed through. Thou knowest on what zones
Of spirit-spheres that wandering thing called Man
First lights, when he hath left his robe of flesh,—
Through what wild seas or skies he is ordained
To pass in pilgrimage,—through what vallies dark
Or mountain gorges he wends on his way,
Before he reaches that most awful Gate,

That leads him to his destiny. Thou hast crossed
That trackless wild that lies between our world
And the far distant unseen world to come ;
And hast experienced all its weird and dim
And shadowy features, and its starless glooms,
And paradise flashes. Thou hast seen what forms
Dwell in its wilderness wastes, and couldst reveal
If love or horror met thee on thy road,—
If angels welcomed thee with songs of love,
Or lost and outcast demons hurled the blasts
Of hell upon thee, shrinking back in terror,—
What phantasms crossed thy soul in that dark hour !
What memories of thy days and deeds on earth !
What blended thoughts of sorrow, and remorse,
And vain repentance, and of self-contempt
For all thy follies past, upon thy being
Lay like a pyramid of solid stone,
Weighing thee downward, pressing thee and crushing,
While yawned beneath the terrible Abyss :—
These—yea, and more than these, thou knowest, Spirit.
Oh ! that I could compel thee to my side,
And by a mighty effort of the will,
Command thee to disclose thy secret lore,—
Bind thee in chains till thou didst all reveal
That like a history dwells within thy soul,
Of things that mortal man shall never know,
Until he too has voyage made with Death.

What wert thou in thy days ? Thy brow is broad.
Wert thou a scholar, musing o'er thy books ?—
A dreamer lost in phantasies ?—a trader

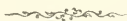
Who only lived for gold and cent. per cent.,
And left thy treasure to some spendthrift heir?
Wert thou a father? did thine eyes of love
Mirror within them childhood's paradise smile?
Wert thou a lover? dost thou still retain
Her image who was once thy soul's delight?
Art thou and she united in the spheres?
Or dost thou seek her ever in despair?
Or didst thou swear to love that never dwelt
Within thee; and for a moment's thrill of joy,
Didst thou deceive and lure to utter ruin?
There be strange mysteries in all men's lives;
And thine no doubt hath been as other men's
Existences, and hath brought life or death,
Gladness or misery. What unto thee now
Are all the schemes of that most cunning brain,
In which thou didst delight?—the toils, the thoughts,
That formed thy world, concentred all to win
Some paltry prize, now changed to dust and ashes.
Oh! couldst thou answer me, what lore, what lessons
More weighty than were ever taught by Seer
Or Sibyl, should we learn in one brief hour,
From thee, thou dweller in mysterious depths.
Speak, I adjure thee!—speak, I say!—declare
The thing thou art, or I will deem thy history
To be so dark and dread, thou darest not utter
That which thou wert, and that which now thou art.

Vain hope! vain effort! all is still and silent:
I must abide in ignorance: no voice
Responds to mine: the dead will speak no word.

And wisely hath the heaven ordained in this ;
For if the sons of men could know the secrets
That are to be ;—the splendid crowns that wait
To bind the brows of those who walk in light,
The palaces of glory that are built
For the fair spirits who abide in truth,
This were to give incentives to the soul
To follow Virtue, not for Virtue's sake
But for the hire that was already fixed,
The stated price which it would have with God ;
Therefore the Father wisely hath enwrapped
In mysteries the Future, so that none
Shall come to Him lured by the hope of gain,
As they must do if He had all revealed.
But they must seek Him for His sake alone,—
For the enchanting beauty of His nature,—
For the surpassing majesty of His rule,—
And not as hirelings, feeling only this :
That they who follow Purity on earth,
Must in another life with Purity dwell ;
And Purity is but one name for God.

Now the storm rises ; drizzling mist and rain
And wind in one vast chaos ; hark the hiss,
The shrill, sharp whistling, as though fiends were out
Rejoicing in the havoc ;—roar the waves
Loud as the peals of distant muttering thunder,
And lightning flashes o'er the leaden skies.
Yon ship ! how fearfully she rolls and labours ;
The terrible gale will blow her straight ashore ;
The horrent noise confuses eye and ear ;

The nerves distracted, and the clouded brain
Abdicate all their functions ; judgment topples
From her firm seat ; the fury of the storm
Palsies the soul ; alas ! ye mariners,
I fear for ye. Come, let us up and out,
And face the battle of the elements.
I see the ship is almost stranded now ;
No boat can live in this wild tossing sea.
Gods ! what a flash—hark to that terrible peal.
The coast-guards hurry onward ; let us join them,
With ropes, and coats, and cordials for these men.
I feel new vigour animate my soul :
Quick, quick, for every minute's worth a life.



To Miss J——d.

Sing me those sweet and sacred strains once more,
Which the religious psalmist of old time
Linked to divinest music ; waken, too,
With gentle touch the silver-sounding string,
That blends so happily with thy soft voice ;
And while the harmony enwraps my soul,
As if in clouds of rosy-flashing light,
I'll lay me back and look upon the sky,
And blooming trees, and the far-distant wood,
Just silvered by the beauteous Evening Star,
And think that in the spirit I ascend

To other spheres, celestial lands and circles,
Where music is the atmosphere, and love
The only feeling of the ethereal host.



TO ———.

The crystal fountains of those eyes,
Wherein Love wadeth ;
Those cheeks, before whose flowering dyes
The red rose fadeth ;
Those smiles, wherein the blush of dawn
Seems opening brightly ;
All the sweet airs that round thee fawn,
Like Graces lightly ;—
These only could not move
My soul to love.

What are they but a radiant veil
O'er the shrine's glory ?—
What do they, if they not detail
Thy heart's bright story ?
Oh ! dearer far than sunny look,
Or blush of roses ;
The heart more pure than purest brook,
That veil encloses.
Ask ye, then, what doth move
My soul to love ?

That gentle heart where virtue dwells
And meekness shineth,
Round which her fairest, loveliest spells—
Religion, twineth ;
Which seems like storied Paradise,
Always attended,
By brightest angels from the skies,
Newly descended ;—
That heart it is doth move
My soul to love.



A fragment.

I had a Dream of Beauty as I lay
In sunshine, on the solitary beach,
While winds and waters soothed me to repose ;
And like a thousand echoes of wild lutes,
Heard amid forests, lakes, and winding hills,
When in the purpling west the Star of Eve
First shews her silvery form, that musical Dream
Wandered deliciously through soul and sense,
And wafted me from earth into the spheres
Where dwell the splendid Spirits of the Past.
My thoughts were then all radiant with delight ;
They rose within the arch of my rapt soul
Like stars in the blue heaven. I was alone,
And yet not solitary, for I saw
Phantoms more lovely than the forms of fire,
Or the bright meteors of a summer night ;

And so they came around me, and with eyes
That breathed the beauty of a Paradise-land,
Shone sweetly on my heart. And then I heard
A Voice of deep Æolian minstrelsy,
Which to my ear sang sweetly. Thus it said :
“ *Write on thy soul this Vision of Delight,
And when thy spirit is again on earth,
Reveal it to the people.*”

Then I saw

An Iris-palace in a garden sweet,
With flowers that charmed the eye with their fine hues,
And breathed the fragrance of a thousand odours,
Through the sun-lighted air ; and from the gate
Gleamed many a form of female loveliness,
In the fresh brightness of a morn in spring :—
These were the Phantoms of fair Women past.
Who, in the annals of our queenly land,
Shine out in stately or in charming light,
The glory of the earth and of their kind.
And first I saw the fair and clinging Shape
Of Margaret Roper, as her sire condemned
Passed to that Tower, which still o’er the Thames
Looks like an agèd giant, from whose arms
The horrid strength is gone away for ever.
How beautiful was the love with which she clung
To that old man : how holy was the beam
That shone from her full eye, as bursting through
The steel-clad soldiers, she embraced him still,
With love that would not suffer rough repulse,
And saw no terror in their flashing swords.
So in a silver urn claspt to her breast

She bare the head of him who gave her life,
And was borne by me in a veil of stars.

And then I saw grave Lucy Hutchinson,
With royal mien and high imperial step—
The very star her mother dreamed she held.*
Her eyes were fountains deep of truest love ;
Her glorious spirit glittered through her looks ;
Courage and prudence, gentleness and strength,
Combined as in a chaplet rich and rare.
Her pathway seemed a milky-way of lustre,
So shining were her words, her acts, her thoughts.†

* “ My mother, while she was with child of me, dreamed that she was walking in the garden with my father, and that a star came down into her hand,—with other circumstances which, though I often heard, I minded not enough to remember perfectly ; only my father told her, her dream signified she should have a daughter of some extraordinary eminency ; which thing like such vain prophecies, wrought, as far as it could, its own accomplishment, for my father and mother, fancying me then beautiful, and more than ordinarily apprehensive, applied all their cares, and spared no cost to improve me in my education.”—*Life of Mrs. Hutchinson.*

† The grand patriotic spirit which animated this noble woman is well pictured in her own earnest language : — “ Whoever considers England will find it no small favour of God to have been made one of its natives, both upon spiritual and outward accounts. The happiness of the soil and air contribute all things that are necessary to the use or delight of man’s life. The celebrated glory of this Isle’s inhabitants, ever since they received a mention in history, confers some honour upon every one of her children, and with it an obligation to continue in that magnanimity and virtue which hath famed this Island, and raised her head in glory higher than the great kingdoms of the neighbouring Continent. Britain hath been as a garden enclosed, wherein all things that man can wish to make a pleasant life are planted and grow in her own soil ; and whatsoever foreign countries yield, to

And by her side a Shape ambrosial moved—
Sweet Rachel Russell, clothed in virgin white ;
A saint-like purity was on her brow,
And like the heavenly Queen of Stars she walked.
Next, like a calm and lovely summer-night,
When moon and stars serenely shine in heaven,
And all is holiness, and peace, and beauty,
Dorothy Temple came.* Upon her brow,
Beamed like a crown the royal seal of wisdom ;
And in her kindly smile, love softly burned,
With vestal purity. At Moor Park, beneath
A sun-dial, is shrined her husband's heart ;
But had I been Sir William, in *her* grave
I would have had it placed, and there alone—
And with them was another : soft of eyes,
The fairest, fondest, gentlest woman-heart
That ever lighted on our Isle beloved—
Anne Fanshawe, wife to Richard of that name.
Her ringlets fell in tangled vine-like curls,
Over her bosom pure of purest white ;
And in her full bright eyes such glory burst,
As lights the stars that burn o'er Orient isles.
So beamed she as she beamed in that dark hour,

increase admiration and delight, are^{*}brought in by her fleets. The people, by the plenty of their country, not being forced to toil for bread, have ever addicted themselves to more generous employments, and been reckoned almost in all ages as valiant warriors as any part of the world sent forth, insomuch that the greatest Roman captains thought it not unworthy of their expeditions."

* See Courtenay's *Life of Sir W. Temple*, for a delightful picture of this exemplary woman.

When as they sailed upon the Spanish main,
A roving corsair, with his flag of death,
Bore down upon their ship, and all prepared
To meet the Algerine with shot and sword.
So when the fight was near, she would not bide
With the' other women, but was found on deck,
In strange disguise, beside her husband dear,
Who never loved her more than in that moment.*
Then like a rainbow seen amid green trees,
With lustre faint and indistinct, arose
A youthful form, o'er which her purple stole
Science had drawn; and in her soul-lit eye,
High contemplation upon things afar

* "This," says Lady Fanshawe, "was sad for us passengers, but my husband bid us to be sure to keep in the cabin, and not appear, which would make the Turks think we were a man-of-war; but if they saw women, they would take us for merchants, and board the vessel. He went upon deck, and took a gun, a bandalier, and a sword, expecting the arrival of the Turkish man-of-war. The captain had locked me up in the cabin. I knocked and called to no purpose, until the cabin-boy came and opened the door. I, all in tears, desired him to be so good as to give me his thrum cap and tarred coat, which he did, and I gave him half-a-crown; and putting them on, and flinging away my night-clothes, I crept up softly, and stood upon the deck, by my husband's side, as free from sickness and fear as, I confess, of discretion; but it was the effect of a passion, which I could never master. By this time, the two vessels were engaged in parley, and so well satisfied with speech and sight of each other's force, that the Turks' man-of-war tacked about, and we continued our course. But when your father saw it convenient to retreat, looking upon me, he blessed himself, and snatched me up in his arms, saying, "Good God, that love can make this change!" and, though he seemingly chid me, he would laugh at it as often as he remembered that voyage."—*Memoirs*, p. 98.

Sat like a hermit old. So looked she then,
As in that instant, hallowed to all time,
When Roger Ascham found her in her chamber,
Musing o'er Plato's Phædon, while abroad,
In the green park, with hound and merry horn,
The lords and ladies of the household rode
A-hunting ; but this gentle girl—Jane Grey—
Found more true pleasure with that Greek inspired,
Than in the woodland, or in chasing harts.
O sacred Phantom, with what rapt delight
I gazed upon thee then, thou emblem pure
Of English womanhood ! And when I pen
This phrase, I mean that which comprises all—
Of love, of faith, of duty, trust, and truth,
In their most lovely aspects, which the earth
Hath ever held to make it image heaven.

And yet again I looked, and there was One,
A sweet white opening rose, but on her head
She bare a helmet, glittering like a crown—
Young Agnes Hotot, who, when her dear sire,
On the appointed day of combat, failed
To meet his adversary in the field,
And so must forfeit his ancestral lands
To furious Ringsdale, donned a coat of mail,
And in Northampton county met her foe.
They fought—she conquered, and was summoned quick
To the king's presence, who confirmed her title
To the disputed manors ;—then, indeed,
Her sex was first revealed, and her fair ringlets
Burst from beneath her helmet to her breast.

And so the Dudleys of Northampton bear
 Even to this day, upon their crested coat,
 A record of the feat: a woman's bust,
 With snow-white bosom and dishevelled hair,
 Under a helmet, on a ducal crown.
 How beautiful was the light in which she moved!
 What exquisite firmness in her mouth and step!
 And in her eyes sweet faërieland seemed set.
 Of such true women hero-sons are born.
 May such true women gem our land for aye,
 Keeping her crowned upon that jewel throne,
 From which she waves her sceptre o'er the earth.

* * * * *



On a Favourite Walk,

WHICH I HAVE CALLED "SAINT MARY'S AISLE."

It is a lone and gentle walk,
 O'er-arched by moss-grown woodland trees,
 Beneath whose shade we laugh and talk,
 And live in soft luxurious ease;
 Our thoughts as bright as Indian seas
 A-sleeping in the golden sun,
 And rich as that enchanted breeze
 That blows o'er woods of cinnamon.
Such thoughts our happy hours beguile,
 With *thee* in sweet Saint Mary's Aisle.

The ash-trees wreathe their graceful boughs
Aloft, to form an arch of green,
So closely twined, it scarce allows
A wandering beam of sun between ;
A dim religious vesper light
This walk of trees and flowers pervades,
Save only where thine eyes so bright
Shed morning radiance through the shades.
Though dark as night, one witching smile
From *thee* illumines Saint Mary's Aisle.

Along this silent wild retreat
The yellow cowslips thickly grow,
While airs with many an odour sweet,
From yonder beds of roses blow.
Give me thy hand as white as snow,
But warm as sunshine, and we'll stray
Through the green paths, with footsteps slow,
Till evening veils the face of Day.
Oh ! what so sweet as thus to while
The hours in lone Saint Mary's Aisle ?

I see thee, like some nymph of old,
Some Grecian nymph with wild flowers tressed,
Thy silken ringlets all unrolled,
* Loose on thy swan-like neck and breast.
I hear thee, and thy language breathes
Delicious rapture in mine ears,
Like the bright breath of rosy wreaths,
Like the rich music of the spheres ;

For Angels talk, and Angels smile,
Like *thee* in sweet Saint Mary's Aisle.

How oft by moonlight have we strayed
 Beneath this Gothic roof of leaves,
And gazed upon the distant glade,
 With frequent trees and saffron sheaves ;
How oft in mellow nights in June
 We've rambled through the sleeping shade,
While the soft rays of star and moon
 Round us like showers of silver played—
It seemed some old cathedral pile,
And *thou* the Saint of Mary's Aisle.

At times some flute's melodious sound
 Broke through the silence of the night,
Careering round, and round, and round,
 Like a young seraph's airy flight,
Filling our hearts with new delight ;
 Lending new visions to the scene
Of Fauns and Nymphs in festal rite,
 And dancing o'er the moonlit green—
Such antique dreams our hearts beguile,
At night in sweet Saint Mary's Aisle.

O beauteous dreams of faërie time,
 Of tilt and tournay, knight and dame !
Fain would I build the lofty rhyme,
 And give your praise to deathless fame.
Fain would I chant the olden days
 Of Nymph and Oread, Bard and Faun ;

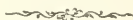
But other themes demand my lays,
From purple night till blushing dawn—
My songs are *hers* alone, whose smile
Makes heaven of dear Saint Mary's Aisle.

Bring forth the lute, whose speaking strings
Have oft beguiled the summer hours,
And while the wild bird yonder sings,
Recline within the acacia bowers ;
And wake once more its wond'rous chords
With airs as fond as airs can be ;
Nor yet disdain the quaint old words
Of song that once I wrote for thee,
Received with many a gracious smile
Of thanks in dear Saint Mary's Aisle.

Or, if thou wilt, sit still and hear
The classic tales we love so well,
To noble hearts like thine, how dear
The great heroic truths they tell.
Spenser and Shakespere, wild Roussean,
The Wandering Bard whose heart grew hell,
Or lonely Dante born to woe,
Or stern Ferrara's shadowy cell ;—
Ah ! *these* will win thy tears awhile,
When musing in Saint Mary's Aisle.

Thus pass our joyous hours away,
With flowers and music, songs and books,
The bright and gladdening light of day,
The beauty of thy brighter looks.

Why need we sigh for marble halls,
Or Eastern pomp, or stately domes ?
More dear to me one word that falls,
And one love-look from her who roams,
With happy heart, and song and smile,
Through thy green shades, Saint Mary's Aisle.



Firdausi.*

They laid him by the paradise stream that flows
Outside of Toos, beneath the cypress trees,
And in the roses, to whose ears at night
The bulbul sings his melting note of love.†
There by the music of that silver river,
Whose rippling oft had lulled his weary soul,
In fragrance and in light, his loved remains
Rejoined the elements. And many Pilgrims
Came, and poured forth their prayers at his tomb ;
But Sheikh Aboul-Kassèm alone refused,
Because he praised the Magi in his songs.
So the next night God sent the Sheikh a dream,
And in that trance of light he saw the Gates
Of Paradise, and was invited in

* Firdausi means Paradisiacal.

† The nightingale is called the Bird of a Thousand Songs. So great is his passion for the rose, that when he sees any person pull one of the flowers, he utters loud cries and lamentations.

By angels ;—on a throne of splendent gems
 He saw Firdausi sitting, in a blaze
 Of glory, such as earthly king ne'er owned.
 The Sheikh bent low before the throne, and sought
 Permission from the Poet to address him.
 Firdausi bowed, and thus the Sheikh enquired :
"How hast thou reached this glorious height of bliss?"
 Firdausi answered, in a beam of light,
"When I was on the earth, I sang of God,
His greatness, unity, and justice thus :
Thou art whatever is of great and good
Throughout the Universe : I know thee not ;
But this I know, Thou art the Only One."
 So the Sheikh's spirit was again on earth ;
 And from that hour Firdausi had his prayers.



The Poet's Home.

I place not my heart in pomp or power,
 In palace of marble or pillared hall ;
 Such pleasures as these are the toys of an hour ;
 But treasures more exquisite far than all,
Shall be ours if thou wilt be mine, love !

A rustic garden of roses fair,
 A silver stream that glasses the sky,
 The music of birds in the sunny air,
 And bosoms that beat to their minstrelsy,
Shall be ours if thou wilt be mine, love !

And the murmured music of crystal floods,
And hillocks of verdure and valleys sweet,
And bowers of jasmine and shady woods,
Whose echoes thy songs of love repeat,
Shall be ours if thou wilt be mine, love!

And hopes and thoughts of most pure delight,
And the smile divine that beams in those eyes,
And the fragrant dawn and star-robed Night,
And bliss like a picture of Paradise,
Shall be ours if thou wilt be mine, love!



A Vision of the Past.

Bear me, bright Fancy, backward to the days
When o'er our world the sun shed fairer rays,
Than any now that from his centre fall ;
When great Haroun al Raschid, like a God,
Beheld the Orient bend before his nod,
And Powers divine obeyed the Magi's call.
Then was the radiant reign of Queen Romance,
When Ind and Araby their spells outpoured,—
When learning conquered more than shaft or lance,
And mystic art did more than law or sword.
Then were the golden days of Bard and Seer,
When knowledge raised its owner up to thrones.
But they are gone ; and in their place appear
In diadems, dull asses—stocks and stones.

In that enchanted era, he whose mind
Wisdom, as in some royal fane, enshrined,
 Needed not favour from this lord or king,—
Stooped not to win the popular applause,—
Made not the worse appear the better cause ;
 But mounted gloriously on freedom's wing.
 Yes—his great monarch soul, too proud to crawl
 To any, found a sceptre in herself,
Compelled the Powers of Nature to her call,
 Bound to her chariot Afrit, Jinn, and Elf ;
Soared in the Sun, and from the Moon drew spells,
 Pierced the deep Ocean, charmed the Stars on high,
Sought and found out and drank the Immortal Wells
 That deep in Nature's darkest caverns lie.

The rare, the priceless science which God gave
To Suleymân, ere he bowed down as slave
 To nautches, idols, priests, and all that's base,—
With which that monarch moved the earth, and bound
The Sprites of Darkness in their caves profound,
And chained the Elements through boundless Space,—
 Was the great heritage of every Sage
 Who wedded his bright soul to wondrous lore,
And o'er the deep and starry-written page
 Of Truth enchained her, day and night to pore,—
Who scorned the sensual, loathed the earthly chains
 With which the common race of men tie down
The heaven-aspiring spirit to the drains,
 And in earth's filth its fires celestial drown.

Earth, Air, and Ocean, Ether,—yea, and Fire,
Yielded dominion to that glittering choir ;—

The Wise Man breathed, and all was as he willed ;—
He waved his wand of magic, or he spake—
A city straight became a mountain lake,
With golden fishes, for its people, filled.

He flashed his Lamp—the Jinns obedient came,
Heard his command, and straight a palace raised,
Glorious in beauty, through whose marble frame
Diamond, opal, emerald, beryl blazed.
Again he spake—the Palace rose in air,
Its thousand pennons fluttering on the breeze ;
Where'er he willed, submissive Spirits bare
The gorgeous mansion over lands and seas.

The all-conquering Caliph to the Man of Mind,
Stretched forth the hand, nay, even the knee inclined ;

He placed him on the throne himself beside :
But he, who knew the Mystic Name* that awes
The strongest,—subjects all things to its laws,—
Might well the hollow sultan pomp deride.

Within his burning soul a secret lay
That mailed him round in majesty and might,—
A mine of wisdom brighter far than day ;
Past, Present, Future beamed before his sight.

* The mystic name of God, which whoso knows, all Nature is obedient to his command. The knowledge of this name constitutes the power of the Archangelic, and enables them to soar from world to world. Its forgetfulness is the punishment of erring spirits, who instantly sink down to darkness and the earth. It is alluded to indistinctly in the Jewish *Shibboleth*.

He knew all languages ; he learned all lore ;
His will could bind and loosen ;—at his word
A garden bloomed where deserts frowned before ;
The ocean came, and his commandments heard.

If beauty moved his soul to love,—if eyes
That flashed a starry heaven, inflamed the wise
To dally in the rosy bowers of bliss,—
If virgin loveliness more sweetly bright
Than ever shone upon our modern night,
Made him a moment thoughts austere dismiss ;—
Though desert sands and mountains intervene,—
Though towers and battlements the Maid confine,
Though furious oceans roll and rave between,
No bar they offer to his firm design.
A winged enchanted steed is at his call ;
He mounts to heaven and leads the Nymph away ;
He bathes him in the lake,—his gray hairs fall,—
And lo ! he glitters beautiful as May.

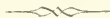
For him the wine in cups of ruby flowed,
And self-replenished like red amethyst glowed ;
He quaffed it under trees of gold and gems.
The fairest slaves in cloth of rich brocade,
Danced, sang, or on the lute of ivory played,
Or graced his path with rose-bright anadems.
On thrones of gold with costly carpets strewed
He lay, and sunned his soul in loveliest eyes.
Through magic telescopes he looked and viewed
The cabinets of kings without disguise.

He roamed through gardens more delicious far
 Than Shedâd's liliated bowers of delight ;
 He yoked fierce eagles to his sunbright car,
 And swifter than the winds he passed in flight.

If wandering idly through the woodlands deep,
 Some murmuring fountain woos his brain to sleep,
 What glorious visions sparkle in his dreams :
 A palace lustrous as the sun at noon,
 A virgin Peri lovelier than the moon,
 A garden lamp-illumed with myriad gleams.
 He wakes ; he stands beneath that blazing dome ;
 Upon a throne of stars its queen reclines ;
 Welcome, she cries, to this thy native home :
 The Seer, enchanted, all her soul divines.
 She woos him there in sweet and winning tones ;
 A thousand virgins raise the hymn of love ;
 In music-words her ardent thoughts she owns,
 And crowns his heart with bliss in yon alcove.

O ye delicious scenes of byegone time,
 Of Indian, Persian, and Arabian clime,
 Before my memory in sweet light ye glide,—
 So vivid all, that while I view, I start,
 As if among ye once I played *my* part,
 As if my own true life I there descried.
 Have I not mingled in those scenes and spells ?
 Have I not strayed through those bewitching lands ?
 Feel I not some mysterious power, that tells
 My soul, as o'er the Past her dream expands,

Thou too wert there ; thou too in those bright days
Didst dwell with the fair phantoms which but now
Flashed o'er thy fancy, dazzled thy rapt gaze,
Shone like an iris round thy throbbing brow.*



Sunset on the Beach.

'Tis sunset ; yonder in the flashing West
Is the gold portal to the House of God.
How lustrously it shines ; how rich with light,
Dazzling the eye and soul. Here let us sit,
And watch that king of splendour as he sets,
And see him imaged in this glass-like sea,
That opens out her bosom fair and broad.
Speak not, but watch in silence ; give thy spirit
To God the Father, in whose sight this sun—
Yea, all those visible spheres of light and beauty,
Are but the merest specks. See how he sinks,
In billows streaming forth ten thousand colours ;—
And now he is departed ; all the sky
Is bridal-dressed in glory ; earth and heaven

* The Metempsychosis, or perpetual transmigration of spirit-life into organized forms in harmony with its true nature, is here alluded to. There are very few thinkers who do not feel that they have lived before in other scenes and forms, and that the present phase of their existence is but one of many. The animating spirit and soul are indeed almost co-existent with the Universe itself, and in point of time posterior only to God.

And ocean seem to miss him. Thou and I
Feel lonely now he's gone ; so would we all
If God were not abiding with us still,
And if He gave us not his priceless blessings.
And here is one—the greatest—this broad sea,
On which can no man gaze and feel himself
Without a soul and spirit formed by God,
To taste and share the Infinite with Him.
O sea! I worship God in loving thee ;
Thou art a Temple to my praying soul ;
Thou art a Scripture to my awe-bound heart ;
In thee I trace His majesty and strength ;
I see no feature that is not divine ;
I feel no thought, when thus I gaze on thee,
That is not pure and sacred, and enlarged
Beyond the confines of this visible earth,
That is not consonant with that infinite essence
Which I feel in me ever in my thought,
Linking me with archangels, yea, with gods :
The very Splendours that surround the Thrones,
Whereon the Almighty Father ever sits,
Surrounded by the rainbow Spirit of Love,
And Light and Wisdom, whom we Holy call.
O mighty Ocean, how I feel thy spells ;
How often have they called my soul from earth,
And summoned it to spheres of shining light ;
How often hast thou purified my heart
From worldly thoughts, that ever come and tempt
Mortals from Beauty to the False and Base,
With which the earth is filled ; but when I came
And stood beside thy shores, and gave my nature

Up to thine influence, my thoughts were freed
From selfishness, and I felt pure in mind,
As Plato or Pythagoras might have felt.
Therefore thou art a passion and a joy
Unto my soul for ever ; and I feel
That I, without thee, were but half myself.

Yonder's a boat, with nets and fishermen,
Anxiously gazing on the darkening wave,
Hoping a porpoise may drive in a shoal
Of mackerel ere the dawn. Their nets are piled
Full in the stern, which almost lifts the prow
Out of the wave ; and one stands high in front,
Casting his glance far forward. Who can look
Upon these men, and not in thought fly back
To Galilee and Tiberias, and the days
When Jesus came in beauty from the hills,
And with his soul-dissolving eloquence
Spoke to the multitude, and called from nets
And boats, the watchers by that tossing sea,
And made them fishers of men ? or by the beach
Wandered, and in the music of the wave,
That symphonied his sweet and earnest speech,
Propounded sacred truth, in simple words
That even childhood's heart may understand
Or who can wonder that in scene like this,
The soul he uttered caught a grander glow,
A more majestic, solemn, holy light,
From the great element by which he preached ?

Muse-haunted ever have ye been, O Waves !

Since Homer sang of Thetis by the sea,
Rising in silver mist to soothe her son,
Swift-foot Pelides, brooding by his tent ;
And Jason sailed across your billowy wastes,
And Aphroditè burst in flowery light
From your deep azure palaces ; how rich
With memories beloved ye are ! how graced
With all the exquisite legends of the past,
Ocean and Amphitrite, and sea-green Triton,
With wreathèd shell ; and Arethusa fair,
And bright Andromeda, by Perseus saved.
Lo ! as I muse a Dolphin surges near,
Upon the blue and white foam-crested ridge,
And basks a moment in the light ; and now
He plunges down and seeks his finny prey.
Friend of the Poet, hail ! thou lover of song
And dulcet music, would that I could wake
Such minstrelsy as old Arïon played,
When from fair Corinth he to Lesbos sailed,
With many a golden daric from the king ;
But the piratical crew conspired to seize
The prize, and hurl its owner to the waves,
Whereat the lyrist of Methimna planned
A subtle trick, and begged them ere he died
To waken once again upon his harp,
One of the heavenly melodies of old—
One of the songs the Muses fair inspired ;
And so he sat upon the prow, and struck
The silver strings, whereat the gods arose
From their green gardens, and the Nercids ran,
With locks dishevelled, dripping with sea-gems,

Proteus and Nereus, drawn by their blue steeds,
And the wild Phorkyads ; next the Dolphins flocked
Enchanted by that song, and thronging round
The gliding barque, and looking with soft eyes
Upon the Minstrel ;—so he sweetly chanted
And hurled himself into the sparkling wave,
And borne by Dolphins, got to Tænaros,
Whence to the royal court of Periander
He made all speed ; and when the pirates landed,
They found their crosses ready on the beach,
And so were crucified. But his were hymns
Such as the sons of modern time in vain
Essay to rival. Oh ! that I had seen
Those storied days of Greece, when grove and fountain
Were filled with Dryads, and the Naiad nymphs,
And the young Graces danced along the beach,
Entwined in flowers ; and Hermes skimmed through air,
With graceful form ; and I could gaze aloft
And see the Sun-God in his beaming car,
Drawn by fire-snorting steeds ; and hear the Fauns
Waken their sylvan music in the noon,
When the blithe Oreads rested in the shade,
And they stole on their slumbers ! But those days
Are gone for ever, never to return ;
And in this leaden century, gold is god,
And Fancy is an outcast, with no couch
Whereon to rest her weary beautiful limbs—
No roof to shelter her enchanting form.

And yet once more I send ye forth, O thoughts,
Upon the waters. Come ye back in gladness,

Like birds of Paradise, on sunny plumes,
As ye so often have returned, when I
Upon this voyage have dismissed ye free,
And opened out my heart to fancy-dreams,
And flown away from earth unto the stars
And gorgeous Visionland, as I do now,
Seeing upon the infinite waste of sea
A boundless desert, silent, vast, and strange,
On which arose bright pictures—stately towers
Like marble Tadmor, glittering through the mist ;
Columns, and fanes, and arches ; dreamy tents,
Green waving palms, and steeds with lightning eyes,
And arching neck, and proudly-pawing hoof ;
And star-eyed men, with turbans and white robes ;
And maidens, drawing water from the wells :
All these I saw, and shall for ever see,
In that enchanted world wherein I reign
A king supreme, for God hath given it
To me for ever, when He gave me being,
And crowned me with the diadem of thought.
And I can hear the tinkling camel-bells,
And I can hear the softened song that comes
From yonder merry group ; and I can list,
In fair imagination's purple cloud,
(Which wraps me round, as Venus wrapt her son,
When amid Dido's painted halls he stood)
To the dark story-teller, as he speaks
Of bygone heroes, all as lions fierce,
Courting the battle, torqued with golden chains,
Urging their raven-coloured steeds to fight ;
Men of the tribe of Reejan or of Abs,

•

At whose great roar the mountains shook with fear.
And I can see the beautiful young maids
Of Yemen, blooming as the morning sun,
With brows as lustrous as the crystal stars,
And cheeks that pale the roses ; their loose hair
Dishevelled into grace, and dark as night.
O Earth ! what wert thou to me, if I had not
These dreams divine ? O Life ! how dull, how poor,
Thy tedious moments, if I could not call
These living pictures from my ocean-heart ?
If I could not in fiery chariot soar
Beyond this actual present, into zones
That are illimitable, where a sky
Of radiant beauty shines without a cloud ?
And to feel life, is as though love, and music,
And sunshine, all combined to make the blood
That flows from the glad heart through every vein
A current of joy. Give me those glorious dreams
For ever and for ever, O fair Spirit,
Who art the Muse and Melody of Heaven,
And I will not my throne exchange with kings.

Thus, from my boyhood, have I ever lived
In purple phantasies, Elysian fields
And sweet Adonis-Gardens of delight ;
And thus I pray that I may always live—
A dreamer, dreaming ever. Since those days
Wherein I soared delightedly on clouds,
What revolutions in my brain and heart !
What panoramic changes darkly-bright !
And I have gone through phases strange and sad,

Have breasted threatening waters, have been cast
On lonely deserts where the tempests fought,
And have drained many a cup of bitterness.
So be it : now my soul is trebly armed—
Cased in a golden mail, proof against all ;
And I can look upon my sorrows past
With patience, though with utter scorn of those
Who rushed against me with Alecto hearts.
And while I have thee by my side, and gaze
Upon thee, and can feel thy May-like presence,
And can enjoy, with eye and visioned-soul,
This majesty, and beauty, and repose—
The infinite sea—the proudly-swelling hills—
The grand and melancholy hymn of waves—
The modest peace that wraps our hamlet round—
And our grape-vine-clad cottage on the cliff,—
I cannot be unhappy, nor can want
The melody of content within my heart.
Nor do I envy those who sit in state,
And conch in purple : I would rather be
A villager with my books, and thoughts unchained,
Than him who, for a palace, makes himself
The footman of the many. See ! where soars
In clouds of light yon Bird, and as I scan
Him more acutely, and with lengthened look,
His broad strong wing and lofty vigorous flight,
Declares his royal race—the golden eagle ;
Even as that bird, I wish in thought to be—
A spurner of the earth—a dweller high
In woods and mountains, solitudes sublime ;
My eyes upon the sun and beaming stars ;

My proud lone journey, far away from man,
Fixed in the spotless, luminous zone of heaven.
Oh ! that I were with thee, Olympian bird,
Borne on the wing of tempest, with the speed
Of lightning, and with thunders fierce, that I
Might, from the clouds aloft, behold the scene,
And view the crystal brightness of God's arch,
Undimmed by mists and vapours. Thou art gone,
And though we gaze far into distant space,
We cannot see thee. Fare thee well for ever !
We shall not look upon thee any more.
So vanish all our visions of the great :
They shine before us and are lost in night.
Soon we shall be in darkness : see, the sea
Grows indistinct—we scarce can trace the line
In which it meets and mingles with the sky.
Give me thine arm, and let us wander home ;
Methinks we have been in a House of Prayer,
And have been looking on the face of God,
And hearkening to his deep and sea-like voice ;
And opening out our spirits to embrace
His form celestial. Come, thou Evening Star.



A Love-Dream.

Last night I had a Vision in a dream :
I wandered by a silvery-sapphire stream,

Flowing along serenely, softly, slow,
And making music with a cadence low—
Sweet as the echo of some far-off flute,
Dying amid the hills, when winds are mute,
And there is nought on earth, in heaven, or air,
To break the sacred silence spell-bound there.

And as in melody I seemed to move,
Encinctured by an atmosphere of love,
That round me fell like sunshine in the prime
Of summer, when the lily, rose, and thyme
Blend all their sweetness into one rich breath,
That, Orpheus-like, might even recall from death,—
I heard a Voice, and saw a golden boat,
Sans oar or sail, upon that water float.

And thus the Voice in heavenly accents spake,
Into mine ear, as soft as the snow-flake
That falls upon the sea, and melts in mist,
The moment it the azure vast hath kist :
*“ Belovèd, enter—fear not—come with me,
Till from this stream we reach a boundless sea ;
Till from that sea we pass, and hand in hand,
Soar like two happy doves to Faërie Land.”*

I stopped—I looked—no form could I behold ;
No Queen I saw her starry plumes unfold ;
No fair celestial Splendour brightly shone
Before my eyes ; but I was all alone ;
Yet still I felt the music of her spells
Pervade my essence, breathing through the wells

Of my most inner life, till heart and brain
Trembled all o'er with the delicious strain.

I went into the golden boat, and straight
I felt its magic life with mine pulsate ;
I knew it lived, and had a soul and sense,
A breathing, vital, high intelligence.
So with a slow, majestic pace we sailed
Through caves o'er-arching, and through trees that trailed
Their beauteous bending branches in the tide,
Amid whose soft embrace we seemed to slide.

Swans on that river oared with stately pace,
Bending the snow-white neck with queenlike grace :
And on its flowery banks, and by its coves,
Birds of bright plumage sunned themselves in droves,
Shining with iris splendours, red and gold,
Silver and purple, each a song ensouled,
Chanting in melody divinely sweet,
The rapturous thoughts that in their bosoms beat.

And so we moved, but whether for a day,
Or for a thousand years I cannot say,
My soul was so imparadised and lost,
As though it mingled with the heavenly host ;
So to the spirit mounting God's bright spheres,
The starry flight of ecstasy appears :
Time flies unheeded, every sense is drowned
In the deep ocean of delights all round.

What living Vision burns before me now ?—
A marble Temple beetling o'er the brow
Of a high rock, which frowns above the sea,
That spreads beneath its purple tapestry
Of ocean-flashes and the sun-born beams—
A thousand colours mingling as in dreams
Of rainbow-raying thought, when Poets leave
The earth, and with the heaven their souls enweave.

And o'er this Temple roses twine and climb,
Tended by Virgins in their peach-like prime,
Their white robes waving on the wind, their eyes
Darting the splendour of starred Orient skies.
And now they dance to flute, to lute, to song,
A gay engarlanded and blissful throng ;
And now in choirs they sing, and cymbals clash,
To the waves' melodies beneath that dash.

And still the heavenly Voice which first I heard,
Spake to me sweetlier than any bird :
“ *Fear not, mine own Belovèd, but with me
Go where I go—through air, through fire, through sea ;
I am the Music hidden in thy soul ;
I am the Light that glitters round thy goal ;
I am thine Echo, Symphony, and Flame ;
I am thyself—yet am I not the same.*”

Oh ! how I longed to see her, for I knew
From female lip this voice celestial flew.
How my heart panted !—every vein was fire ;
My soul-strings vibrated with wild desire.

I moved in air—I felt a god all o'er ;
 Could I but gaze upon her and adore !
 O virgin Voice, so beautiful, so dear,
 Be not a Voice alone—appear ! appear !

Reveal thyself unto me in thy light—
 Divinely dazzle spirit, soul, and sight.
 If thou shine not upon me, what have I
 To do with life, or aught beneath the sky.
 If on my lip thou press not thy sweet lips.
 Let my frame feel death's cold and dark eclipse :
 Better it were in the black earth to be,
 Than know thou art, and yet be without *thee*.

And still, and still, that Voice divine and low
 Breathed through my soul in music, even as though
 The lute from which it came were shrouded deep
 Within my heart, and would not, could not sleep :
*" Belovèd, still with me pursue thy way,
 In this dear boat, and dream of Love and May ;
 Lap thee in Paradise-thought, and feel me fold
 Thee thus with milk-white arm and wings of gold."*

So to the ever-moving emerald Sea,
 Flashing with sunbeam-sparkles, glided we ;
 Beauteously oped its bosom, sapphire-green ;
 A thousand Nereids on its waves were seen—
 A thousand Cupids, all with flower-tipt darts,
 Shot, pierced, or seemed to pierce, their joyous hearts :
 Then in the dance intertwined, with warblings sweet,
 They moved majestic, all with silvery feet.

See from the wave fair Aphroditè rise,
A golden heaven of beauty in her eyes ;
An opal-gleaming sea-shell is her boat,
And in her hand she bears her ivory rote,
On which such charming minstrelsy she wakes,
Melodious Pan his woodland wild forsakes,
And hastening to the sea, entranced with joy,
Sighs for the arrows of the Idalian boy.

“ Daughter of Heaven and Light, approach and bear
Me in thy shell aloft through purple air,
Into that lustrous Star that hath thy name ;”—
Scarce had I spoke, when lo ! suffused with shame
I felt, for in my spirit’s heart there thrilled
That exquisite Voice, whose plaintive whispers stilled
Me quick as magic, and I felt that She
Alone was Love, and Heaven, and Light to me.

*“ O thou mine own Belovèd, dearer far
To me than to the Earth is Sun or Star,
More grateful to mine eyes than flowers in May,
Wouldst thou, then, leave me? wouldst thou thus betray?
No—no—thou wouldst not, canst not, wilt not go !
Thou wouldst not wed thine own one to this woe ;
Thou wouldst not part with her who lives in thee,
And still shall live through long eternity.”*

As on we floated o’er those silver waves,
The Nymphs revealed themselves from crystal caves,
That shone like icebergs in the starry sheen,
Or snowy mountain-peaks, when the serene

Vestal of Heaven, Dian, in the night
Bathes them in her own fair ærial light—
Nymphs as enchanting as the choric train
With which, like fire, she sped o'er hill and plain.

And glittering rainbows flashed, like fountains high,
Out of the stream, and spanned the luminous sky ;
And from the flowery, fragrant arbours wreathed,
With starlike blossoms, softest music breathed.
And all the air was odorous with perfume,
And dallied round as if on silver plume,
Wafting its exquisite soul through every sense,
Until it thrilled and throbbed with bliss intense.

And Naiads rose beside—before—around,
Their golden hair with pearls and corals bound ;
And those white flowers, that underneath the wave,
Their palaces with living carpets pave ;
And as they waved these coronals, and sprent
The beryl gems within their petals pent,
Like rain transformed to jewels, so it seemed
As if the air itself with emeralds teemed.

So o'er the waters glid the boat of gold,
Encircled by the storied train of old—
Cupid and Psychè, modest as the morn,
Whom the Three Graces with new lights adorn ;
Cama, the star-crowned Indian God of Love ;
Pracciti, from the realms of bliss above :
All the enchanted Essences that be,
In air or fire, on earth, or in the sea.

And from that ocean into air we rose,
We saw the waves our golden barque enclose,
A thousand Nymphs descended where it sank,
And heavenly Cama waved his shining chank;
But high in silver ether I was raised,
A sunlit nimbus round me, o'er me blazed,
That seemed to move, to breathe, to live, to twine
Itself about me, like a Soul divine.

What can describe my rapture? what can paint
That breathless ecstasy?—all words were faint
To syllable in song that blissful flight
Beyond the earth to realms of purest light.
The nimbus ceased to be my sunbright car—
The Voice took form and shone a living Star,
Both blended beauteously to one, and lo!—
'Twas *She* to whom alone my thoughts now flow.

Lady Fanshawe.

As I wander about, through the rabble rout,
That ever rolls down through Chancery Lane,
With faces and eyes looking pillage and lies,
With their quirks of law and its deep chicanery,
Flits before me a Phantom of Light,
As fair as the Star which the Magi saw,
Moving enshrined in a rainbow bright,
Through that serpentine lane of the men of law.

Rattle the cabs o'er its stones as hard
As the lawyers that rush in their wigs and gowns ;
You may read of each client evil-starred
In their deep-pent eyebrows and parchment frowns.
Hundreds this way, and hundreds that,
Hurry along in a whirlpool tide—
Ferret and wolf, and fox and rat,
Into shapes of men transmogrified.

But I see, or I heed not, that villainous crowd,
With their fiery thirst for gain and gold,
The Phantom of Light, in her rainbow-cloud,
Flitting along I alone behold.
And oh ! her smile, how divinely sweet !
And oh ! what poetry in her eyes !
Such spirits as she one hopes to meet,
When reaching the portals of Paradise.

Now my fanciful thought flies back and back,
Through a couple of hundred years and more,
And I see a Woman mantled in black,
Enter the lane as the clock strikes four.
The moon is gone, and the stars are gone,
And the morn is dark, and raw, and bleak,
But no fear draws back that Woman wan,
Though tears roll down her beautiful cheek.

Bearing a lantern in her white hand,
That casts weird glimpses along the wall ;
The woman walks lightly along to the Strand,
And so she wends onward to proud Whitehall.

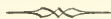
Under a window, then, she stays,
And calls with a voice bewitchingly soft,
And she trembles and looks a hundred ways,
As she hears a casement open aloft.

Sweet, yet hushed, is the voice that glides
From that prison dim to her anxious ear ;
So till dawn she bides and bides
In that music, oh ! how dear !
So she wends her wearisome walk,
Back once more to Chancery Lane,
Dreaming over that stolen talk,
In her heart of hearts again, again.

Plashes the rain on her beautiful head,
Flashes the lightning, bursts the cloud ;—
Wet and shivering, but love-led,
Still she hastens along as proud
In her love, her hope, and her faith divine,
As if she were great England's queen,
Moving amid her warrior line,
With beaming eye and lion-like mien.

This is the Phantom of starry Light,
With shining lamp, and with loving eyes,
That flits before me day and night,
When through Chancery Lane my pathway lies.
Away from the mob and the covetous throng,
My thoughts fly back to that moment of yore,

When this gentle Woman passes along,
 On her errand of love, as the clock strikes four.*



Letter to —.

Thy letter reached me, and the flowers it bare,
 Whirled me in dream away, on wings of air,
 To the dear greenhouse, where those flowerets grew,
 Beneath thy fostering hand, whose silvery dew
 Methought was o'er them, as I culled them out,
 And ranged them on my papers all about,
 Shedding a transient gleam of light upon
 The grim remains of Coke and Littleton.
 And now thou askest me to send thee "news"—
 Request of thine my heart cannot refuse ;
 But there is little stirring worth thy while
 To hear throughout our hypped and humdrum isle.
 Fashion thou heedest not: what sort of dress,
 Shawl, flounce, or lace is newest, to impress

* When Sir Richard Fanshawe was taken prisoner, during the civil war, and was confined in a little room in Whitehall, the fidelity of his beautiful wife was displayed. "During the time of his imprisonment," she says, "I failed not constantly when the clock struck *four* in the morning, to go, with a dark lantern in my hand, all alone and on foot, from my lodgings in Chancery Lane, at my cousin Young's, to Whitehall. There I would go under his window, and call him softly. He, excepting the first time, never failed to put out his head at the first call. Thus, we talked together, and sometimes I was so wet with rain, that it went in at my neck, and out at my heels."

The fools and fops with love of each fair doll,
Who in the park, or at the play, may loll.
News of this nature would not please thee aught
Were I to send it : it would go for nought.
For balls or parties I so little care,
I'd rather have a book than all their glare,
Their stupid, meaningless, and hollow prate,
Their tattle, scandal, smiles that mask but hate,
Or envy of each other ; their vain beaux,
Their belles deceitful—all with tongues that gloze,
But speak not truth, for truth and they are foes.
As to the theatre, 'tis now ten years
Since last I sat behind its gilded tiers,
And laughed at Desdemona's melting grief,
Or mad Ophelia—for 'tis my belief
There's no burlesque so funny, as to see
The painted jade and staggering debauchee
Mouthing fine sentiments, when all the while
You know them to be reckless, drunk, and vile.
No news of this kind, therefore, can I send,
Nor, if I did, would you attention lend
To what you look upon with the same eyes
As I do—namely, that they're living lies.
And so it is of all the other traps,
Which Folly baits for London, while she flaps
All sorts of hazy colours that mislead,
And make her dupes believe her bliss indeed.
Concerts, dull lectures, preachers, Ex'ter Hall,
Vainly upon my ears they squeak or bawl :
I go not near them, but in easy chair
Reclined, with books and fancies, still forswear

All their temptations, and have more content
Than if with the wild sensual crowd I went
In search of pleasure—goddess seldom found
Except within one's own domestic ground,
And there, and there alone, I seek her smile :
She beams on me from Shakspeare's Magic Isle,
In sweet Miranda ; from the sunbright spheres
Of Ariosto, like a star she peers ;
Summoned by Spenser's and by Shelley's wand,
She rises bright, all orient gems beyond,
And fills my soul with beauty ; crowned with rose
And violet fair, from Tasso's page she glows,
Or bears me back on rainbow-flashing wings,
To olive groves where old Anacreon sings ;
Or Horace, half in love, and half in wine,
Crowns some young Bacchante with a wreath of vine.

Thus thou perceivest I am void of news,
That some five lagging minutes might amuse ;
For 'twere no novelty were I to say,
Our women still are burnt from day to day,
Sooner than toss their crinolines away.
Our parliament has met and flashed no sense
From its dark dismal clouds of eloquence ;
Our pulpits ring with brayings long and hoarse,
Exciting laughter rather than remorse.
The North and South are fighting like wild cats ;
The Emperor still nets salmon with mere sprats ;
The Prussian King is aping Charles the First,
(I fear his majesty will fare the worst.)

There's no fresh scandal of the Queen of Spain.
We're longing all to see our lovely Dane,
Whose sweet, clear, earnest eyes might well convince
Even Chartists, that 'tis good to be a Prince.
The Pope's not yet at Malta, but at home ;
Victor Emmanuel sighs in vain for Rome.
Such is my budget, lean enough, you'll say ;
But you command, and I must needs obey.
Yet how can *you* want news, whose thoughts soar high
Beyond this earth to yonder seraph sky,
Whose spirit mingles with the stars that roll
On wheels of light across the glittering pole :
Whose eyes are resting on the ocean broad,
And raise themselves from it aloft to God ?
What can the petty nonsense of the town,
The tumblings of this wizard or that clown,
Bring to thee in thy glorious solitude
But their own dulness ? do they not intrude
Upon that hallowed loneliness which fills
Thine heart with songs that sea or sky instils,
Making thee one with Nature, as if she
And thou wert blent in heavenly harmony,
Raining her calm, her silver light into
Thine inmost essence with an ever new
And blooming youth, till thou in every part
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Dryad art,
Immortal in thy soul—ambrosial in thine heart.
Would that 'twere mine for ever thus to dwell—
A happy child-like spirit in a spell,
With the bright ocean for my daily friend,
With the grand psalms that from its waves ascend,

With its immortal life and strength and light,—
Its never silent music day and night,—
Its shifting colours, blue, green, silver, gold,
As if a carpet for the gods unrolled,—
Its far-off line soft blending with the sky,
Seeming an image of eternity ;—
This, this thou hast, and it has made thee great,
Majestic as a monarch throned in state,
Hath amplified thy nature, hath enlarged
Thy soul that at the first was grandeur-charged,
Till thou art nobler, wiser, and more strong
In strength divine than millions of the throng,—
Till thou art more a Queen than any now
Who wears the diadem upon her brow.

Dost thou remember that all hallowed eve ?
Will it not ever to thy memory cleave ?
We wandered on the music-rippling beach,
Our thoughts too deep, too mystical for speech,
We wandered silently, but hand in hand.
The rosy warmth of summer steeped the strand,
The whispering ripples ran to kiss our feet ;
The far-off fields were ripe with yellow wheat.
No sound was in the air ; no murmur brake
The silence of that still and silver lake,
For such the ocean seemed, and shining o'er
With splendours from the horizon to the shore.
Then we sat down upon the sands, and gazed
With hearts delighted and with glance upraised
Upon the sun, as hastening to the West,
His snowy steeds, rose-trapped, he fleetly pressed.

Lo! his pavilion opens ; he is gone ;
Yet still the golden mountains burn, shine on ;—
But now what lustre meets our dazzled eyes ?
What scene presents itself in yonder skies ?
Oh! can we e'er forget it ? brightly beams
A castle forth, aloft o'er crystal streams,—
A castle perfect all with gates and towers,
With ramparts vast, and distant shadowy bowers,
A donjon keep extending far and broad,
Frowning in strength and majesty that awed.
Troy's tower it seemed, which Neptune's royal hands
Raised to resist the might of Grecian bands.
And yonder stream is Simöis;—thus we went
In fancy back, and saw each bannered tent.
Now moves a cloud of purple from behind ;
Another comes, but this is golden-lined.
They march like two contending desperate foes ;
Before the donjon keep at length they close.
We saw no more—the fight was done—the scene
Melted away into the blue serene ;
Tower and garden, river, tent, and fray,
Like man's own projects, mingle—fade away,
Leaving behind but airy spectral gleams,
The phantom palaces that gild our dreams.

These are the faërie scenes that round thee dwell,
More beautiful than words of mine can tell ;
And who can wonder that with these to charm
Thy fancy, and thy soul with love to warm,
Thou carest not for such poor trifling toys
As London gives its dotards, dames, and boys.

Expect me soon, Belovèd One, at home ;
 Again beside th' inspiring sea we'll roam,
 And think of Chryses when he went apart
 To pray to him who bare the mighty dart,
 Or the self-exiled Childe who mused alone,
 In his heart echoing the ocean's moan.

The Temple.



A Most Humble Petition

FOR THE REMOVAL OF FOUR FLOWER STANDS, WHICH HIDE
 THE DIVINITIES AT THE HEAD OF THE TABLE FROM
 THE DEVOTEES AT THE END OF IT.

When I dine with Lord Themis, his table is filled
 With flowers, most tastefully wreathed by the skilled,
 In floral arrangement ; but owning their grace,
 I venture to think that they're in the wrong place,
 For they wo'nt let us see the two beauties who sit
 At each side of Lord Themis, entranced by his wit.
 There's a fair at his right like a goddess of old ;
 Not a glimpse of her features 'tis mine to behold :
 There's a nymph at his left ; but in vain I essay
 To see her bright eyes, for the flowers block the way ;
 And however I twist or I turn 'tis the same—
 These horrible plateaux hide each lovely dame.
 And Lord Themis alone keeps the fair to himself,
 Shutting out from this Eden each envying elf.
 Now to lovers of beauty like me, 'tis a bore,
 To be cut off from heaven in sight of its shore ;

And in longing to get but one look at these ladies,
I wish every flower in England in Hades.
Most respectfully therefore I beg to petition
My Lord, that those plateaux receive their dismissal.
And certain I am that there's no one will care
For their loss, since each lady's a living parterre,
With more fragrance and light and delight to the eye,
Than all Covent Garden can ever supply.



To ———.

May's sweet roses deck her face,
Angels listen when she sings ;
Round her flits each winning grace ;
Youth its charms about her flings.
Gentle are her starry eyes,
Rich and soft her dark brown hair ;
Olden Grece had no such prize,
Venus was not half so fair.
Every soft attractive spell
Finds within her heart a goal ;
Loveliness and goodness dwell
Orb-like in her heavenly soul.
Oh, divine enchantress bright !
Dare I love thy looks of light ?



Inscription.

Here lies he, o'er whose sacred loved remains
 We bow with reverence, softened by regret.
 O noble spirit!—Prince, but more than Prince
 In every royal attribute of man,
 Art thou indeed departed?—shall we never
 Again behold that brightly-beaming eye?
 That smile that shed its sweetness round like light?
 That genial, dignified presence, in which all
 Who moved confessed thy pure and hallowing nature?
 Yes, thou art gone—and we who stand before
 This sculptured marble, can but weep our loss,
 And pour an unavailing tear above
 Thine ashes, in their cold and silent urn,
 Wailing in thee the Husband, Father, Chief,
 Whose generous soul and intellect profound,
 Rayed joy and beauty on thy daily course,
 Making thee pattern for all men to mould
 Their manners by. Farewell, illustrious Prince!
 Long shall thy memory shine above our land,
 In calm and star-like splendour: long shall we,
 The sires, the sons, the daughters of this Isle,
 Bless thee and thank thee for thy matchless life
 Of honour, duty, loyalty, and truth,
 And fixed devotion to the public weal.
 Still may thy spirit from its happy sphere
 Smile down upon our Queen and her loved home,
 Giving her strength and hope in darkest hours,
 And fortitude to endure a loss that fell
 Not upon her alone, but all the realm.

Withered Flowers dearly loved.

I have a wreath—a withered wreath,
More dearly prized than gems or gold ;
Methinks the flowers still sweetly breathe
Of her who gave me them of old.
This faded rose was on her breast,
This in her soft white hand she bore ;
And this was with her bright hairs tressed—
Ten thousand times I've kissed them o'er.

They bring to mind fair summer days,
And rosy eves, and starry nights ;
Sweet music, old delicious lays,
Fond words, fond dreams, serene delights ;
Enchanting smiles, and eyes that gleamed
Like mirrored stars upon the sea,—
How blest my fate, had they but beamed
With *any* ray of love on me !

O wreath ! beloved for her fair sake,
Dear record of my happiest hours,
How many a golden thought you wake,
How many a hope entwined in flow'rs !
And yet how oft my spirit sighs
To think its fate like yours should be—
Reft of the heaven of her dear eyes,
Whose light gave life to you and me.



A Farewell.

Take back this ivy-leaf
Which once thy gentle bosom bore—
My soul is filled with grief;
Its rosy dream of bliss is o'er.

Yet as this leaf shall be,
Though sere and broken, green for aye,
Thine image shall to me
Be always clothed i' the light of May.

If e'er thou tread'st again
Those cloistered halls and pictured cells,
As once beside me, when
Thy smiles threw o'er my soul her spells;
Think of my spirit's bliss
While thy sweet nymph-like form beside ;—
Ah ! did I dream of this,
That fate such hearts should soon divide ?

Think while these simple lines,
Traced by affection's hand, thou'lt see,
Of one who still enshrines
In his heart's temple, only *thee*.
Think—though no more to meet—
How thou didst grow unto his heart ;
In all his visions sweet,
The loveliest, dearest, purest part.

Farewell—alas ! farewell—
That word of sorrow must be breathed !—
Every bright pleasure dwell
Round thee, and with thy life be wreathed !
Give me a passing thought
At times—I ask no more. But thou
So with my soul art wrought,
I'll love thee always, even as now !

To Lady ———.

You tell me that you love me. Vain protest !—
You love me not : your heart hath no such guest—
Love finds no dwelling in that marble breast.

You swear to me, that like some image shrined
In golden fane, I fill your soul, your mind :
Such oaths pass by me like the idle wind.

If you did love me, why, when on the strand,
I seized that soft, that beautiful white hand,
Did you repel me with a curt command ?

Why, when I longed to press you to my heart,
Did you grow pale ? why backward shuddering start ?
Why did the big tears to your eyelids start ?

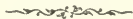
I know you, read you not : I scan your soul
As though some dark and hieroglyphic scroll
It were : in vain I peer into that roll.

Sometimes I look into your eyes and dream
You are what you aver ;—the loving gleam
Goes in a moment : cold and dead you seem.

You write to me—the tears roll o'er the page :
Now love intense, now scorn, now causeless rage :
How can I such wild, varying passions gauge ?

You kneel before me ; in your fondest clasp
You press me, bless me, kiss me ; straight your grasp
Relaxes, and you fly me like an asp.

Farewell !—I will not be thy fool or slave—
A straw, a feather on the fickle wave
Of thy caprice : *my* love is in its grave.



To Lady ———.

Smile not upon me from those eyes,
Which are as spherèd stars in heaven ;
They are not mine—the fond, fond ties
That bound us once are burst and riven:

The hand beloved, the golden prize
I sought, is to a stranger given,
And my sad heart is lone.

Oh ! how I loved thee !—spirit, soul,
Heart, brain, were thine, and only thine.
I gave thee all ; the stars that roll
Aloft beheld not love like mine.
Thou wert my God—the glorious goal
For which I pined, alas ! still pine,
With heart so sad and lone.

Moments there are, and this is one,
When madness fills and fires my brain :
I look aloft ; I curse the sun ;
I rave in wild despairing pain.
Farewell !—my race of life is run ;
Thou shalt not cross my path again,
To blight this heart so lone.

Farewell ! sweet eyes, not sweet to me ;
Sweet looks, that now another's are.
Yonder high rock frowns o'er a sea,
On which there gleams afar, afar,
A flashing form of light like thee,
Thou fair, false-shining, treacherous star,
That calls this heart so lone.

Fata-Morgana.

A Palace on the purple sea,
 In flashing light it gleams,
 Its battlements are brightest gold,
 And from its turrets streams
 A banner waving beauteously,
 As aught beheld in dreams.

I sailed into that purple sea,
 With hopeful heart and gay—
 I sailed and sought that Palace fair,
 That shone so far away.
 I rowed, and rowed, and yet I rowed,
 Until the death of day.

The moon arose in silver light,
 That trembled o'er the wave,
 The Palace shone with fire as clear
 As at the dawn it gave.
 I followed it—still followed it,
 But found a yawning grave.

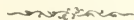
The moon went down, and with the moon,
 The Palace faded too ;
 The black clouds came, the thunder-flame
 Fell on my light canoe ;
 There was no weeping heart to hear
 The lost one's ululu.

In Aspiration.

O star of light ! O star so bright !
Serenely shining through the night ;
Would that 'twere mine from earth to soar,
And reach thy far, yet splendid shore,
To muse beside thy waters fair ;
To breathe thy pure and purple air ;
To hear thine harmonies enchanted ;—
But wish like this can ne'er be granted.

Green are thy bowers, soft thy shades,
The sunlight ever gilds thy glades ;
Virgins and youths in glorious choirs,
Sing to the spells of shawmes and lyres ;
Flowers of immortal radiance bloom ;
There is no death—there is no tomb,
Within thy circle ; sphere enchanted.
Oh ! that my wild, wild wish were granted !

I prayed, and lo ! an angel came :
He bare me up on wings of flame ;
Through seas of odours, realms of light,
We made our rapid, silent flight.
I heard the music, breathed the air,
And mingled with the Splendours there ;
Yet am on earth. O star enchanted !
Why was my wild, wild longing granted ?



A Dirge.

Over the ocean
 The red stars glimmer ;
 O'er the bleak rocks,
 Is the moon's cold shimmer.
 There she sits alone, alone :
 In her ear the ocean's moan ;
 In her heart as dead as stone,
 The music of a long lost tone.

I see her white robe shine and shine,
 Like a spirit's, thin and fine ;
 Down her neck her long dark tresses,
 Float in tangled wildernesses ;
 And her tears are falling fast,
 As she sees the roseate past
 Rise and change from light to ashes,
 In one sudden thunder-blast ;
 Yea, her soul's itself in ashes.

Now she wanders on the shore,
 Heeding not the water's roar ;
 One loved face and shadowy form,
 Shoots across that fearful storm
 Of despair, remorse, and woe,
 Which impels her to and fro,
 Since that hapless day of yore,
 When the Tempter stood before,
 And she fell—to rise no more.

O thou hapless Child of Sorrow !
 Pause, I pray thee, in thy madness,
 Save thy soul from endless sadness ;
 Think where thou shalt stand to-morrow ;
 Gather hope from moon and star,
 Shining brightly, though afar.
 Vainly forth my words were tost—
 She was in that ocean-river,
 Screaming, struggling, sinking, lost ;
 In the demon whirlpool hidden—
 Rushing to her God, unbidden.
 Father ! Father ! oh, forgive her !



Sonnet 1.

SUGGESTED BY THUCYDIDES, LIB. I.

O matchless portrait of the Man of Old,
 Olympian Pericles, in whose high soul,
 Trained to philosophy's divine control,
 Virtue's sublimest image we behold,
 Bright as the star of morn in clouds of gold.
 Statesman and Orator, whose wondrous mind
 Shaped for heroic ends by heaven's own hand,
 To teach, to rouse, to save his native land—
 The bright, the true, the beautiful combined.
 Hear him but speak : the thunder of the spheres
 Hath lesser force—the lightnings have less fire.
 Lo ! at a word, ten thousand glittering spears

Start forth for Athens—maiden, son, and sire,
Flushed with the thoughts sublime, his burning words
inspire.

2.

SUGGESTED BY THUCYDIDES, LIB. II.

A year hath sunk into the sea of Time,
The deadly havoc of the fight is o'er,
The Giant of the Battle, drunk with gore,
Hath reeled to sleep, to dream new deeds of crime.
Lo ! where the warriors stand around the bier
Of the loved slain, who for their Athens died ;
Drop to their memory the solemn tear,
Nor yet despair, their death evokes but pride.
They perished gloriously—are heirs to fame—
Immortal honour crowns each deathless name.
Behold the great tribunal of their grave ;
As if with Glory's trumpet see *him* rise ;
With words that weep he consecrates the brave.
Blest is his fate who thus for Greece and Freedom dies.

3.

WHILE I thus mused, the Spirit of Ancient days
Methought arose ; a veil of stars was thrown
O'er her bright form, and round her brows a zone
Of dazzling splendours, like Thaumantian rays.
Onward, in thought, she led me, till we stood
In the great Palace of our own loved Isle,
Where I saw One from whose oracular tongue
Truth, knowledge, wisdom, in one radiant flood
Of language poured, till the renowned old pile

With bursts of loud applause and wonder rung ;—
 There stood the Statesman-Orator, whose sage,
 Shrewd counsel, winged with wit, shall ever shine
 As great as any in the historian's page,
 Or in the Senate's bright and ever-living line.

Plato.

OH ! that my heart were of clear crystal made,
 There shouldst thou see as in a shrine displayed
 An Image of thyself, to which I turn,
 When with high hopes I feel my spirit burn ;
 When my heart swells, and I would fain aspire
 To rival those dead masters of the lyre,
 Whom Greece, Rome, England, and fair Italy,
 Have set before the world its lights to be.
 A Poet filled with heaven's divinest fire—
 An Orator whose lightest words inspire—
 A Scholar trained in all that books can teach—
 A Statesman wise and just—the first in each.
 Behold the Image in my bosom shrined,
 That fires my thoughts, and renders pure my mind.

Byron.

LIKE an Archangel exiled for dark crimes,
 His spirit walked the earth in scorn and gloom,
 And where it smote, it smote like the Simoom—
 Deadly, though beautiful. Yet there were times

When his great soul shone out upon the world
 In all the primal glory of her light,
 Ere from her starry throne to darkness hurled.
 His songs were sweet remembrances of heaven,
 Dashed with the scoffing spirit of Sin and Night,
 In which he sate, and lived, and moved ; yet even
 In his most mocking moments you could trace
 The beauty of the seraph, and the grace
 Which once beamed round him. Ruin could not blight.
 Nor Sin the original marks of angel-birth efface.



On Swift's Portrait

IN THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY AT OXFORD.

SEE the bright earnest look—the eye of fire
 Fixed with imperial gaze ; the dome-like brow,
 Shrine of that spirit lulled for ever now ;
 The full firm mouth and chin. A sacred choir
 Of memories hangs around this image old
 Of him, who first his country's sorrows told,
 In words that yet their own fierce strength inspire
 Even in the coldest hearts. I gaze, and gaze,
 Nor can I willingly my view withdraw
 From this most speaking likeness of the dead,*
 That bears me back in phantsie to past days,
 When England, proud indeed, delighted saw
 The greenest laurels twined around her head
 By Churchill, Somers, Swift, and shone in Glory's blaze.

* It is put away in a dark corner, where half its excellencies are hidden. This fault should be amended.

On Smollett's Portrait.

PAINTED BY HOGARTH, IN THE AUTHOR'S GALLERY.

He sits and points to the green heathery hills
That crown his native land with beauties wild ;
And from a rock, firm as his own brave soul,
Looks like an emblem of that sturdy strength
Of will and lion courage, which have made
Scotland a blazing light to all the earth.
What vigorous independence burns like flame
From every feature ; but in vain I search
For that arch humour which in Random's page
And waggish Peregrine Pickle flashes full
Its ray grotesque and fanciful, unless
It dwells indeed in that rich sensuous mouth,
And in the gleam lurking in his large eye,
And in the smile that dimples o'er his cheek.



Lord Chief Justice Denman.

Firm as the Voice of God and nobly true
To all in all, his chivalrous spirit lived
On earth, to testify to every man
Who doubted of the Just, that there was One
Before them in their daily walk through life,
Who, though a thunder-bolt should strike his path,
Would blench not from the fine straightforward way,
But walk erect with eyes aloft to heaven,
Guided by light celestial—light alone,
Without one thought of self, or earth, or aught
But the fair majesty of Right and Truth.

Sir John Patteson.

Most just of men—most true, on whose bright soul
God's hand in heaven inscribed, as on a scroll :
Within this sacred shrine let honour reign,
And hold it ever for her fair demesne ;
Lighted with sunbeams, like some starry sphere,
Earth shall behold it, but its home is here.



Sir Hugh Hill.

Around this Man, as round the Throne in Heaven
Described in the Apocalypse, Justice shone
In rainbow brightness, purity, and calm.
His mind serene, his temper mild but firm,
His patience perfect, and his judgment deep,
He weighed each cause with gravity, nor ever
Was swayed by temper from the path of right.
Honest in all things, learned, but with the modesty
That like a stole of beauty wraps the wise ;
To no man harsh or rude,—at no time shewing
That cur-dog petulance which in others barks
With most discordant jarring on the sense,
Revealing their unfitness for that seat
Where dignity alone should ever dwell.

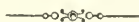


Sir C. Cresswell.

With brain as clear as crystal, and with manner
As cold and chilling, Cresswell seemed to stand
In isolation from his fellow men,
As if he scorned the herd, disdaining kinship
With those who moved around him. Was his temper
So from the first? Nay; but his life was soured
By one keen disappointment of the soul,
Which turned his days to bitterness. The story
Is commonplace, but not less true,—of love,
And pride that overmastered that strong love.
And a stolen flight, and then a desolate hearth,
And an o'erwhelming sorrow and distrust:
And so his life thenceforward was a desert.
Yet, let his name be honoured,—all forgotten
That sharp sarcastic tone and curl of lip
And scornful eye, that seldom smote but when
Pert folly called them forth; for Truth and Justice,
Arrayed in Learning's grand imperial robe,
Were ever by his side upon the bench,
Guiding his judgment when he spake the Law.
And there was something royal in his nature,
And lofty loathing of that petty spite,
Which I have seen in others, start and sting,
Reducing them from men to worms and wasps.
Moments there were in which his smile was music,
And in his voice a melody, that to me
Revealed the inner spirit of the man,
Before that chilling blight fell on his heart,

And changed the garden to a cheerless waste.
Therefore I grieved with grief deep and sincere,
That he should pass away ere yet his days
Were all completed, and while yet the mind
Was in its vigour. O'er his tomb I cast
This flower, and with its fleeting fragrance crown
The urn that bears his ashes. Peace be with him.

Kensal Green, August 6, 1863.



Advice to a Judge.

When on the regal seat of justice throned,
Bear this in mind : thou hast not been advanced
Beyond thy fellows to give loose to temper,
Or prove thyself capricious, weak, or spiteful ;
But to administer the law with truth,
And to be honest, just, and fair to all.
Sully not thy grave place with jests and jokes,
Or low buffoonery, ever on the watch
To win the thoughtless laughter of the crowd ;
But be at all times, decent, grave, reserved,
Dwelling alone upon the matter in hand.
Take not a cunning subtle view of a cause,
Such as a sophist would ; but let thy mind
Contemplate it in all its bearings, broadly,
Ever regarding equity as the star
By which thou shouldst be guided through the maze.
For equity is true law ; and they do wrong

Who strive to separate those heavenly twins,—
And both are as the Voice divine of God.
Lean not to rank and wealth, for these themselves
Are naturally strong ; but rather bend
To him who is weighed down by poverty,
Yet not so as to win that base applause
Which rises from the rabble when they see
A judge who tramples right to catch a cheer.
Give each man hearing with an ear attent,
Whether he be most excellent or most mean ;
And talk not ever about public time,
That hackneyed phrase which hasty magistrates use,
When they prejudge a cause, are tired, or wish
To go to lunch, or dinner, or are moved
To vent some petty spleen upon the pleader,
Who, after all, seeks but to do his duty.
Think no time lost that gives thy mind new facts ;
For even the humblest man may haply place
His argument before thee, in a form
That may clear up the doubt within thy mind ;
But if he sees scorn in thine eye or lip,
How can he hope his mocker to persuade ?
Perhaps thou dost not like him. Good, my lord !
Thou wert not made a judge to let thy likings
Bias thy judgment, but to minister right
To all who come before thee in thy court.
A judge should be like God—far, far removed
From all the petty failings of a man.
And he should have a reverence most august
For his high office, fearing to pollute
That kingly dignity by aught debased.

And he should watch himself with wary eye,
Lest he should do some grievous giant wrong,
Because he loved this man, or hated that.
Guard thyself also from unseemly haste ;
There is no virtue more becomes a judge
Than patience—the chief jewel in his crown.
What rank injustice have I known committed,
Because the judge would hurry on a cause,
And snub some wretched counsel into silence.
Be kind ; be courteous as a king should be
To all who come before thee. I have seen
A court where all were scorned and snapped at daily,
And self respect was wounded every moment,
And every man was moved with hate or pity,
To see the Seat of Justice so defiled.
And I have seen a court where every man
Felt himself in the presence of a gentleman,
Whose genial courtesy made all things genial,
Whose exquisite bearing captived all men's love,
Whose sunbright justice lightened every cause,
And sent even him who lost away content.



S. T. Coleridge.

A mystic Dreamer, blinded by the light
That flashed around from his own sunlike soul,
Like a seeled dove, his great thoughts bent their flight
To heavenly spheres—on, on from pole to pole,

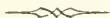
Until he fell exhausted, faint, confused,
By the deep schemes whereon his spirit mused ;
Or like some Ancient Mariner, alone,
Sailing at night o'er ocean wilds unknown ;
His eyes full fixed on heaven and its bright stars,
As if he longed to peer through those thick bars
Of clouds that hide God's glories from our eyes ;—
Careless to what dark gulf his galley flies ;
Dazzled by fiery splendours, heavenly gleams,
He sails and sinks—nor yet wakes from Olympian dreams.

To Madonna ———.

The spells divine of beauty that enfold thee,
Like rosy light in summer time ; the grace,
Like music, in thine eyes ; the eloquent face,
That win to worship those who still behold thee ;
No—nor the hyacinth tresses, nor the voice,
Sweet as the rippling of the star-lit rills,
That break the silence of nymph-haunted hills ;
Nor thy glad smiles, or talk, could bid rejoice
That mystic, myriad-stringed lute, my heart ;
But when I knew thee, and could see enshrined,
Within that shape of loveliness, a mind
Shedding around thee a perpetual youth,
Of purity, sweet innocence, and truth,
Then was my soul near heaven, of which thou art,
Even while on earth with us, a bright immortal part.

Felicia Hemans.

O'er the white urn that held the sacred heart
 Of great Isocrates of old, was placed
 The marble image of a Siren, graced
 With all the loveliness of Grecian art.
 Emblem of eloquence, whose music sweet
 Won the whole world by its enchanting spells,—
 Oh! with what type shall we our Hemans greet?
 What image shall portray the spirit that dwells
 Within her soul? An angel from the skies,
 Beaming celestial light from lips and eyes?
 The olden Siren sang but to deceive,—
 To lure mankind to death her voice was given;
 But thine, Felicia, thy bright words enweave
 Immortal truths that guide to God and Heaven.



Paul de la Roche.

Heir to the glories of the glorious Past,
 Raphaël, Guido, Titian, live and shine
 Methinks once more on earth—the starry trine
 In whose bright moulds thy poet-soul was cast.
 See fire-eyed fancy guide thy glowing hand,
 And Beauty soften, and young grace refine,
 While near thee Truth and Skill and Genius stand,

Brightning thy golden path to rank and fame.
Bright be the garlands that enwreath thy name,
That with thine own Napoleon's shall go down
To future ages, and thy memory crown
With starry diadem, like that which gleams
O'er the sweet martyred Christian maid who beams
And floats suspended as in heavenly dreams.

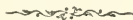
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Shelley.

I saw a star-beam imaged on the sea :
A cloud came o'er it, and its light was gone.
I saw the meteor-fires of heaven gleam forth
In beauty, but their glory was a flash :
They shone divinely, and then vanished straight.
I saw a rainbow spanning the blue hills ;
A moment like the Throne of God it glittered :
Another moment darkness took its place,
And tempest wrapped the land in night. Even so
Was thy brief splendour, Shelley. On our earth
Thou didst descend like Hermes, the bright winged
And heavenly Messenger from gods to men ;
But scarcely hadst thou lighted on our orb—
Scarce had the beauty of thy coming shone,
Ere thou wert borne away in clouds and lightnings
To the immortal homes of the Divine ;
Yet shall the message which thou didst bring down
From high Olympus, be with man for ever,

A melody of the spheres, a song sublime,
Taught thee on high by the great Poet—God.



Night.

Night, with her flaming stars, is o'er the world ;
The distant waters gleam in shimmering light ;
The downs, like far-off mountains, blend their brows
With the deep ocean-blue of sky and air ;
There is no sound—there is no breath abroad ;
But all is peaceful as sweet childhood's sleep,
When watched by angels guarding its repose.
Forth from my Eastern books, in whose deep page
Is shrined a beauty, wisdom, and perception
Of God—the Future and immortal Truth,—
Such as no others offer to the mind,
(For Plato seems a child employed in toys,
Playing with sea-shells by the shores of Time,
When with the Orient sages read or weighed),
I steal into the covert dark of night,
And breathe its cool refreshing air, and pace,
With thoughtful footstep, by the lone sea-beach
That stretches out before me. All my heart
Opens to soothing influences ; my soul
Throbs with magnetic rapture ; and my spirit,
Which is the living mind within that soul—
Its ruler, essence, god—feels as if plumed
With star-bright pinions, it could rise from earth,
And blend itself with Venus, or Orion,
Or golden-belted Jupiter. O Stars !

Why are ye sphered so far and far away ?
Why can we not commingle with your beams,
And see your vales, and mountains, and deep lakes,
And ancient forests, and great waterfalls,
And all the shining peoples that ye hold ?
Why can we not from them learn wisest lore,
And the philosophy of other tongues,
And other beings, raised beyond ourselves
In vast Creation's scale of organized life ?
For who, but some dull dotard, on whose mind
The broad and liberal beam of light ne'er shone,
Can hold the monstrous doctrine that these worlds,
Transcendent in their organism and vast,
Are empty bubbles, uninhabited orbs,
Wherein no soul makes music to its God,
Or any eye beholds the boundless beauty,
Magnificence, and law, that rule his spheres ?
Does not the Universe, that daily opes
Its pages to the eye, and in each atom
Holds life and being, give reply to those
Who preach from pulpits that there is no world
But one alone—this present—which hath men
Or rational creatures—that all else is void ?
Vain 'twere to argue with such narrow thinkers,
Or hope the bigotted brain could comprehend
The universal glories of the One,
Whom they would drag to their own wretched level
By likening Him in all things to themselves.*

* I have alluded here to that strange madness which set so many scientific sages, a few years ago, by the ears, some of the most noted among them pouring forth volumes to prove, that of

A night like this it was, when first I sailed
 Adown the bosom of the mystic Nile ;
 The clear, purpureal darkness wrapped me round
 In air transparent ; softly sighed the breeze ;
 The silver moon, the sparkling trembling stars,
 In maiden beauty, through the limpid sky,
 Glittered like royal virgins, when behind
 Their golden lattices they flash sweet light
 Upon the outward world ; within the stream
 The glittering heaven was mirrored, forming there
 A second sky of moon and beaming stars.
 Slow, like a swan, and with a pace as proud,
 Floated our dahabie, and like a dream,
 Or like a misty picture seen in dream,
 The land of solemn Memnon gleamed afar—
 The holy land of Pyramid and Sphynx,
 While sang our sailors their monotonous chant
 To Arab music, softly, low, and plaintive :
*“ O dove, why weapest thou ? Thou bringest back
 Thoughts of mine own beloved one. Dost thou think
 We shall return to home, or shall we die
 In foreign land ? The bough inclined, and bare
 A golden cup ; but as I reached the hand
 To take it, I was dazzled by the light :
 A virgin bright as roses stood before me :
 ‘ O brother, thou hast waked me from my rest
 By thy fond loving eyes—and sleep is gone.’
 I said to her—‘ Why weapest thou beloved ?*

the countless millions of splendid worlds in the universe, this tiny little planet of ours was the only one that was inhabited.

*Why dost thou weep, O Rose?—why dost thou weep?”**
And so we floated onward in a spell,
As if the Water-fays of yore were near.

Land of mysterious wonders—Ancient Nile !
With silent, deep, imperial, solemn flow,
As though the River knew itself a Dream
Of the Past Sacred Ages, when the Voice
Of God was heard out of the parent heaven,
And mighty secrets then were first revealed
On the smaragdine table of pure Thoth,
Of Sphynx, the Phoenix, and the Labyrinth,
Whose gleams even yet shine on our wondering eyes,
Dimly, divinely pictured by the Dead
In hues that live for ever—could I send
Forth, through this sparkling sea of night and stars,
My spirit back into the shadowy Past,
To read the Mysteries—the deep, dark-veiled lore
That shrouds the byegone, even as the great brow
Of the Saitic Isis was enwrapped ;
Then would I, like some Archimage of eld,
Summon before me, from his dreamless sleep,
The sovereign Architect of cunning hand
Who first designed the Pyramid, and raised
Its magic structure o’er the sandy wastes.
And I would ask him unto what great end
He framed their forms stupendous ? Was he one
Of the primeval race of men who, saved

* This is an actual Egyptian river-song—wild and mystical enough.

From great Atlantis,* dreaded other wrecks
And mighty continents submerged by seas—
Temple and tower, palace, city, hamlet,
Whelmed in a moment in the yawning hell
Of waters opening from the fell abyss ?
Or did he raise those vast and awful piles
To be as watch-towers for the wandering stars,
Where the wise hierophants of olden time
Made mighty calculations, and observed
The rise and fall of each particular orb ;
And from their phases drew strange prophecy
Of that which was to come in future days,
Reading the new-born age by ages past,
Which form the analogues of things to be ?
Was he a pontiff who desired to raise
A fane to Isis which should never fall—
A fire-shaped emblem of the Eternal Fire—
An altar indestructible as Time,
And so a fitting symbol of its God ?
Or a proud king, who for his mummied corpse
Designed this tomb imperial ? Come, thou Shape
That beckonest to me with thy shadowy hand
Of dun Egyptian gloom, solve me this riddle—
Flash it in lightning utterance to my heart—
Come in thy clouds. The Phantasm answers not :

* The vast continent which connected Europe with America, and whose submersion, in a far distant age, gave birth to the various mythoses of the Ogygian Deluge, &c. The Arabs call the Atlantic, *The Sea of Darkness*, though without knowing that it received that name from the devastation which its outburst caused. In the bottom of this great Ocean are submerged the reliques of some of the greatest cities of primeval men.

Silent it looms, even as the Pillar of Sand
 That walks the deserts like a thing of life ;
 And yet methinks I see his spectral form
 Peering from yon dusk cavern in the skies,
 Behind whose frowning darkness sinks the Moon.

* * * * * *

And now the Queen of Night comes forth again,
 In robe of silver, o'er the purple fields
 Of living air, and on the rippling wave
 She casts her calm and virgin smile of love ;
 And the dim Phantom of Egyptian days
 Is gone, with the dark cloud that veiled his form.
 Gone to his Pyramid, to dream beside
 The rifled chamber where they laid him dead,
 Nor feared that any sacrilegious hand
 Would burst his cerements. But the stars revealed not
 The Babylonian Caliph, dark Al-Maimon,
 When, with mailed soldier, sheikh, and shaven priest,
 He burst the Pyramid, and proudly scaled
 The upper chamber : there a coffin lay
 Of finest basalt, which enclosed a Man,*
 Whose golden corselet, all with jewels set,
 Diffused a light like day ; across his breast
 A sword of keenest temper, darting flame,
 So radiant was its brightness ; at his head
 A carbuncle, that glittered like the eye
 Of some fierce lion in his darkling lair,
 Or fire far off at night on sea-beat rock ;
 And on his brow a circlet of red gold,

* This anecdote is related by Ibn Abd Alkohm, an Arabian author in his *Discourse of the Wonders of Egypt*.

On which were graven letters that no man
 Of all the doctors in the Caliph's train
 Could aught decypher. Who, and what was he
 Thus, after ages, suddenly disclosed,
 After his sleep of many thousand years ?
 The fabricator, or the royal priest,
 For whom this Pyramid was raised ? I know not,
 But thou indeed, O Phantom of the Past,
 Couldst all reveal, if thou wouldst stoop to earth,
 And from thy glimmering gloom, and cave of cloud,
 Wouldst straight lay bare the bosom of thy lore.

* * * * *

Beautiful through yon violet veil of clouds,
 The moon, in queenlike splendour, lifts her head,
 Silvering the scene with poesie and love,
 And breathing holy peace into the heart.
 If spirits ever visit earth, methinks
 They would select a moonlit hour like this,
 When all is radiant, still, serene, and sacred,
 And so most like their own fair spirit-spheres.
 But do they visit it ? The heart receives
 Almost without denial, what the brain
 Refuses to accept ; and yet the records
 Of airy visitants from the Land of Shades
 Are all so many, and have had such witnesses,
 That he, indeed, must be locked up in doubts
 Who would deny them. I would rather err
 With those who hold it for a truth, than take
 My place beside the scoffers or the sceptics ;
 For I, too, have had dreams, and thoughts, and visions,
 That are not of the common stock of things,

But savour of another land and lore
Than that in which I mingle : whispers soft
Have glided through mine ear in forest haunts,
And airy strains and songs have steeped my soul
In music that belonged not to this earth ;
And I have heard the Sea itself put forth
Sounds that were not of mortal birth or tone,
But had a melody and solemn speech
Peculiar to themselves ; and on mine eyes
Have glinted in the vesper hour of stars,
Ethereal forms, that flashed in beauty's light,
But spake not, and yet lived, and moved, and breathed ;
And I have *felt* their presence round and through me,
With a strange awe, and chilling of the blood,
And palpable rippling of the startled heart,
That knew not why its pulses beat and beat,
With that mysterious motion. Can I bury
In deep forgetfulness these mystic memories,
Or say they have no meaning ?

Henry tells

A strange, romantic vision which befel
A friend of his in Canada.* She sat
One evening in her garden, richly filled
With apple, peach, and cherry-trees ; the sun
Had set, and purple twilight gleamed around,
And shed its smile subdued on an oak paling
Which fenced the garden ; it was old and broken,
Beautified here and there with shining ivy,
And sloping on until it circled round

* See *Strange Things among us*, a singularly interesting volume,
by H. Spicer, Esq.

A large and fair-branched cherry-tree, the sire
And flower of all the rest ; and here at noon
She loved to sit, and shelter from the sun,
And bury her heart in some old favourite book
Of fiction. Thus it happed she sate, when quick
As though a lance of light shot through her soul,
A sudden impulse made her raise her eyes
From the book she held, and sudden, then, she saw
A gentle girl of seventeen summers, come
With light, but hurried tread, along the paling :
Her robe was loose and rich ; her golden hair
Lay, like a fall of sunbeams through a rift,
Upon her snowy neck and shoulders smooth ;
And in her hand she held her waving dress,
Slightly upraised, which gave a passing glimpse
Of little feet, in red morocco slippers,
Such as were worn some century ago.
And so with rapid foot she reached the tree,
And hastily untwining a blue scarf
Which hung across her shoulders, on a bough
She tied one end, and slipping round her neck
A loop at the other, leaped into the air,
And swang suspended from the fatal branch.
The dazed spectator shrieked and fainted ; fast
As feet could bear them, rushed the household forth,
And so with water from the well, and all
The kindly lovingness of kindred hearts,
They wooed her back to consciousness : she called
Aloud for help, and bade them run with speed,
And from the cherry-tree unbind the girl
Who had thus rashly sought to leap from life

Into the dark oblivion of the dead.
All heard her words, but deemed her senses gone,
For no fair girl was on the bough, to which,
With eye and finger still she turned, and turned,
As one distraught with grief and sore affright.
And so they bare her gently in their arms,
And laid her on her couch to welcome sleep ;
Yet oft and oft she asked, with pitying speech,
After the poor fair suicide, but in vain ;
They knew not of her, nor of what she spake,
But hoped that rest would bring her senses back,
Or would awaken her from this nervous dream.
Thus passed a week, and all was well again ;
But still she vouched the truth of what she saw ;—
So they enquired among the country folk,
If any such fair phantom had been seen ?
But none had heard or witnessed,—till at last
An agèd negress, ninety years or so,
Remembered what had happened in her youth :
A tale—a sorrowful tale of love and death,
And a young girl betrothed to a French lord,
Who swore he loved her dearly ; so she trusted,
And he set sail for France, to win consent
From haughty sire, and still more haughty dame,
To bless their nuptials ; so she looked, and looked,
And longed for his return, but yet he came not,
Nor did he send ; but tidings came at length
That he had wedded in fair France another,
And made a mockery of his past vows.
She spake no word—she shed no tear, but went
From the old lichen covered hall alone

Into the garden ; on her sacred grief
Her gray-haired father bade them not intrude ;
But when they sought her next, they found her dead—
Suspended by her silk blue scarf upon
The cherry-tree ; her small feet almost touched
The sward—and well the negress treasured up
The little incident of the scarlet slippers,
In which those pretty delicate feet were cased.
And underneath this tree they buried her,
Without the rites which holy Mother Church
Religiously bestows on all the wicked,
Save those who rush unbidden before God ;
Yet let us hope her spirit is in heaven,
Though why her Phantom thus was seen that eve,
Hurrying, with wild footstep, to that spot,
Can no man guess ; yet seen, indeed, it was,
If there be truth in woman.

Strange ! that now
This tale should flash upon me with quick life,
Out of the chaos past of many years,
In fair, but spectral vividness and beauty.
But who can solve the mysteries of our being,
Or do aught else but echo the old saw,
That “ we are wondrously and fearfully made ? ”

Throne of our Lord and Father !—starry-gemmed,
Stupendous temple, shrined with grandeur round,
Boundless and far-extending ! for what sin
Is mortal man chained down to lowly earth,
When in his swelling spirit he would rise
And traverse all thy worlds, and view the wonders

Which God profusely scatters? Why does he
Whose aspirations are so like a god's,
Walk amid mire, when in his soul divine
He feels himself a part of the Infinite,
With wishes, feelings, thoughts, exulting dreams,
As boundless as Infinity itself?
How oft this question rushes on my soul—
How weightily it presses. All I see
Of God reveals benevolence to all ;
Yet man is not a happy creature : man
Alone, among all others, restless ever,
Longs for a state which he cannot attain,
So long as he is man : in vain he seeks
In courts, or camps, or stately halls, or cells
Lined with the learning of a thousand minds,
To satisfy the want within him ; never
Can the great chasm be filled : it is as vast,
Nay, it is vaster than this sapphire arch
Of splendours ; and though all the stars themselves
Were set within it, in their infinite zones,
To guide them as it pleased, it still would sigh
For other stars to fill its void immense.

Night, thou art holier, grander far than Day.
Then the sun shines, indeed, and all is beauty,
O'er plain and mountain, garden, and deep sea ;
But this is all : 'tis Night alone reveals
To man how boundless are the works of God,—
How infinite are the worlds He forms and rules,—
With what immutable law He guides, preserves,
And clothes them in immortal fire and light.

And could we soar beyond those shining zones,
What heights we should attain! what mighty homes!—
Perchance the very Thrones of God himself,
Where He sits circled by the paradise gods.
There the divine archangels ever sing
Amid the choir of stars, to heavenly harps,
Whose voice is harmony all pure and perfect.
There where the light outshines the fairest splendour
Of moon and star and sun, though all were blent
Into one gold and silver shedding whole,
Mid flowers celestial, bowers and happy vales,
And pastures blooming ever with rose trees,
And waters hymning sweetly as his voice,
The Heavenly Shepherd to his listening flock
Chants melodies sublime, and pours around
On each and all the loveliness and light
Of everlasting spring with chaplets crowned,
And leads them to the Temple where the Spirit
Of Beautifulness abideth to all time.



A Hymn.

O thou great Being, high enthroned
On thunder, star, and cloud,
To whom, through every ill my soul
In childlike reverence bowed,
I've seen thee in the lightning's flash,
And in the tempest's wrath,

And o'er the foaming ocean's surge
Have traced thy fiery path ;
I've heard thy voice in whirlwinds swift,
And in the cataract's boom,
And from the starlit domes of night
Have watched Thee grandly loom :
Yet winged with wonder as thou wert,
Great Spirit, wheresoe'er
I turned and found thee, still I knew
My soul was all thy care.

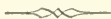
I fed my thoughts on human things,
I bowed in earthly fanes,
On mortal idols fixed my heart,
And walked in gilded chains ;
Yet even in hours when worlds of joy
Seemed grasped within my hand,
I turned to thee, and saw my wealth
So bright—was dust or sand.
I trod the schools, and bathed my soul
In sunshine of the Past,
And treasures rare of olden lore
With mighty toil amassed ;
I paced beneath thy heaven and looked
Aloft from earth with pride,
But found that all that led from Thee
Led only to misguide.

In pleasure's rosy bowers I strayed,
And banquetted at will,

And drained the diamond cups of joy,
That charm the while they kill.
I soiled my star-bright soul with sin,
And plunged in wild excess ;
Yet still I turned to Thee, whose smile
Seemed formed to love and bless.
In proud ambition's lists I rode,
And tilted there with kings,
Yet felt how worthless are the toys
The crowd's applauding brings.
The earthly pomp that round me shone,
The rapturous shout of fame ;—
I looked aloft—one glance at heaven
Deposed them all with shame.

Yet while I owned thy goodness rare,
And even at times would weep
For wanderings past, my headstrong soul
Held all thy mercies cheap.
Blindly and wickedly I walked,
And Earth preferred to Thee,
Nor ever at thy pardoning feet
Bowed down my stubborn knee.
And now when on my soul I gaze,
And turn within my view,
In sadness and remorse I shrink,
Nor dare the glance renew.
Hell boils beneath my troubled breast ;
I tremble and fall down,
And dare not say, Forgive me, Lord !
Nor meet a Father's frown.

Lord, I have sinned, nor worthy am
To call myself thy child ;
The snow-white soul thou gavest me
I yield Thee back defiled.
The spirit blessed by thy right hand,
And formed through heaven to soar,
Is stained with sin, and scarcely dares
Thy mercy, Lord, implore.
Cleanse me in fire ; embathe my soul
In suffering keen and long,—
Till every print be thence effaced
Of human crime and wrong.
But Father, Father, hurl me not
For ever from thy breast ;
But lift once more thine erring child
To see Thee—and be blest.



Hymn.

Yet when, O Lord, o'er earth I look,
And all thy mercies see,
My fainting soul takes strength and hope,
And fondly trusts in Thee.

Thy sunshine clothes the sphere with flowers
To glad man's aching eyes ;
Thy love beams down on him at night
From fond and starry skies.

The golden light of day illumines
His labouring heart with smiles ;
The lark's gay carol cheers his toil,
And weariest thought beguiles.

The forests filled with joyous life,
The ocean vast, the air,
Show that thy wide and boundless love
Is busy every where.

The tiny wren his bliss proclaims
In chirpings short and sweet ;
The lark soars upward to thy thrones
Thy morning smile to greet.

The summer insects sing all day
Amid their leafy homes ;
The fishes gambol gladly through
The ocean's silver foams.

This world of ours—those worlds around,
Where'er our eyes extend,—
Proclaim that wondrous love of thine,
That knows no bound or end.

And oh ! shall Man, thy last and best
Creation, only be
Exempt from that embracing love
That ever flows from Thee ?

The Poet's Dying Wish.

Bury me by the sea—the sounding sea,
Whose blue bright waters I so loved on earth,—
Beside whose rippling waves at early morn,
When the white plumèd steeds whose eyes flashed light
Bore the fair Goddess of the Dawn on high,
I loved to wander and to muse in silence,—
Beside whose purpling billow, when the West
Was all ablaze with gold, with rosy pictures,
With scenes more beautiful than Claude e'er saw.
I lay outstretched with the Apocalypse,
That map of mysteries sublime and awful,
And soared with it into ethereal realms ;
And watched the first fair gleaming of the stars,
Or the thin crescent moon, when she came forth
In virgin light and beauty, like a child
Of God who walked amid the heavenly plains,
So pure, so mild, so beautiful, so calm.
Yes—by these waters I would fain repose,
Far from the noise of towns. To me it were
No gladness in my dying dream to think
That I should rest amid the rank black dust
Of old Westminster, though that dust is formed
Of the famed dead who lie beneath its towers ;
Nor would I have those atoms which have made
Mine earthly tenement to dissolve away
Amid the damp, the cobwebs, the pent up
And prison-like cloister of that storied pile ;
No—let me lie alone, near those great waves,

That are the voice of God,—near those green downs,
On which the sunlight and the shadow falls
In beauty intermingled, like the grave
And lively melodies of some grand song
By the musician framed,—on which the lark
Soars high to heaven, and sings his rapturous lay,
While the free winds that are as free as freedom,
And therein like my soul, sweep o'er the heath
Of purpling bud, and thyme, and golden gorse,
And harebell, and anemonè, and violet,
Cowslip and primrose, and the sweet blue bell.
Over my lowly grave with thick short grass,
Let the thrush wake his luscious note at dawn,
And the shy blackbird pour his dulcet strain,
While still and still, and still for ever breaks
The billow on the distant shore,—in light,
In darkness, in the soft bright hour of summer,
And in the winter when the storm is strong.
Howe'er it breaks, in sweetness or in thunder,
Methinks it speaks the voice of a living God.
Bury me in this place ; there let me rest
In the clear open air without a tomb,
Without a marble, under the green turf ;
And scatter a few seeds within the mould,
To shed their beauty o'er me as I sleep,
And woo the bird or bee to visit my grave.



Advice to Bad Poets.*

Blessings descend on the tomb of Al-Hassan,
 Son of the Sun and Moon, Lord of Khorassan ;
 He was the Critic of Critics, and never
 Walked on this earth one in judgment so clever.
 Hear how he managed the great Bard Hil-Ali
 By a most witty and sultan-like sally.

*Blessings upon thee, thou Caliph of Floggers,
 Scornor of scribblers and mere pettifoggers,
 Hater of sycophants, wheedlers, and coggers,*
 Thou couldst make mighty the slowest of joggers.*

Ali craved audience one day of this Caliph,
 Hoping to carry off Phœbus's bay leaf.
 In he was ushered ; and saw him reclining
 High on his throne, and in emeralds shining.
 Come and sit by me,—so Hassan commanded ;
 Up to the throne itself Ali was handed.

*There he sat down by this Monarch of Floggers,
 Envied, I ween, by the courtiers and coggers ;
 All the slow-coaches and crawlers and joggers
 Hissed in their hearts at him like pettifoggers.*

* The anecdote on which these verses are founded is related by Mir-Mohammed Taki, a celebrated Indian writer, who lived under the Mogul Emperor, Shah-Allum, son of Aurengzebe.

† Cogger, a wheedler, a flatterer.

“ Now then, begin,” says the Caliph, and straightway
Through a vast Epic our Bard made a great way ;
As he read on, it appeared not a single
New thought was in it——’twas nothing but jingle ;
Metaphor, episode, trope, were all stolen ;
Turgid the thought, and the language was swollen.

*Great was the rage of this Monarch of Floggers ;
Huge was the joy of the courtiers and coggers.
Ali went on, but his steeds proved slow joggers,
And his Nine Muses were mere pettifoggers.*

“ Wretch !” roared Al-Hassan, “ for this your bravado,
Suffer you shall ”—and he called Bastinado :
“ Whip him, and whop him, and slash him with rigour ;”—
Ali was wallopped as black as a nigger.
Vainly, though loudly, he called on the Prophet—
He might as well have called Satan from Tophet.

*Whip him and whop him, most Potent of Floggers,
His be a lesson to all pettifoggers,
Ne’er to come here with their slow-pacing joggers ;—
‘ Beautiful !* beautiful !’ shouted the coggers. . .*

When the unfortunate Minstrel recovered,
Then, for the first time, it seems he discovered
That his great Epic was dull as ditch-water,
And that himself had committed Muse-slaughter :
Down on his knees he fell, gratefully thanking
Hassan for curing him of mountebanking.

* “ *Belli! belli!*”—the Oriental exclamation of delight.

*“ Glory and praise to thee, Caliph of Floggers,
For having cured me before all these coggers :
I should have lived and died with pettifoggers,
If you had not thus belaboured my joggers.”*

Off went our humble-pie hero to Djami,
Who, in those days, among Bards was most gamey,
Crowned with the greenest and splendidest laurels
(This they all owned in their drunkennest quarrels),
Djami received the poor devil, and sheltered,
Though every muscle with agony weltered.

*So you have come from the Caliph of Floggers,
He who delights in his wheedlers and coggers ;
Tarry with me, and I'll make all these joggers,
Class you no longer with vile pettifoggers.*

Seven long years under Djami he studied,
Clearing his brains of the trash that bemuddled ;
Seven more years in the forests and mountains
Lived he with Nature, and from her sweet fountains
Drew inspiration, entirely ignoring
Figures and tropes, that set all people snoring.

*Then he went back to the Caliph of Floggers,
Filled with contempt for all dunces and joggers,
Anxious to prove to pimps, courtiers, and coggers,
They could no more rank him with pettifoggers.*

Audience again he demanded—and got it :
All of them thought him a booby besotted.
“ Come and sit by me,” says Hassan ; and Ali
Mounted the jewelled throne briskly and gaily.

“Read!” says the Caliph; and Ali, like lightning,
Opened the book, with his features all brightening.

*So he read on for this Monarch of Floggers—
Mute and dumbfounded were courtiers and coggers :
All the dull plodders and base pettifoggers
Owned that the Bard's steeds no longer were joggers.*

“Bring me,” says Hassan, “a right royal garment—
He shall no longer be dressed like mere varmint ;
Bring me a diadem, jewelled and golden ;
Bring me a handful of purses, all holding
Guineas in thousands ; and daily, my baillie,
You shall dine with me,” says Hassan to Ali.

*“Blessings upon thee, thou Monarch of Floggers !”
Bawled out the sycophants, courtiers, and coggers ;
Down on their knees, fell the base pettifoggers ;
Down on their faces the dullards and joggers.*

“Gentlemen all,” says Al-Hassan, “take warning
By what you’ve heard and have witnessed this morning ;
Know that I’ve horsewhips for dunces and blockheads,
But that for scholars I empty my pockets.
Therefore, let none bring his Epics to Hassan,
Unless they’re worthy of me and Khorassan.

*Blessings upon thee, thou Monarch of Floggers !
Long live all sycophants, courtiers, and coggers ;
Scores of good dinners be yours, pettifoggers ;
Bards, keep aloof, if your steeds are but joggers.*



Inacxcontique.

Bring us the purple liquid
Of sweetly smiling wine,
And bring us cups, and crown them
With clustered leaves of vine.
The grape alone the passions
Of wild youth can assuage,
And shed a charming lustre
O'er the miseries of age.

The wine it sparkles brightly,
As shines the sun in June ;
The silver goblet glitters,
As beams the gentle moon.
Fill up the silver goblet—
It and the wine shall be
Like sun and moon commingling,
And shining gloriously.

As thus we scatter round us
The glowing sparks of wine,
We seem like brave enchanters,
Of some ethereal line.
If roses fade in winter,
No care corrodes our souls,
A thousand liquid roses
Float in our silver bowls.

The nightingale sings sweetly,
But when she flies away,

Our clinking cups breathe music
Sweet as her sweetest lay ;
Hence with lament or sadness,
Let sorrow's voice be mute ;
Or should it wander hither,
We'll drown it in the lute.

Sleep sits upon our eyelids,
Like some refreshing dew,
Fill up the magic goblet,
And court kind sleep anew.
Delightful is the madness,
From brimming bowls that flows,
And blest the sweet oblivion
Of life's unending woes.

Renew our crystal beakers,
With rosy wine once more,
And bring us flowery chaplets,
Like those we had before ;
If wine-cups be forbidden,
Or lawful, what care we ?
We'll revel until daybreak,
In wild and Bacchant glee.



Anacreontique.

Fill, fill all your glasses,
Pass the bright liquid around,

In the depths of the foaming cup,
The pearls of true pleasure are found :
Ne'er on a meeting like this,
Gloom or his minions frowned.

As the broad ocean sparkles,
When the beams of the west,
Like orient jewels of light,
On his blue bosom rest,
So wine—sunny wine,
Brightens and cheers up the breast.

See !—see how it blushes !
Like a nymph whose fond face glows
With a purple light, when Pan
Wakes her from sweet repose ;
Or the golden Venus of old,
When from the billows she rose.



A Sketch.

Thou who in soul art false and black as hell,
From whose rank heart a hydra breathing pest
Is seen to issue daily, when thou speakest ;
Whose eyes are luminous with a viper glare ;
Whose very face is scurvied by the rank
And fetid blood that is thy being's life,
Thou wonderest that I am not like thyself—

That I can pierce beneath thy lying mask
 And domino of deceit, and look within
 Thy cavernous soul, and see, in slime coiled up,
 Thy serpent-nature ; watch its horrid fangs ;
 Behold its treacherous gaze and thought malign—
 Its venom-loving, venom-breathing maw.
 Know that to *me* God hath an instinct given,
 Which makes me at a glance discern the vile,
 The base, the false, the horrible like thee ;
 That by an impulse, fresh from heaven itself,
 I know whom I may trust, and whom detest ;
 Therefore I loathe thee utterly—not as man,
 But as an adder wearing human shape ;
 And while I loathe, I pity, for what sight
 Can be more pitiful than a living soul
 Which, for the Devil's wages, leaves its God.



Ballade,

*Wherein ye authorre describeth ye contention betweene ye Winde
 and hys prettie maide KATHARINE.*

“*Εἰθ ἀνεμος γενοίμην.*”—*Dionysius ye Sophiste.*

“Oh ! that I were ye winde !”

Ye Poet by
 hys fireside
 giveth a mes-
 sage to pret-
 tie Kate,

T' other daye whyle I satte
 By y^e fire, with my catte,
 I resolved from some new book of humour to
 guzzle wit :

So sending off straight
 My maide, pretty Kate,
 I told her to buy Boz's book—"Martin
 Chuzzlewit."

II.

Who goeth,
 but in her
 hurry forget-
 teth her
 shawl.

She curtseyed and blushed,
 But while downe stairs she rushed,
 Scarcely waiting—the Siren—to pin up her
 bussel-bit,
 She suddenlie thought
 That her shawl she had not ;
 And without it she could not step out to
 buye Chuzzlewit.

III.

Ye Wynde
 rumpleth her
 ringlets and
 snowie
 breaste.

For just then y^e Winde,
 To be free was inclined,
 And leapt into her bright haire, determined
 to hustle it,
 And kissed her white breaste,
 Where *you* might see tressed
*Locks,** fairer than any in old Martin
 Chuzzlewit.

IV.

Prettie Kate
 thereupon
 accosteth y^e
 wild rake y^e
 Winde.

Says *my* Kathleen oge,†
 To y^e Winde—"Stop, you rogue !
 There !—see !—my fine, beautiful hair, how
 you rustle it !

* See advertisement—"A *Key* to the Whole House of Chuzzlewit."

† Young Katharine.

If this is the way,
 That you treat me thys daye,
 As I hope to be kissed, I'll not buye Martin
 Chuzzlewit.

V.

Prettie Kate
 waxeth
 warm,

“Where's y^e good, let me know,
 Of treating me so ?
 Would you pull off my gowne, that in thys
 waye you tussel it ?
 My masterre may wait,
 But, indeed, sure as fate,
 If you will not leave off, I'll not fetch Martin
 Chuzzlewit.

VI.

And scoldeth
 y^e Winde for
 stopping
 prettie girls.

“I vow and declare,
 You're as rude as a bear ;
 But if I were y^e Queene of y^e Winde, I
 would muzzle it,
 Nor let it thus stay,
 Prettie girls on their way,
 To wink at the men—and to buye Martin
 Chuzzlewit.

VII.

Kate return-
 ing, giveth
 y^e Poet a
 sweete kiss.

“Now, *won't* you give o'er ?
 Well, I'll ask you no more ;
 If I had y^e patience of Job, you would puzzle
 it,”——
 So back came y^e jade,
 With a sweet smile, that played
 Like a starre in her face—and made *me*
 forget Chuzzlewit.

Ye fourteenth daye of February, A.D. 1843.

The Three Wobbes.*

Once as in my youth I wandered,
 Dreaming dreamily amid
 Forests wild, Arcadian gardens,
 Vales in which the Nymphs lay hid
 By the silver-flashing waters,
 Gleaming in the sunlight fair;
 From my dream I was awakened
 By a howl that pierced the air :
 Wille, wau, wau, wau, wau !
 Wille, woh, woh, woh, woh !
 Whit to whoo ! whit to whoo ! woh !

Turning round, I saw three monsters—
 Wolves they were in human shape :
 Famine in their fire-red eyelids,
 And their rabid maws agape.
 From their fangs a horrid slaver
 Dripped in Acherontian dews,
 Something like the fetid venom
 Of three very foul reviews.*
 Wille, wau, wau, wau, wau !
 Wille, woh, woh, woh, woh !
 Whit to, whoo ! whit to whoo ! woh !

* *Saturday Review*, *Weekly Dispatch*, *Weekly Review*: three journals whose editors, departing from all fair criticism, did not hesitate to publish absolute falsehoods relative to the author's *New Pantomime*.

As I faced these beastly creatures,
 With my only sword, a pen,
 I could hear the owls and ravens
 Urge them onward from their den.
 On they came, as though to crunch me,
 At my heart and throat they sprang,
 Calling on the Devil to aid them ;—
 Quick he came and bagged the gang.
Wille, wau, wau, wau, wau !
Wille, woh, woh, woh, woh !
Whit to whoo ! whit to whoo ! woh !



Nursery Rhymes.

Little black Bob
 Was a desperate snob—
 His tongue was as sooty as grandmother's hob ;
 But the brain that he had
 Was so hopelessly bad,
 There wasn't in Bedlam one equally mad.



Little Robin Redbreast,
 Come in from the cold,
 You shall have a silver bed,
 And a dish of gold ;

White bread and new bread,
And sugar from the East—
Won't these make my little bird
A very dainty feast?

Oliver Cromwell he had a big nose,
As large as a parsnip, as red as a rose ;
And he cut off the head of King Charles the First,
Which no other man but brave Coppernose durst.

Did you hear what happened unto naughty master Bob ?
He stole into our orchard the apple-trees to rob,
But our dog Tommy caught him by the tail,—
Up came the constable, and lugged him off to jail.

There was a little fish,
And he had a little dish,
And he swam all about in the sea,
Saying, is there no one willing,
To give a little shilling,
To a pretty little fish like me ?
Now there was a big blue shark,
That lay dreaming in the dark,

And the little fish waked the fellow up ;
So he got into a passion,
As with sharks is the fashion,
And he swallowed him down at a sup.

I went to the wood,
And caught a Raven,
Looking as grave
As a monk new shaven :
“ Raven, raven,
Where is your home ? ”—
“ Sir,” says he,
“ I’m the Pope of Rome.”

There was a Man,
He took his knife,
And he said to a lady—
“ Will *you* be my wife ?
For if you wo’nt,
I’ll have your life ”—
“ Sir,” says she,
“ I’ll be your wife.”

Little Jack Snipe,
He found some tripe,
And didn’t know how to cook it,—
So a cat came up,
And gobbled it up,
Saying, “ *That’s* the way *I* cook it.”

George the Fourth was a king very fine,
He loved the best of meat and wine ;
But now he's buried in Windsor grave,
And no more meat or wine can have,
Poor fellow !

" Where are you going, sweet Brian O'Linn ?"
Said he, " I'm going to drink some gin."
Then his wife got up, and she took a big pin,
And stuck it in the nose of poor Brian O'Linn.

" What are you doing, my ducky?" says he ;
" I'm drinking some rum with my coffee," says she.
Then Brian got up, and he spilled all the rum,
And tweaked her long nose with his finger and thumb.

Brian O'Linn, he bought a pig's tail,
And sent out his wife for a pot of good ale ;
But his wife, she drank the ale on the way,
And didn't come back to poor Brian all day.

Then Brian got into a thundering rage,
He danced about like a bear in his cage ;
And he took his razor, and grabbed up his wife,
And cut off her nose for the rest of her life.

TRANSLATIONS.

Hurd Ellen.

My darling Nell, whose face is a bow'r,
Where a million blush-roses bud up every hour .
Walked forth with a choir of maidens, to pull
A garland of roses most beautiful.

As lilies, as roses, that fair hands twine,
Brighter than other buds breathe and shine,
So looked my Nell in that golden noon—
They were but stars, but she the moon.

Cupid arch in that garden lay hid,
Nestled beneath a hyacinth's lid ;
As I gazed in her eyes, he shot his shaft—
It pierced, and the urchin fled off and laughed.

Since that dear hour our hearts have grown
Together, and nought but love have known ;
Though the roses she plucked most flowers excel.
Yet I have a fairer than all—my Nell.



Ἀνθεα καλὰ λέγουσα φιλομμειδῆς Ἀριαδνα
Βη διὰ λειμώνων πρωΐνος ειαρικῶν,
Ἀλλαις σὺν πολλαῖσι, μετέπρεπε δ' ἔξοχα πασέων
Ὡς Ἴον εἰν ἄλλοις ἄνθεσιν ηε ῥόδον.
Εἶδον ἐγὼ κουρας ἐλικωπιδας, εἶδεν ἐμ' αὐτον,
Ῥίμφα δ' ἐς ἥτορ ἐμὸν τοξα τιταινεν Ερωσ.
Ανθεα λεξ' Αρίαδνα, ἐγὼ δε φιλην Ἀριάδνην
Καλλιστον πασης ἄνθος ὀμηλικης.

"ΗΔΥ ΠΥΡΓ' "ΥΔΕΟΝ.

α.

Βαδίζων ἄρτι ἡματι θέρινῳ
 Παρ' ὕχθας κρηνῆς μελανύδρου,
 Ἐχαιρον ἰδὼν κάλλει ἑαρινῳ
 Κήπους στίλβοντας Πυργ'-"Υδεου.
 Ἐνταῦθ' ἀκούσσαι ὄρνεις μέλποντας,
 Τρήρωνος ὠδὴν καὶ κορακίου,
 Ἀμνούς τ' ἐπόψαι ἀθύροντας—
 Κόσμημα μέγα Πυργ'-"Υδεου.

β.

"Ηρωες εἴπερ χώρων πλώοιεν
 Ἐξ ἀλλοθρόων εἰς τό νησίδιον,
 Νάπαισι ταῖσδ' ἄν εἰλαπινάζοιεν,
 "Ημέτεροι ὥς γέ πρότερον·
 Τῇσδ' οἰκίας πνεῦμ' ὕγιεινόν
 Πραπίδεςσιν ἄν ἀρέσκοι σοῦ,
 Ἴμερόεν πᾶν τ' ἐστ' ἐρατεινόν,
 Ἀμφ' ἄλσεα τὰ Πυργ'-"Υδεου.

γ.

Ἐν λίμνῃ ἴσταται ναὸς τὰς ψυχὰς
 Ἑγεμόνων σώζων, ἄλλα πρὸς
 Θεοὺς οὐδέποτε λέγουσιν εὐχὰς,
 Πύργος γὰρ ἐστὶ τούτων οὐρανός·

Sweet Castle Hyde.

1.

As I roved out on a summer's morning,
 Down by the banks of Blackwater side,
 To view the groves and meadows charming,
 And pleasant gardens of Castle Hyde.
 It is there you will hear the thrushes warbling,
 The dove and partridge I now describe,
 The lambkins sporting each night and morning
 All to adorn sweet Castle Hyde.

2.

If noble princes from foreign places
 Should chance to sail to this Irish shore,
 It is in this valley they could be feasted
 As often heroes had done before.
 The wholesome air of this habitation
 Would recreate your heart with pride ;
 There is no valley throughout this nation
 With beauty equal to Castle Hyde.

3.

There's a church for service in this fine harbour,
 Where nobles often in their coaches ride
 To view the streams and pleasant gardens
 That do adorn sweet Castle Hyde.

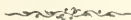
Βόες καὶ εἰσὶν, ταύροι τε χ' ἵπποι,
 Ἔστ' ἀλώπηξι ἄντρον δῆπου,
 Ὅϊες εὐμαλλοι, ὄνοι καὶ πίπποι
 Ἐν ταῖς ἄρουραῖς Πυργ'—Υἔδευ.

δ.

Τούτοισι δρυμοῖς ἀνθων ἀνασσα
 Ῥοδον ζήλοει τὸ λείριον,
 Ὁ κόσμος εὐρὺς καὶ Ἱερνα πᾶσα,
 Οὐκ ἔχει χῶρον εὐφορωτερον.
 Ἐλαφοι τε καὶ αἰετοι παίζουσι
 Σὺν ἀλώπηξι πὰρα ποταμῷ,
 Ἰχθύες πολλοὶ καὶ πεσσεύουσι
 Καλῶσι ροῶσ' ἐν Πυργ'—Υἔδεω.

ε.

Βλαρνηᾶς ὕλαι καὶ Βαλλη-Κενεάλη,
 Καὶ Θωμας-ἄστν τὸ ἰλαρὸν,
 Ραθκόρμακος, φίλη τ' Αββή-φεαλη,
 Θαμὰ μεῦ κραδίην ἐβάσκανον.
 Ἐώρακα τοῦ Σεννανοῦ ροὰς,
 Βαρροῦ ρέεθρα, καὶ Βρυδεοῦ,
 Ἄλλ' οὐδαμ' ὄψομαι ρέεθρ' ἢ πόας,
 Ὅμοια τοῖσι Πυργ'—Υἔδεοῦ.



There is fine horses and stall-fed oxen
And a den for foxes to play and hide,—
Fine mares for breeding, and foreign sheeping,
And snowy fleeces in Castle Hyde.

4.

The richest groves in this Irish nation
In fine plantations you'll find them there,
The rose, and tulip, and fine carnation,
All vie with the lily fair.
The buck, the doe, the fox, the eagle,
Do skip and play by the river side ;
The trout and salmon they play back-gammon
In those clear streams of Castle Hyde.

5.

I rode from Blarney to Bally-Kenealy,
To Thomastown and sweet Doneraile,
To sweet Kilshannock and gay Rathcornick,
Besides Killarney and Abbey-fail,
The river Shannon and pleasant Boyne,
The flowing Barrow and rapid Bride ;
But in all my ranging and serenading,
I saw no equal to Castle Hyde.



ἌΝΑΞ ΤΩΝ ἈΝΘΡΩΠΟΦΑΓΩΝ ΝΗΣΩΝ.

α.

Ἦκουσατ' οὖν Φίλοι φήμην,
 Ἠγεμόνος περὶ πρώην,
 Λέγω μέγαν τὸν δεσπότην
 Τῶν Ἀνθρωποφαγῶν Νῆσων ;
 Ἐξαποδος τῷ ὕψει ἦν,
 Διάβολῳ ἰκέλος κεφαλὴν,
 Τὸ βασίλειον μεγ' οὐ θῆν,
 Τέτυκτο πηλῶ ναὶ μὰ Ζῆν'—
 Ἦν ὄνομα Ποσνούγκαοῦανγ,
 Φλίββεδη Φλόββεδη Βύσκη Βάνγ,
 Λαοὶ δὲ κτείνειν ὁμοσάν
 Ἄνακτ' Ἀνθρωποφαγῶν Νῆσων.

ΧΟΡΟΣ.

Ὡκὴ πώκῃ υἴγγῃ φύμ,
 Πυττὴ πω πη καίβυλα κύμ,
 Τογγαρὴ, οὐαγγρὴ, χιγγρὴ, γύμ,
 Ἄναξ Ἀνθρωποφαγῶν Νῆσων.

β.

Τύραννος οὗτος γυναικας
 Εἶχ' ἐβδομήκοντα μελαίνας,
 Νύμφας καλὰς καὶ τριακὰς,
 Τῶν Ἀνθρωποφαγῶν Νησῶν.
 Γυναικῶν ὁμίλια πᾶσα
 Ἐκατὸν τοίνυν ἦν ἅμα,

The King of the Cannibal Islands.

1.

Oh! have you heard the news of late,
 About a mighty King so great?—
 If you have not, 'tis in my pate,
 The King of the Cannibal Islands.
 He was so tall, near six feet six,
 He had a head like Mister Nick's,
 His palace was like Dirty Dick's,
 'Twas built of mud for want of bricks,
 And his name was Poonoowinkeewang,
 Flibeetdee, Flobeetdee, Buskeebang,
 And a lot of Indians swore they'd hang
 The King of the Cannibal Islands.

CHORUS.

Hookeet pooket wingkeet fum,
 Puttee po pee kaibula cum,
 Tongaree, wongaree, ching ree wum,
 The King of the Cannibal Islands.

2.

This mighty King had in one hut
 Seventy wives as black as soot,
 And thirty of a double smut,
 The King of the Cannibal Islands.—
 So just one hundred wives he had,
 And every week he was a dad,—

Καθ' ἡμέραν θ' ἡγεμόνα
 Κλυτὸν ποιήσαν πατέρα·
 "Υγγη-Μυγγῇ καὶ Χήχως,
 Καλλίσφυρος Τυζζημυζζηως,
 "Ομοσάν αὐτὰς ἔξειν ὄλως
 "Ανακτ' Ἀνθρωποφαγων Νησῶν·

γ.

Ποτ' ἐπὶ δαῖτ' κλυτὸς ἄναξ
 Λαοῦς κέκλεθ', ὁ γὰρ δόναξ
 Θανάτου, κόρας ἐτάραξ'
 'Εν δόμοις Ἀνθρωποφαγων Νησῶν·
 Γυναικῶν ὄχλος μέγας ἦν
 Πάρ' Ἑκάτην, καὶ Αἶδην,
 Τὸ λοιπὸν ἀρκέσει ἐμὴν
 Χρείαν—φάγειν νεκροῦς δὲ χοῆν·
 "Ως εἶπ' ὀτρύνων ἡγεμόνας
 "Οπτησαὶ καὶ φάγειν νύμφας,
 "Εθελεν δ' ἔχειν ἀρχὸς πᾶς
 "Ανακτ' Ἀνθρωποφαγων Νησῶν·

δ.

"Οτ' ἔτραγον τὰ ὅσ τεα,
 "Ηρξαντο τοῦ χόρου τάχα,
 Γυναῖκες ἔχαδον ἰδιὰ,
 Τῷ τῶν Ἀνθρωποφαγων Νησῶν·
 Περιστρέφων, καὶ ὄμιλους
 Οὐ λείσσω, ὥς λυσσώδης βοῦς
 Μέμυκε, καὶ διὰ τοίχους
 Πήλινους αὐτίκ' ἐνόρους—

Upon my word it was too bad,
For his smutty dears soon drove him mad :
There was Hungkee Mungkee short and tall,
With Tuzzee Muzzee and Keeko Poll,
And some of them swore they would have all
The King of the Cannibal Islands.

3.

One day this King invited most
Of all his subjects to a roast,
For half his wives gave up the ghost,
The King of the Cannibal Islands.
Of fifty wives he was bereft,
And so he had but fifty left,
He said with them he would make shift,
So for a gorge all set off swift,
The fifty dead ones were roasted soon,
And all demolished before the noon,
And a lot of chiefs vowed to have soon
The King of the Cannibal Islands.

4.

When they had done, and bones picked clean,
They all began to dance I ween,
The fifty wives slipped out unseen
From the King of the Cannibal Islands.
He turning round, soon missed them all,
So for his wives began to bawl,
But not one answered to his call ;
He sprang out through the muddy wall.

Ἐς ἄλσεα σκιόεντ' εὐθὺ
 Τρέχει θ' εὖρε κόρας—φευ ! φευ !
 Ἀρχοῦς φιλοῦντας μαλά εὖ—
 Ἄναξ Ἀνθρωποφαγων Νῆσων.

ε.

Ἐκάλει αἶψα φύλακας,
 Κολάζειν θέλων ἁμαρτίας,
 Ἀρχοῦς ἐναίρειν καὶ κόρας
 Τῶν Ἀνθρωποφαγων Νῆσων.
 Τράχηλοκοπεῖν οἱ ἄγριοι
 Ἦρξαν μὲν Ἀνθρωποφαγοι,
 Ἄναξ βοαει, ὦ πόποι
 Κωμῳδία αὕτη ἐστ' ἔμοι.
 Ἐξ οὐ χρόνου παννυχίη,
 Νέρτεροι τῶν ἐν Αἴδῃ,
 Διάπεδουσι ἐν κλινῇ
 Ἄνακτ' Ἀνθρωποφαγων Νησῶν.



ΒΑΡΝΕΟΥ ΒΡΑΔΛΑΓΑΝΗΣ ΕΡΑΣΙΜΟΛΠΗ.

α.

Λέγεται ποτ' ἐν ὥραις
 Μεσονυκτίοις πρωῒ,
 Τις Ἰβερνικὸς παῖς
 Ἐν ὕψῳ τέ καὶ πνοῇ,
 Ἰούδην Καλλαγανην
 Ὑμνήσ', (εἴως ὅς ἔστη
 Πάρα θυρέων δὴν)
 Μελωδὴν τῇ κάλλιστῃ—

Then into the woods he went with grief,
 And found each queen along with a chief,
 He swore he'd Macadamize every thief,
 The King of the Cannibal Islands.

5.

He sent for all his guards with knives,
 To put an end to all their lives,
 The fifty chiefs and fifty wives
 Of the King of the Cannibal Islands.
 These cannibal slaves at once begun
 Carving their heads off one by one,
 And the King he laughed to see the fun,
 Then jumped into bed when all was done ;
 And every night when he's asleep,
 His headless wives and chiefs all creep
 And roll upon him in a heap—
 The King of the Cannibal Islands.



Barney Brallaghan's Courtship.

1.

'Twas on a windy night
 At two o'clock in the morning,
 An Irish lad so tight,
 All wind and weather scorning,
 At Judy Callaghan's door
 Sitting upon the palings,
 His love tale did pour ;
 And this was part of his wailings :

Ἰούδη !

Με γαμήσειν λέγε,
 Καὶ καταφρόνει μὴ—
 Πάθος γὰρ ἐστὶ μέγα.

β.

Ἰούδη μ' ἄκουε—
 Σὺ γ' εἶ Κύθερεια,
 Φάθι με φιλεῖν σέ,
 Ἔσο καὶ μὴ τράχεια·
 Ἐν λέχει ἀσκητῶ
 Εὐδεις, ῥέγκων ἐπὶ νῶτα,
 Δύσμορος δὴ λέγω
 Σοὶ ἐμὸν ἔρωτα.
 Ἰούδη ! κ. τ. λ.

γ.

Ἔχω σῦς ἐννέα γ' οὔν,
 Ἄρκτον λασιαύχενα τ' ἄρτι,
 Ἔχω καὶ ποικίλην βοῦν,
 Ταύρου ἐμοῦ δάμαρτα.
 Ὀνον τ' ἔχω γλαυκὴν,
 Βέλτιστην ὄνῶν ἐν νήσῳ,
 Θύρας ἀνοιγε, καὶ μὴν
 Ἔωθεν σε γαμήσω·
 Ἰούδη ! κ. τ. λ.

δ.

Σαββατῶ πῖλινον
 Ἔχω, καὶ Θωμ'-αἴλουρον,
 Τυφλὸν καὶ γερόντικον
 Μυῶν ἄλλ' ἔξοχον οὔρον·

Only say
You'll have Barney Brallaghan ;
Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

2.

Oh ! list to what I say ;
Charms you've got like Venius ;
Own your love—you may,
There's only the wall between us.
You lie fast asleep,
Snug in bed and snoring ;
Round the house I creep,
Your hard heart imploring.
Only say, &c.

3.

I've got nine pigs and a sow,
I've got a sty to sleep 'em,—
A calf and a brindled cow,
And got a cabin to keep 'em ;
Sunday hose and coat,
An old gray ass to ride on,
Saddle and bridle to boot,
Which you may sit astride on.
Only say, &c.

4.

I've got a Sunday hat,
Little the worse for wearing ;
I've got an old tom cat,
Through one eye he's staring ;

Σὺ γὰρ φίλοινοσ εἶ,
 Οἶνον ἔχω καὶ λύρην,
 Ἑδυμελη—ἀλλὰ δει
 Αὐλητου ἄπτειν νευρήν.
 Ἰούδη! κ. τ. λ.

ε.

Πέλεθρον ἔχω ἐν γῇ,
 Καυλῶν τὲ μαλ' ὑψηλον
 Καρπόν, ἂν τίς εθελῇ
 Κουραῖς Χίνησιον μῆλον.
 Δακτύλιον τέ γαμφ
 Ἔχω, τ' ἥδυν ποθήνουν,
 Ἐννῆν ἐν θάλαμῳ,
 Βακτήριον τὲ δρύϊνον.
 Ἰούδη! κ. τ. λ.

ζ.

Σοὶ πόδες εἰσι καλοὶ,
 Στίλβει ὥς ἀστήρ ὄμμα,
 Κύπρις ἦν εἰκέλη σοι—
 ὦ Ζεῦ μέλ' ἐστί στόμα.
 Πάροικῶν τις γε σὲ
 Νέαν τέ καὶ ξανθὴν κάλει,
 Τέρψις δ' ἐνφραίνει μὲ
 Ὅτ' ὁξὺ γλῶσσα λάλει.
 Ἰούδη! κ. τ. λ.

η.

Ποιῆσαι ἄλοχον οὖν
 Ἰούδη σ' ἐμὴν ἰμείρω,
 Φευ! μάραινω τὸν νοῦν,
 Δίαβολος εἷς ὀνείρω·

I've got some gooseberry wine,
The trees had got no riper on ;
I've got a fiddle fine,
Which only wants a piper on.
Only say, &c.

5.

I've got an acre of ground,
I've got it set with praties,
I've got of 'baccy a pound,
And bought some tea for the ladies ;
I've got the ring to wed,
Potheen to make us gaily,
A mattress, feather bed,
And a handsome new shilalah.
Only say, &c.

6.

Your neck and legs are white,
Your eyes like the stars are shining,
You look like Venus bright,
There's honey your lips divine in.
You've got a tongue of your own,
As sweet as a Poet's rhyming,
The neighbours let you alone,
For fear they'd hear it chiming.
Only say, &c.

7.

For a wife till death
I am willing to take ye—
But och ! I waste my breath,
The divil himself can't wake ye ;

Ἄρχεται νῦν ὕειν,
 Βροχὴ ψύχει φιλότητα,
 Δεῖ Βραλλαγανην φεύγειν,
 Ἄχθεται σοὶ μέν δῆτα·
 Ἰούδη!
 Με γαμήσειν λέγε,
 Καὶ κατάφρόνει μὴ—
 Πάθος γὰρ ἐστὶ μέγα·



ΕΣΤΙΑ ΠΕΡΙ ΝΕΚΡΟΥ ΡΩΙΔΕΟΣ.

α.

Ἐν Ἐβλάνῃ δόξης καὶ πλοῦτων τῇ πόλει,
 Ἐθαν' ἰχθυοπώλης γένω Ρώιδει,
 Γείτονες δ' ὀλόλυξαν καὶ ἔβήσαν ἅμα
 Παραπέμπειν πρὸς τάφον τὸν τεθνηῶτα.

Ἠνίοχος Δόγερτίαδης αὐτίκα ἐκάλειτο· Κλυθὶ μεν
 ὦ Δόγερτίαδη ἵπποδάμε, Δίε φίλε, ἡμᾶς καὶ
 δίφρηλατει πρὸς ἐστίαν ὑπὲρ νεκροῦ τοῦ φιλατου
 Ρώιδεος· ναὶ μὴ Ζῆνα ὥς τέθνηκε δει ἡμῶν τὸν
 νεκρον περικλυτὸν ἐπίσκοπειν· ἄλλως γάρ ἄχθησεται·
 δίφρηλατει οὖν ὦ γάθε—

Δέσποιναν Δηλήνην, νύμφην τὲ καὶ Δῶ,
 Δέσποιναν καὶ Βλήνην σὺν τῷ Φηγῆνῳ,
 Ὑπὲρ νεκροῦ αὐτοῦ βοᾶειν ὦ! ὦ!

β.

Ἰμάτιους καλοῦς ἐπιειμένοι,
 Φολκὸς νύμφη Δῶ καὶ ἄλλοι τὲ πτωχοὶ,
 Κλισίην ἀφίκοντ' ἐν ᾧ Ρώιδης
 Κεῖτο — θύρας τ' ἤραττε Δόγερτίαδης·

'Tis just beginning to rain,
 So I'll get under cover,—
 I'll come to-morrow again,
 And be your constant lover.
 Only say
 You'll have Barney Brallaghan ;
 Don't say nay,
 Charming Judy Callaghan.



The Wake of Teddy Roe.

1.

In Dublin, that city of riches and fame,
 A fishmonger lived, Teddy Roe was his name ;
 The neighbours all grieved, rich, poor, high, and low,
 And to wake with poor Teddy resolved for to go.

Mr. O'Dogherty, the coachman was sent for immediately. Now you see, Dogherty, we want you to drive us clean and decently to Teddy Roe's wake. By the powers he has taken it into his head to die, so he would not be very well pleased if we neglected calling on him, so drive away with the most beautiful

Mistress Delaney, Mistress Blaney,
 Mister Fagan, and Miss Doe,
 Who in a coach all went to wake with Teddy Roe.

2.

All bedizened so fine in their best Sunday clothes,
 Miss Doe's squinting eyes, Mither Fagan's red nose,
 At poor Ted's they arrived where they'd been oft before,
 And Dogherty gave a loud thump at the door.

Προσερχεταὶ τότε Φηλίμος τοῦ νέκρους μητρᾷδελφος,
καὶ λέγει· Χαίρετε, χαίρετε ὦ γείτονες· ὁ ἀνεψιὸς ἐμου
σὺν φίλοις ἐστιατόριον ἐστί, φευ ! φευ ! ὕστατα πίνων·
Ἀναβάντες τὴν κλίμακα τὸν νεκρὸν τίματε· Ἰουδῆ !
Ἰουδῆ ! σάνδαλα κοῦφα δρύπτε, ἰδοὺ γάρ ἡ ἀριστο-
κράτεια ! Ἐμὸν ἀνεψιὸν κάθιζε παρὰ τοίχῳ ἐϋδμήτῳ·
κεφαλὴν καλὴν ταῖς πρόσθεταις κόμαις χαρίτεσσιν
ὁμοίαις κρύπτων· καὶ ἐν στόματι σωλῆνα ἐμβάλλεο·
Ἀναβαίνετε γυναῖκες ἀγλαὰ ἔργα εἰδυῖαι· νῦν χρὴ
μεθύσκειν.

γ.

Περίθρεξε ποθήνον καὶ ὕδωρ ὠκέως,
Ἐρίσαντο εὐθὺ περὶ γέννους πάντως.—
Ἐπεσι πτέρωσιν ἔποντο πληγαὶ,
Μαστίγουθ' ὁ Ρῶϊδεος νέκρος—αἴ ! αἴ !

Ἰοὺ ! Ἰοὺ ! ὀλόλυ ! ὀλόλυ ! τί οὖν ποιεῖτε ὦ κακο-
δαίμονες ; Ναὶ μὰ δύναμιν Μολχέλλιης τὸν νέκρου
τύπτουσι· Ἰοὺ ! Ἰοὺ ! ὦ πόποι ! αἰαὶ ! ἐμὸν ἀνεψιον
γλυκυτάτον ἀποπνίξουσι· Ἐλκε, ἔλκε φίλτατ' Ἰουδῆ·
Ἀιαὶ ! Ἰοὺ ! αἰαὶ ! Ἰοὺ ! Ἄϊμα καὶ τραύματα ! τοῦ
νέκρου ὄμματα ἐράσμια ἐμελανῶσαν.

δ.

Νοστοῦντες λύπης πλήροι καὶ ποθήνου
Ἠνιόχων μετὰ Δύγερτιάδου
Ἀμύμονου, στρέψαν ἅπαντα κύκλῳ,
Θ' ὄμιλος κυλίνδεται ἐν βόρβορῳ
[Χασμα.]

Out hobbles Phelim, Teddy's uncle. Arrah, is it yourself that comes to wake with poor Ted?—he's up in the cock-loft taking a parting glass of Innoshone with a few friends, so be afther walking up the ladder, if you please. Scrape your feet, Judy; Judy, the quality is come; stick the corpse up against the wall, clap his wig on his head, and put a pipe in his mouth. Walk up, ladies, the punch will soon be ready, and we'll all get drunk for sorrow.

3.

Now the whiskey went round till they could not agree
Who were highest of rank and of best pedigree;
They from words fell to blows, just like Donnybrook fair,
And among them poor Teddy came in for his share.

Hubbaboo! hubbaboo! what the devil are you all about? What are you doing? By the powers of Moll Kelly if they have'nt got poor Ted down amongst them! Oeh, they'll smother the poor creature; get him off Judy; take hold of his leg, and help me to drag him from under the lump. Oeh, blood and 'ouns see there now. They have given the corpse a black eye.

4.

Returning a coach full of whiskey and grief,
By old Dogherty driven, of coachmen the chief;
All objects turned round, and he could not tell how,
For he upset the quality all in a slough.

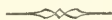
Hiatus valdè deflenchus.

ε.

Ἔεις οἶκον, Δόγερτιάδοῦ τοθ' οὔτοι
 Θολεροὶ ἀφίκοντο καὶ μεθύστικοι,
 Θρηνηταὶ τοιοῦτοι προ τούτου κρόνου,
 Ὅρῳντο οὐδέποτε περὶ νέκρου·

ᾠ Ζευ ! ᾠ Ζευ ! Δόγερτιάδε θεοεἰκέλε, τὶ οὖν τόσου-
 τους διαβολουσ ἐπάναγεις· Ἡ, ἧ σιώπα· μηδὲν εἵπης
 νήπιον, καὶ πάντα ακοῦσαι· Ἀλλὰ πρῶτον Ἰούδη
 δεῖ νίπτειν καλλίστας τας καλλιγύναικας—λεγω,

Δέσποιναν Δηλήνην, νύμφην τὲ καὶ Δῶ,
 Δέσποιναν καὶ Βλήνην σὺν τῷ Φηγῆνῳ,
 Οἶνοβαροῦς ἀνα Ρῳίδει νέκρω.



ΒΡΕΝΝΟΣ Ω ΛΙΝΝ.

α.

Βρέννος ᾠ Λίνν, ἐν Ἱερνῇ τ' ἔφν,
 Ἐφίλησε τὲ κύρας ὥς ἐγὼ ἦ σὺ,
 Πωγωνοφόρος, τ' ὀδοντωτὸς, στραβὼν ἦν,
 Καλλίστος εἰμ' ἀνὴρ, φῆ Βρέννος ᾠ Λίνν.
 Φάλ δέ ράλ, λά ράλ λάλ, λά ράλ λάλ λῆ.
 Ὀδοντωτὸς, πωγωνοφόρος, στραβὼν ἦν
 Πυγμαχίσω Δίαβολον, ἔφη ᾠ Λίνν.

β.

Βρέννος ᾠ Λίνν χιτῶνα ποτ' εἶχ' οὐ,
 Σύγγονοι δέ ἤνεγκαν μᾶλλον πρόβατου,
 Τὸ εἶριον ἔξω, τὸ δέρμ' ἔσω ἦν,
 Ψυχρὸς θ' ἀβρος ἔστ', ἔφη Βρέννος ᾠ Λίνν.
 Φάλ δέ ραλ, κ. τ. λ.

5.

Then be-muddled without, and with whiskey within,
 They arrived at old Dogherty's, and all staggered in ;
 Such figures of fun 'twill be said for their sake,
 Sure never before were seen at a wake.

Bless us, Dogherty, what are you bringing home?
 where did you pick 'em up, jewel? Oh, don't bother me,
 and you will get the whole account as clear as mud ;
 but Judy, we must first wash the most beautiful

Mistress Delaney, Mistress Blaney,
 Mister Fagan, and Miss Doe,
 Who in a coach all went to wake with Teddy Roe.



Brian O'Linn.

1.

Brian O'Linn was an Irishman born,
 His teeth were long and his beard was unshorn ;
 His temples far out and his eyes far in,
 "I'm a wonderful beauty," says Brian O'Linn.

Fal de ral la ral la la ral lal lee.

His temples far out, and his eyes far in,
 "I would leather the Devil," says Brian O'Linn.

2.

Brian O'Linn had no breeches to wear,
 So they brought him a sheep-skin to make him a pair :
 The woolly side out and the fleshy side in,
 "It is pleasant and cool," says Brian O'Linn.

Fal de ral, &c.

γ.

Βρέννος ὦ Λίνν ἵππον εἶχε γλαυκὴν,
 Ποδώκεα, λεπτὴν, καὶ γεροντικὴν,
 Ἄνὰ θ' ἔλεα ταχυ φορήμεναι μίν,
 Γυνναίκα γαμήσω, φῆ Βρέννος ὦ Λίνν.
 Φάλ δὲ ράλ, κ. τ. λ.

δ.

Κόκκυγος πρὸς οἶκον ἵππον τότ' ἐλαύνων,
 Μήτηρ εἶπε, Λαβ' ἔμων μίαν θυγατρῶν,
 Ξαίνειν αὐτὴν δίδαξα, νήθειν λίνῳ νίν,
 Ἄμφω ἅμα γαμήσω βοάει ὦ Λίνν.
 Φάλ δὲ ράλ, κ. τ. λ.

ε.

Νῦν ἔμε γαμήσεις οὖν; ἔφη κόρη·
 Ἀμείβετο δ' αὐτός, Γαμήσω φίλη,
 Σατανάς τὲ καὶ Ἀδης οἴσουσι μὲ πρίν
 Ἰδεῖν μὲ σὲ λείπειν, φῆ Βρέννος ὦ Λίνν.
 Φάλ δὲ ράλ, κ. τ. λ.

ζ.

Βρέννος καὶ γύνη καὶ ἡ πενθερά,
 Σύνῃϊσαν εἰς εὐνῇν γελῶντες ἅμα,
 Ψιλαῖ δ' ἦσαν αἶ στρωμναί, μικρὸν λέχος τ' ἦν,
 Χρῆ πυκνότερος εὐδεν, φῆ Βρέννος ὦ Λίνν.
 Φάλ δὲ ράλ, κ. τ. λ.

η.

Βρέννος καὶ γύνη καὶ ἡ πενθερά
 Ὑπὲρ γέφυρας ἐπέραον ἅμα,
 Γέφυραν μοιρ' ἔρρηγνυ, πίπτοντες δε μῆν
 Κρεμάσθω τέκτων, ἔφη Βρεννος ὦ Λίνν.
 Φάλ δὲ ράλ, κ. τ. λ.

3.

Brian O'Linn had an old gray mare,
Her legs they were long and her sides they were bare ;
Away he rode through thick and through thin,
"I'm going to get married," says Brian O'Linn.

Fal de ral, &c.

4.

Away he rode to the old cuckoo's nest,
Who said, "Which of my daughters do you like best ?
There is one can card and the other can spin."
"Hoo! I'll marry them both," says Brian O'Linn.

Fal de ral, &c.

5.

"Will you marry me now?" this damsel replied.
"I will marry you now, my honey," he cried ;
"And I'll forfeit my life, or its I will you win :
Faik! it's I that will settle you," says Brian O'Linn.

Fal de ral, &c.

6.

Brian O'Linn, his wife, and wife's mother,
They all went into one bed together ;
The blankets were broke, and the sheets were thin;
"Let's lie close together," says Brian O'Linn.

Fal de ral, &c.

7.

Brian O'Linn, his wife, and wife's mother,
They all went over the bridge together ;
The bridge it broke down, and they all tumbled in,
"Bad luck to the mason," says Brian O'Linn.

Fal de ral, &c.

Bryanus O'Linn.

1.

*Bryanus O'Linn Corcagiensis erat natus,
Dentibus percelebris et splendidè barbatus,
Et tametsi strabus erat, sæpe est effatus,
"Certe sum Hibernicorum maximè ornatus."*

2.

*Semel Bryanus O'Linn braccæ indigebat,
Frater dedit rubræ bovis pellem quam habebat,
Hocque corpus cruraque Noster induebat,
"Frigido jucundum est," Bryanus dicebat.*

3.

*Clarus O'Linn habuit nigrum senem equum,
Quo currebat campum, sylvam, paludem, et lacum;
Surgens semel cepit animal hoc secum,
Inquiens, "Referre certus sum uxorem mecum.*

4.

*Equum tunc ascendit, nec cessavit equitare,
Donec nidulum advenit Lesbice et Claræ.
Mater dixit, "Filiarum unam tibi dare
Volo," sed O'Linn clamavit, "Ambas, ambas, care."*

5.

*"Jungat augur nuptiis manus?" ait puella.
"Fæminæ et viri status res est bella."
Bryanus consentit, et mulier tenella
Conjux fit cum osculavit rosea lubella.*

6.

*Bryanus, et uxor, et uxoris mater (mire!),
Unum lectum visi extemplo tunc inire,
Tineæ tapetem voraverant sed diræ,
Bryanus böat, "Necesse arcè est dormire."*

7.

*Bryanus et fæminæ transeuntes pontem,
Fracta est pons, frigidum et dedit iis fontem,
O'Linn orat vidit ut uxorem pereuntem,
"Habeat Diabolus architectum sontem."*

Homer's Hymn to Hermes.

FROM THE GREEK.

I.

Hermes, Jove's son, O Muse, be now thy theme—
 Ruler of green Cyllène, and the bowers
 Of pastoral Arcady; whom the supreme
 Lord of Olympus, in those starlit hours
 When with fair May he dallied on the flowers,
 Begat, beneath a grove whose leafy shade
 The lovers hid from the sky-dwelling powers,
 And white-armed Juno, in sweet slumber laid,
 Dreamed not that Zeus embraced the modest Maïan maid.

II.

Now when great Zeus had perfected his will,
 And ten moons followed up love's blandishment.
 Into this world—so destinies fulfil—
 This witness of his stolen amour was sent;
 Ah, me! in sooth he was right eloquent,
 A crafty, cunning, oxen-stealing wight,
 A weaver, too, of dreams fantasque and quaint;
 A subtle knave, who loved concealing night,
 And fated was to play tricks rare and infinite.

III.

The morning's dawn beheld the Infant's birth—
 The rosy noon beheld him sweetly play,
 Upon a stringèd lute, a chaunt of mirth—
 At night he stole Apollo's flocks away;

The crescent moon had lived but her third day,
Since from his mother's womb divine he leapt ;
Within his cradle not an hour he lay,
But with a loud laugh from his swathes he stept,
And to the high-arched cave of Phœbus softly crept.

IV.

Before the cavern's porch was spread a mead,
Flower-prankt, whereon the urchin stood awhile,
And seeing a tortoise on the blossoms feed,
His eyes flashed up with many a sunny smile,
And in his red cheek beamed a waggish wile ;
A treasure rich the creature seemed to be,
Though a slow-creeping animal and vile ;
But Maïa's hopeful son, with wanton glee,
Thus to the tortoise spake, and laughed right merrilie:—

V.

“A pleasant god-send art thou to me now,
Most charming tortoise ! Hail ! for song and dance,
And sparkling feast and garland-braided brow,
Thou sure wert formed. I love thy countenance
And dappled shell with many-coloured glance.
Home thou shalt come with me ;—nay, no excuse ;
If thou stay'st here, some sad and dire mischance
May cut thee short : and of no trifling use
Thou'lt be to me, sweet beast—so prithee not refuse.

VI.

“ Danger lurks near this spot—so come with me ;
Though while alive a charm is round thee spread,

Thy songs, I'm sure, most exquisite will be—
That is, my charming tortoise, when thou'rt dead.”
So much this arch deceitful stripling said,
And lifting up in both his little hands
The luckless tortoise, home he quickly sped
Along the turf where oft the Nymphal bands
Twine in the dance, and wait Diana's sweet commands.

VII.

Then with a scoop of sharp and polisht steel,
Boring the hapless beast of mountain-glen,
He let out life and breath. Less fleetly wheel
The lightning-wingèd fancies of sick men
Over their mind's horizon troubled, when
Pain with her thousand vultures gnaws the heart ;
Less fleetly leap fierce lions from their den,
From the proud eyes the beams less fleetly dart,
Than Hermes now displayed the minstrel's cunning art.

VIII.

Through the tough shell small apertures he made,
At even distances, and through them tied
The stems of reeds cut from the forest glade,
Strings seven in number twined from skins well dried,
And charged with silvery notes, he then applied :
The cubits then he formed, to which he bound
A bridge, and underneath a strong bull's hide
He drew, to catch the echo of the sound,
And of the strains evoked to form a soft rebound.

IX.

Thus having wrought this instrument of sweetness,
His plectrum laid he on its witching strings,
To test his lovely plaything's full completeness ;
Even as he struck, a melody upsprings,
Sweet as the white Swan's dying murmurings ;
And then he improvised a noble song,
Like those of boys when laughing summer brings
The festal time, and floral faces throng
Around the choirs, and love their pleasures does prolong.

X.

Of Zeus he sang, and May with beauteous sandal,
And of their amorous meeting in the night,
(The silent moon the lovers' only candle),
And of his birth, too, sang the graceless wight ;
His mother's maids, and nymphs of beauty bright,
The tripods that her palace did adorn,
All the rich urns that did her household dight,
The youngling hymned till evening of that morn,
Wherein fair May with happy eyes a son saw born.

XI.

His wayward soul now bent new trick to find,
His lyre within his cradle fair he laid,
And from the fragrant palace, like a hind,
He leaped, and sought the topmost woodland glade,
And there, alone and unsuspect, he made
Another plot, arch, whimsical, and deep,
Such as a master of the thieving trade
Devises when dark night her watch doth keep
And o'er the world is bound the fillet of fair sleep.

XII.

The sun with fiery chariot and hot steeds
Had sunk within the ocean's azure breast,
When Hermes on white-pinioned footsteps speeds
Along the hillocks with gay flowerets drest,
Where oft the sister Muses take their rest.
Here the immortal herds of heaven were stalled,
And here they fed in this seclusion blest ;
Fifty the quick-eyed god at once enthralled—
The rest with many a low on those departing called.

XIII.

The lowing herd the Maïan urchin drove
Off from their fellows, o'er the tracks of sand ;
But ere they did a dozen yards remove,
A trick of rare and deep device he planned ;
Backward and forward, he the wandering band
Drove, to mislead, if traced his flight should be ;
His sandals then he cast on the sea-strand,
And plucking branches from a tamarisk tree,
With myrtle boughs he formed slippers most workmanlike.

XIV.

Around his feet these slippers then he laced,
Whose leaves his footsteps destined were to hide,
And thus encinctured, like a man in haste,
He hurried down Pieria's hilly side—
But him, an old man by Onchestus spied,
As in a vineyard, with rich grapes o'erlaid,
Amid the clustering fruit his work he plied,
Whom, when young Hermes saw, his course he stayed,
And thus addressed with voice, bold, shrill, and undismayed :

XV.

“Ho—Old one—who with shoulders bent art trimming
Those sun-reared plants, methinks ere ripe they grow,
And that the wine they bear shall be seen brimming
In cups, your hairs will have a whiter glow.—
But, hearken—ere upon my road I go,
See not what thou hast seen ; and in thine ear
Keep close my words. Old Man, let no one know
That I with this mine herd have passed thee here,
Else shall thy blabbing tongue be sure to cost thee dear.”

XVI.

No more he spake—but on the broad-browed kine
Through many a shady mountain and green vale,
And fragrant lawn set over with flowers divine,
Young Hermes drove, till over hill and dale
The morning dawned, and the bright stars grew pale ;
Forth rushed the Sun on pinions of red fire,
And steeds of splendour, fleet as fleetest gale,
And fair Selené with her stellar choir,
Into her watch-tower, built of diamond, did retire.

XVII.

Over the broad and silver-eddied river
Alphæus hight, the fearless son of Jove,
The herd of Phœbus with the golden quiver,
With sturdy look, and daring footstep drove,
On to Admetus' stalls and leafy grove,
Where, on sweet lotus and the dew-sprent weed
Cypérus fed ; he made them onward move,
All loudly lowing o'er the grassy mead,
And stalled them all, intent on a wild trick indeed.

XVIII.

A mighty heap of trees he first collected,
And built them upward like some massy pyre ;
Then, having all his intellect directed
Unto one point, he found the source of fire ;
Two laurel boughs he smoothed with iron wire,
And rubbed them quickly to and fro his hands ;
Up the hot flame to heaven did soon aspire—
Aside the urchin puts the flaming brands,
While with delicious joy his god-like soul expands.

XIX.

To Hermes thus we owe the happy art
Of fire, in this wild expedition found ;
But he, collecting all the logs apart,
Lighted them up ; the blaze burst fiercely round,
Redly illumining all that green-wood ground.
Then seized two mighty cows, with hoofs all bent,
Which to the flame of Vulcan, world-renowned,
He dragged, while many a bellow loudly sent
From their deep lungs, proclaimed they guessed the god's
intent.

XX.

The panting beasts he hurled upon the grass,
Such strength divine he found in every vein,
And through their hearts his knife began to pass,
Then he cut up their limbs upon the plain,
And toasted on long spits, of oaken grain,
The chine and flesh, and the black blood that lay
Within the intestines. Did he then refrain ?

No—but the beasts he next began to flay,
And stretched their hides upon a rock, rough, old, and gray.

XXI.

In ancient times, as now, the custom was
 To let the meat grow old and soft for use ;
But laughter-loving little Hermes draws
 The flesh forth on the sward, where rich with juice,
 Twelve parts he portioned for each bright recluse,
Who sits enthroned in palaces of air ;
 Then without any further stay or truce
The sacred joints he roasted with due care,
And sniffed the savoury scents that round him wafted
 were.

XXII.

The dainty perfume of the roasted meat
 Tempted him sorely, though of birth divine ;
But yet his haughty heart refused to eat,
 As o'er the hills he strode, he longed to dine ;
 But first, with caution worthy of his line,
The hoofs, and horns, and head he there consumed,
 No trace he left to show his wild design
And felon deed: the ashes he entombed,
And to the mighty stream his leafy sandals doomed.

XXIII.

Thus he worked all the night, while the clear Moon
 Cast round the silvery brightness of her eyes ;
The morning dawned in rosy light, and soon
 Homeward across the hills young Hermes hies ;
 Nor god nor mortal did the thief surprise ;

The watch-dog bayed not as the Infant passed,
But on he went in solitary wise
To his own house ; the locks he found all fast,
But he shot through the doors like an autumnal blast.

XXIV.

Straight through the gorgeous portal of the cave,
With cautious, wind-like footstep Hermes stole
Lightly as breathes the Zephyr o'er the wave—
Then to the cradle, the arch stripling's goal,
In the gray gloaming, fox-like did he prowl ;
And entered in, and round his body spread
The swathing robes, and with grimaces droll
Took up the tortoise-lyre, that on his bed
Had lain all night, while he o'er vale and mountain fled.

XXV.

Yet 'scaped he not his Mother's watchful gaze,
And well she knew that he had rambled free ;
“Why, thou deceitful-hearted babe,” she says,
And whence com'st thou ?—all night where couldst
thou be,
Clothed in thy impudence ?—but hark to me,
Latona's son in chains thy limbs shall bind
Strong and unbreakable ; and nought for thee
Will then avail thy wily-plotting mind,
Though with ten thousand schemes and tricks of art well
lined.

XXVI.

“A precious plague for men and gods immortal
Thy father Jove created, when he made

Thee and thy planning heart."—Thus from the portal
 Of her gold chamber heavenly Maïa said :—
 Hermes replied in words with guile inlaid :
 "Mother of mine, why thus reprove your son,
 As if like other babes I knew no trade,
 But were fit only by my nurse to run,
 My soul unskilled—my knowledge scarcely well begun ?

XXVII.

"But I will show you what your babe can do ;
 A deep design within my soul I rear ;
 Sure to advantage only me and you ;
 No other creature's worthy of my care.
 It would be sooth a very fine affair,
 If you and I should always here sojourn
 Without of gifts and meat at least a share ;
 Better 'twould be we both should take our turn
 With the bright gods at food, and drain the ambrosial urn.

XXVIII.

"From the fair lot my father gave Apollo,
 I've made a vow to slice a pleasant share ;
 If he consents not, over hill and hollow,
 The prey snatched off, or stolen, I then will bear ;
 The crown of theft was Hermes born to wear,
 And I will wear it. If the Phœbèan then
 Should seek to find me out, let him beware ;
 I can play tricks that baffle god-like men,
 And little would I reck to make his shrine a den.

XXIX.

“ You know the Pythian Temple ; great, divine,
Profusely gorged with tripods of fine gold :
That jewelled fane I'd gladly undermine,
And all its wealth in mine own hands behold.
Rich are the vestments that those walls enfold ;
Splendid the ornaments of bronze and steel,
Bequeathed by kings, and queens, and warriors bold ;
Vainly the priests those treasures rare would seal
From my close-searching eyes, if once I wished to steal.”

XXX.

Thus Hermes, born of Zeus, who proudly wields
The immortal ægis, spake with modest May ;
Till from the Ocean's deep cerulean fields
Aurora rose, the blushing Queen of Day ;
Just at this hour Apollo took his way
Down by Onchestus and its leafy bowers,
Where that same vine-dresser, uncouth and gray,
He sees amid his grapes and laughing flowers,
Thus to him speaks the god whose smile gilds all the hours.

XXXI.

“ Hearken, old ditcher of Onchestus green,
From rich Pieria hither do I wend,
After my herds which late have stolen been
From the fat pasture where they were well penned,
All milky cows whose horns in circles bend ;
Near them, but yet apart, a black bull fed,
And four fierce mastiffs did on them attend,
Unanimous as if one human head
Were theirs, and yet some knave the herd away has led.

XXXII.

“The dogs and bull alone are left behind,
A wondrous oversight of the smart thief;
The cows went off, when yester’s eve declined,
From their soft beds, laid o’er with many a leaf;
Their loss has filled my soul with blackest grief;
And after them distractedly I haste,
Hoping to get some hint or notice brief,
By which those valued herds may yet be traced;
Tell me, then, have these cows here by this vineyard paced

XXXIII.

Then answered the Old Man—“My friend, ’twere hard
Justly to speak of all mine eyes do see;
Many pass here, and well am I debarred
From judging if their bent be honesty,
Or knavery their trade,—’tis nought to me;
From dawn until the evening’s light decline,
I worked amid these vines incessantly,
And then I saw a portent half divine,
Which puzzles sore, good sir, these agèd brains of mine.

XXXIV.

“Methought I saw a Babe but newly born
(Or if no mortal child, be sure a god),
Driving these herds, famed for the beauteous horn,
Along the fields, and urging with a rod;
After them curiously the Infant trod,
For to their flowing tails he turned his back,
And sometimes gave an arch and waggish nod
Of triumph, as he thus confused the track—
Skilful was he who first devised so deep a knack.”

XXXV.

So to Apollo spake the Onchestian swain.

The god passed on in silence, deep in thought ;
The Old Man's language pointed out too plain
The babe of grace late to Olympus brought :
A cloud of purple, the divinest wrought,
The god wrapped round his shoulders broad and fair ;
Pylos renowned immediately he sought,
Rushing like arrowy-lightning through the air,
And thus exclaimed aloud, viewing the footmarks there.

XXXVI.

"Strange and miraculous indeed this sight !

Behold the vestiges of my fair cows,
With steps reversed towards those fields so white
With asphodel, where they were wont to browse ;
But these wild footprints!—Providence allows
To neither man, nor wolf, nor pard, nor boar,
Such feet as these resemble ; much they rouse
My expectation, and my wonder more
Increases as I scan and view them o'er and o'er."

XXXVII.

Here ceased Apollo, son of thundering Jove,
And sought Cyllenè's heights with wood o'ergrown,
And the deep dell embraced by a green grove,
Where the ambrosial Nymph unloosed her zone ;
And to the holder of the Olympian throne
Brought forth a child, beautiful Mercury :
A pleasant perfume from the mountain blown
Saluted his arrival—suddenly
From his purpureal cloud like light descended he.

XXXVIII.

Many a fleecy flock was pastured there,
And many a flower of rosy lustre grew ;
Phœbus passed on, rapt in his present care,
And heeded not the scene ; then he stepped through
The brazen cavern where he caught the view
Of the Saturnian babe, who quickly piled
The swaddling clothes around, for well he knew
He sought the herd whereof he had been beguiled ;
And then like a masked brand the roguish urchin smiled.

XXXIX.

From the far-shooting god his laughs to hide,
His head he covered with the tapestry,
And like a new-washed babe to look he tried,
Who woos sweet slumber smiling innocently ;
The helpless tortoise in his arms held he.
Instantly Zeus-born Phœbus sees and knows
The mountain maid, fair May, with Mercury ;
He stays not, but around his glances throws,
The cavern's hidden gear determined to expose.

XL.

He searched the cavern, ransacked each recess,
And found some things for which he did not look ;
But no trace of his cows his sight did bless.
A shining key of silver then he took,
With which he opened many a secret nook ;
No kine were there, but nectar in gold bowls,
And sweet ambrosia that gay perfume shook ;
Gems in abundance, silver in dark holes,
Robes of rich scarlet mixed with snow-white nymphal stoles.

XLI.

Such as the blessèd mansions have within,
But not a trace of cows his godship found ;
Greatly perplexed, he rubbed his beardless chin,
Looking extremely anxious and profound ;
Then he addressed young Mercury renowned :
“ O babe of beauty, in thy cradle’s breast
Happily nestled, rise—at once expound
Where thou hast stored away my heifers best ?
Answer, or we shall fight, and, trust me, not in jest.

XLII.

“ I’ll seize thee by the head, and ruthlessly
Will fling thy carcase down to murky hell,
Unless this moment, Hermes, thou to me
The secret of this robbery dost tell ;
Not mighty Zeus, though king in heaven he dwell,
Nor thy enchanting mother thee shall save :
Up, then, this instant, ere I thee compel,
I know not if ’twill please thee, little knave,
To lord it o’er a few grim tenants of the grave.”

XLIII.

To him our Hermèan stripling answers thus :
“ Latonian-born, what cruel words are these ?
Why come you for your stolen cows to us ?
As if a babe or gentle dame could seize ;
To heaven I’ll swear it on my bended knees,
I neither saw, nor know, nor ever heard
A single hint of these sad robberies.
I’m sorry for you, Phœbus—on my word—
But to charge *me* is poor, and perfectly absurd.

XLIV.

“Tell me how I a cow-stealer resemble,
Who am a little Infant on the knee?
Whose limbs with weakness like an aspen tremble—
Far different thoughts, believe me, dwell with me.
Sleep I require, and suckled need to be;
With my small swathing robes I toy and play,
Or paddle in a bath, or laugh and flee
Unto my mother’s bosom, where I stay
As if on roses couched, and slumber all the day.

XLV.

“Let no one know of this absurd contention,
Or you’ll be laughed at wheresoe’er you go;
The charge is far too comical to mention—
What! that a little babe should to and fro
Wander a-stealing cattle? Well you know
I was born yesterday. My tender feet
Alone would hinder; but that I may show
This falsehood, hear me now an oath repeat:
By Jove’s immortal head I swear I’m not the cheat

XLVI.

You kindly take me for; the wretches vile
Who thus have plundered you, I know them not.
And what are cows? Although I see you smile,
A single notion, trust me, I’ve not got;
If I have, may I by thy shafts be shot.”
Thus this most knavish youngling gravely spoke;
Yet while he swore to prop his felon plot,
A laugh he could not check i’ the middle broke,
And loudly whistled he, musing on the good joke.

XLVII.

Him thus Apollo answered, softly smiling :
 “ O wily, sly, deceitful-hearted child,
If thou continuest in this way beguiling,
 Many a good man's house in frolic wild
 By thee and thine, arch thief, shall be defiled ;
And many a herd and shepherd of fat flocks
 Shall mourn his cows and sheep, when in the mild
And gentle moonlight, o'er the hills and rocks
Thou, bent on theft, shalt steal, cunningly as the fox.

XLVIII.

“ But come, arouse thee, lest thy present sleep,
 Perchance, should be thy last : quick from thy bed,
Companion of the midnight, hither creep,
 Nor be thy love for fame disquietèd.
 In after years by bards it shall be said :
‘ Immortal honour and the glory chief
 Of all the filching tribes upon the head
Of Hermes, called by men the monarch-thief,
Descended in his youth, and crowned with laurel-leaf.”

XLIX.

Phœbus Apollo having thus far spoken,
 Took up the Child, who soon resolved to show
Unto his captor, by some certain token,
 The gratefulness he felt—and he did so.
 Phœbus, who could not the rich gift foreknow,
Amazed and furious, dashed unto the earth
 The Babe who such a prize could dare bestow.
Sitting before him, with no face of mirth,
He thus addressed the Child of bright eternal birth.

L.

“Swathe-wrapped young son of Zeus and modest May,
By this thine augury my cows I’ll find ;
Thou shalt direct my feet unto the way”—
He said. Cyllenian Hermes, like some wind
Of giant might, but still with subtile mind,
Starts up, and raising to his ears both hands ;
His swaddling-vest round him he tightly twined ;
Fiercely he looks—the god entire he stands—
And of Apollo thus with sternest voice demands :—

LI.

“What would’st with *me*, thou, of all gods the bravest ?
Why angry still for those fat heifers lost ?
I will not be thy victim when thou ravest ;
This theft, indeed, I’ve felt unto my cost.
For steal them I did not : my eyes ne’er crossed
O’er their fat bodies : only by report
Know I what things cows are. But since, mind-tost
And harassed by this charge—for thy disport
I long have been—I now appeal to Jove’s imperial court.”

LII.

Thus Phoebus fair, Latona’s glorious son,
And Mercury, the woodland wanderer,
Through their fantastic quarrels, hours had spun,
One stout to charge, the other to demur,
While victory crowned neither competitor.
By art, and sounding rhetoric, Hermes sought
To trick the Silver-Bowman, or deter ;
But finding that he gained by lying naught,
Over the sand he rushed with eye and bearing haught.

LIII.

After him followed Phœbus till they came
 Unto the starred and odoriferous floor,
 Where Zeus sat throned in thunder, and the flame
 Of fiery lightning which flashed fiercely o'er
 The Olympian halls ; his mighty feet before
 Talents of gold were placed, the rich emprise
 Of him from whose fair lips white truth should soar ;
 Rumour along the snowy summits hies,
 And flings abroad the news of this great enterprise.

LIV.

Right to their lofty palaces of splendour
 Th' Immortals hurried ; each assumed his throne ;
 Before them stood the plaintiff and defender,
 Hermes and Phœbus, born of sweet Latone.
 (He by his silver bow and shafts was known),
 " Whence drivest thou this weak and baby-prey ?"
 Were the first words of Zeus, in thunder-tone ;
 " A herald-child, born but of yesterday ;
 And why request the gods this trifling suit to weigh ?"

LV.

Apollo, heavenly archer, then replied—
 " Almighty father, when my words you hear,
 You will not me alone for stealing chide :
 I found this Infant, whom you pity, near
 Cyllenè's hills, a robber without fear,
 Prowling for prey, with scent and knowledge keen ;
 A mocker constant, but in gibe and sneer,
 Such as no other deity I've seen,
 Or earthly-nurtured man ever as yet has been.

LVI.

“ My fine fat cows he stole from their own lawn,
At yester-eve ; and by the wave-lashed shore
Of the resounding ocean, until dawn,
In a straight line he drove them him before.
But to mislead the eye that might explore
Their cloven prints, he, by some strange deceit,
Their footsteps so confused, that to restore
The track they went, and find their dark retreat
Is not in god-like wit, so nicely planned the cheat.

LVII.

“ Their footmarks in the black dust point towards
That very field of flowery asphodel
From which he stole them ; yet no trace affords
A hint of the recess where now they dwell ;
The thief himself, cunning as words can tell,
Followed—I know not which—on foot or hand,
Over the sandy plain ; some monstrous spell
Long while it seemed, I could not understand,
It looked as if he trailed oak-branches o’er the sand.

LVIII.

“ But when the sand-banks huge the rogue had passed,
He mingled so the marks that nought could show
The vestiges ; in heaps the dust he cast ;
Onward he hurried like a hound-chased roe
O’er the hard ground ; an old man, whom I know,
By Pylos saw him goading the wide-browed
And wearied cattle through the river’s flow :
Some then he separated from the crowd
And sacrificed---the woods he thought the deed would shroud.

. LIX.

“When he these noble acts had finished, home,
Like one who well performed his part, he wended ;
To bed he crept, while the dark clouds did gloam,
By shadow and by swathe so well defended,
That thine own eagle, Jove, though heaven-descended,
Could not have pierced the gloom with his star-eyes ;
There the babe couched himself, no doubt some splendid
New act of theft to plan, for guile and lies
Are his whole stock-in-trade : by these he hopes to rise.

LX.

“But when I taxed him with the theft, he swore
By every oath, he neither heard nor saw
Aught of my priceless cows, and so I bore
The urchin hither, claiming right and law.
Is it not just him to your bar to draw ?”—
Phœbus Apollo having thus addressed
The assembled gods, sat down. No fear, no awe
Was seen in Hermes, now the suit was pressed ;
He rose, and thus repelled the charge with swelling crest.

LXI.

“Oh, father Jove, the truth I will reveal,
Truth my divinity is, and aye shall be ;
Falsehood I know not, right I ne’er conceal :
This morning, when the sun rose from the sea,
Seeking his curve-hoofed kine, he came to me
With no immortal, no truth-loving choir
Of deities, to watch how threateningly
He looked and swore, with tongue and aspect dire,
If I found not these cows, to hurl me to hell-fire.

LXII.

“ Girded he is, I know, with strength of lions,
His limbs colossal, in his muscles power ;
Well may Apollo bid me to defiance,
For crowned is he with youth’s enchanting flower ;
I am a little child born but an hour,
And hence his boldness, for he would not dare
To menace me if vigour were my dower ;
How am I like a thief from mountain lair ?
How strong enough wild fire-eyed heifers to ensnare ?

LXIII.

“ Believe me, you who are my heavenly father,
As I do hope to win fair fortune’s smile,
Never these cows ethereal did I gather,
Ne’er did I drive them off, or wend by Pyle.
Sun-bright Apollo, why should I beguile ?
I love him, I love all the gods, and you
Know in your heart this calumny how vile :
You know that all I’ve said, Great Sire, is true,
That justice gems my words as flowers the silver dew.

LXIV.

“ By those bright vestibules, well-made, eternal,
The truth I’ve spoken, Sire, and nought beside :
A day shall come when all these lies infernal,
Trumped up by Phœbus, like hot lead shall glide
Down on his heart, for daring thus in pride
Zeus to mislead, and all who here attend.
Let him beware when strength with me shall bide,
I for this slander will make sure amend ;
Till then your aid I crave—the helpless Babe defend.”

LXV.

Thus the Cyllenian Argiphont his cause
Pleaded before the gods, while his eyes showed
How much he mocked the judges and their laws ;
His swaddling-clothes loosely around him flowed—
The Eternal laughed aloud to see the mode
In which his swindling son denied the theft.
Both of his sons he bid lay by the load
Of hate that mutually their spirits cleft ;
And thus advised the Hermèan famed for his plunders deft .

LXVI.

To go with innocence of heart and mind
With Phœbus, and point out the place wherein
Those mighty-headèd heifers were confined,
And of the matter make no further din !
Hermes assented with his usual grin,
For who can sovran Jove's commands resist ?
Together they went forth, each like the twin
Of the other, such true friendship seemed to exist
Between those two but late fiercely antagonist.

LXVII.

They wend to Pylos, and the sandy fords
Of the Alphean stream that rolls in might,
And the green lands and stalls where wealthy hoards
Grow up profusely in the hour of night.
There Hermes from the cave of stone snow-white
Drove out the kine famed for the massive head,
From darkness into the serene sunlight ;
Phœbus, who saw apart the cow-hides spread,
To his all-glorious brother thus in wonder said :

LXVIII.

“Plotter, how could'st thou two such heifers kill?
And how so well their hides enormous flay?
Where got'st thou such redundancy of skill?
Sent from thy mother's womb but yesterday:
I know not if thy wit or vigour may
Most challenge wonder, but 'tis scarcely wise
To let thee loose, and have unguarded sway,
Cyllenian son of Maïa”—thus he cries,
And on this cunning Babe stout handcuffs coolly ties.

LXIX.

Down fell the handcuffs straight upon the ground,
Among the beauteous cattle loosely thrown,
By the mysterious art and craft profound
Of Hermes, who, by this manœuvre shewn
Of his friend's kindness, and fearful grown
Lest he might suffer some sad penalty,
For all his pranks and thievings to atone,
Looked round the place with anxious, hurried eye,
Seeking some hidden nook where he might safely lie.

LXX.

A new device he suddenly adopted,
Unto his wish the Far Shooter to bend:
Flight was a coward notion, so he dropped it;
Nor did he long in cogitating spend,
But seized the lyre, in which he used to blend
Notes of divinest minstrelsy, and smites
With golden plectrum the sweet strings which send
Strains that breathe music's perfectest delights;
And Phœbus listens while his song the Babe recites.

LXXI.

By the left hand of Phœbus Hermes stood,
And beat the speaking chords of his new lyre,
Mingling its music with the silvery flood
Of voice which from his lips as some rich quire
Rose through the air in melody's attire ;
The gods immortal, and the shady earth
He twined amid his strains that love inspire,
And of their order and primæval birth,
And how to each is sent a lot, coequal with his worth.

LXXII.

And then in glorious music he proclaimed
The first among the goddesses from whom
The Muses spring—Mnemosynè long named,
And other deities of light and bloom.
For every one in rank the god found room ;
And all he celebrated with such grace
And ornate beauty, that he did illume
Their actions with new charms ; meanwhile the face
Of listening Phœbus shone, and joy held there its place.

LXXIII.

Thus spake he to the Child in words with wings—
“ You cunning little cow-killer, you boy
Made for light banquets, with your sounding strings,
These fifty heifers wherein you found joy,
You're worthy of, your wits you so employ ;
But tell me now, you witty son of May,
Where got you this sweet and sonorous toy ?
Where learned you so the art on lute to play ?—
Born, was it, with you, Child, on your glad natal day ?

LXXIV.

“ Did any sky-throned god or mortal man
Bestow on you the gift of song divine,
And this enchanting voice, whose volume can
And does excel, all that those ears of mine
Heard from a mortal or immortal line ?
All must to thee, imposter, son of Jove,
The palm of triumph in sweet verse assign ;
Deliciously you blend delight and love,
And hull to sleep, like leaves that rustle in some grove.

LXXV.

“ I haunt the Muses nine, Olympian born,
And well I know the wild deliciousness
Of flower-soft song, and pipe and rustic horn,
With whose gay sounds my ears they often bless ;
But never knew I rapture's full excess,
Until to thy luxurious notes I listened,
Which youthful joys so perfectly express :
Not with mere tinkling rhyme are they bedizened,
But with the very soul of song thy numbers glistened.

LXXVI.

“ But since, though small, most splendid gifts thou hast,
To thee and to thy mother thus I vow,
By this fair cornel spear, with steel bound fast,
Maïa and thee, brisk Boy, I will endow
With gorgeous presents : henceforth she and thou
Immortal honour midst the gods shall claim,
Nor any shall her claim dare disallow.”
Thus did Apollo his intentions name ;
Hermes returns in words that wisdom's self might frame.

LXXVII.

" Wisely, far-shooting Phœbus, thou hast asked ;
 I have no scruple now to tell thee all ;
 Frank will I be, and speak with words unmasked,
 Though once you wished to see me firm in thrall.
 Wise and supreme thou art, and in the hall
 Of heaven among the ever-living sons
 Of Jupiter, thy words of sapience fall ;
 Great Zeus himself, from his eternal thrones,
 Honours thee most, and ne'er thy prudent counsel shuns.

LXXVIII.

" Gifts of great price to thee thy Sire has given—
 Prophecy, knowledge of the gloomy Fates ;
 No son of his in the broad earth or heaven,
 With thee in worth, far-shooting god, he rates ;
 Domains, and power, and opulence, and states,
 He also gave thee,—and thy favour's such
 No friend of thine long upon fortune waits,
 But all her blessings best at once does clutch,
 For Jupiter grants all to one he loves so much.

LXXIX.

" But since thy mind moves thee to strike the harp,
 Sing—sweep the strings ; be music thy sole pleasure :
 Let care or gloom ne'er thy glad moments warp,
 But all glide onward in a golden measure :
 Here, take from me this sweetly-speaking treasure—
 Beautiful voices dwell within its breast,
 To soothe thee in thine hours of sunny leisure ;
 The dance of nymphs, the board where wit and jest
 Go round like planets, hence will draw their purest zest.

LXXX.

“ ’Twill bring thee gladness in the night and day,
’Twill lend Elysian visions to thine eyes,
If thou can’st only wake the magic lay
That in its depths, like a glad spirit lies ;
’Twill gild with purple light thy reveries ;
And wake such heavenly feelings in thy heart,
That he who without music lives and dies,
Loses, be sure, of life the rosiest part,
And well may curse the fate that taught him not the art.

LXXXI.

“ He who in ignorance this fair lyre uses,
Receives discordant answers for his pains,
But thou, whose soul enshrines the golden Muses,
Can’st ne’er unskillfully evoke its strains :
Never, in hands like thine, the lyre complains.
Henceforth, as herdsmeu we our cows shall feed,
And when in love they mingle on the plains,
We shall be blessed by a most noble breed,
Thou wilt not covetously demand more than thy meed.”

LXXXII.

He spake, and gracefully to Phoebus handed
The precious lute ; the god gave *him* the whip
Whose lash he oft had o’er his cows expanded ;
Hermes received it with a merry lip ;
Apollo took the lute, and ’gan to slip
The plectrum o’er its strings : sweet harmony
As e’er made maidens on the light toe trip,
Rose from the lute, and breathed bewitchingly,
While Phoebus hymned a song that echoed o’er the sea.

LXXXIII.

The cows ran wandering o'er the ambrosial meadow,
While these most beauteous children of Jove went
Back to Olympus, sleeping in the shadow
Of the rich sun, its peaks with snows o'ersprent ;
From the light lute melodious breath was sent,
And Jove rejoiced to see his sons united
Like flowers in Friendship's rosy garland blent :
Each on the other gazed with face delighted,
And from that hour to this their love has ne'er been blighted.

LXXXIV.

The happy hour that saw them interchange
Presents, beheld them found a friendship there :
Thenceforth along the woodland hills they range,
Waking sweet Echo with their pipings rare ;
Round them an atmosphere of song they bear,
Each by advice improving still the other.
Once the Latonian, with suspicious air,
Which, with a laugh, he vainly sought to smother,
Addressed young Hermes thus,—his wily-plotting brother :

LXXXV.

“ I fear thee, Maïan infant, and thy schemings,
Lest thou my harp and bended bow should'st steal.
For every now and then thine eye's sly gleamings
Show that deceitful plots are all thy zeal :
Zeus unto thee great secrets did reveal,
And gave thee jewels of fine intellect,
To make all men before thee lowly kneel ;
But wilt thou now my wishes not reject ?
Swear by eternal Styx—if Styx thou do'st respect—

LXXXVI.

“ That these from thine arch plottings shall be safe ;
Greatly my fondness for thee shall increase,
If thou this little oath wilt now vouchsafe ”—
Hermes replied, “ Apollo, as you please ;”
And then his friend’s suspicions to appease,
He stoutly swore by the dark Stygian river,
That from his cunning hand safe should be these,
And that his fane he would dismantle never.
Eternal love then swore he of the Golden Quiver.

LXXXVII.

He vowed that no one man or happy god
Should be so dear to him in heart and mind ;
And, as a love token, bestowed a rod
In which were Wealth and Happiness combined :
Trefoil of gold around it was entwined ;
And it was hammered from the purest ore,
Fashioned to save from foes of every kind ;
Knowledge and Genius, Wisdom, heavenly Lore,
Within its slender form this wand of wonder bore.

LXXXVIII.

“ All the sage counsels of the Eternal’s breast,
All the amazing stores of Prophecy,
It knows, and will pour forth at thy request,
And teach thee wonders, divinations high ;
Seek not into its mysteries to pry,
For those in Jove’s omniscient heart are wrapt ;
Nor ask me more, for a great oath have I
Sworn in Olympus beautiful, cloud-capt,
Never to tell the things in his large spirit mapped.

LXXXIX.

“ It is not fit that other gods should know
 These wondrous secrets of the Thunder-King ;
Keep then this golden wand that I bestow,
 Nor seek from me the hidden fates to wring,
 The many who around my Temples cling,
Asking mysterious oracles, shall leave
 The Holy Shrines contented ; like fair spring,
An atmosphere of light I round them weave,
And never can they say that I their hearts deceive.

XC.

“ But whoso trusts in folly-speaking birds,
 And haunts my fane some prophecy to hear,
Shall have an Oracle whose misty words
 Shall keep the voice of promise to his ear,
 But lead him wildly wrong in his career ;
Though of his presents I'll of course take care—
 There is another secret of the sphere
Which thou shalt know, offspring of Maïa fair,
And Zeus whose meteor-shield flashes with awful glare.

XCI.

“ Three virgin sisters, Destinies, there are,
 Rejoicing in fleet pinions ; round their brows
Is scattered flour, that glitters like a star ;
 In the Parnassian vale of trees they house ;
 From these, when tending my immortal cows,
I learned the gift of prophecy. Our Sire
 Heeded it not. On honey they carouse,
And having eaten, with oracular fire
They glow, and tell the things their madness does inspire.

XCII.

“But if, of the sweet meat you them deprive,
 Soul-less they are, and sealed up are their lips :
 Vainly to win their wisdom-words you’ll strive—
 No oracle from them like honey drips.
 Rule these—thy cows—and all of life that trips
 O’er the broad-bosomed earth—lion and steed,
 And dog and boar ; and when the death-eclipse
 Comes on the sunlike soul, wend thou with speed,
 And, like a planet bright, conduct it in its need.”

XCIII.

Thus sovran Phœbus cherished Maïa’s boy,
 And the Saturnian beauty shed on both ;
 To mix with men and gods became the joy
 Of Hermes, who increased in strength and growth ;
 To plunder all he still was nothing loth :
 And when the Night spread o’er the earth her veil,
 He rambled robbing, for he hated sloth—
 Enchanting son of Zeus and Maïa, hail !
 Ne’er shall I cease to hymn thy praise in bardic tale.

1840.



Catullus.

“Oramus si forte, non molestum est.”

Tell us, if for asking thee we are not to be chidden,
 In what secret corner thou thyself hast hidden ?

We sought thee in the Circus, and in the Lesser Meadows,
We sought thee in the bookshops, and in the Temple's
shadows.

We looked for thee in valleys overgrown with flowers
and grasses ;

We stopped and questioned, as we walked, all the pretty
lasses :

All of those we talked to were beauteous, young, and
witty ;

"Do you know," said we, "my dears, where in wood or
city,

That wild, wandering rake, Camerius, now is staying ?

With what little Siren is the scapegrace gone a-Maying?"

One of those we asked, her white breast discloses—

"Here he is," says she, "hidden in the roses."



Ausonius.

"*Laïdas et Glyceras lascivæ nomina famæ.*"

When my own little wife reads the songs I compose,

About Laïis and Glycera, Phyllis and Rose,

She tells me, she's sure I but jest in my way—

That I never have strayed, and I never will stray ;

That these nymphs are mere fancies of mine : on my life

It is pleasant to have so confiding a wife.



From the Swedish.

The works from which the following ballads have been taken, are, first—“*Seenska Folk-Visor fran Forntiden. Samlade och utgifne af ER. GUST. GEIGER. och ARV. AUG. AFZELIUS. Stockholm. 4 Del. (Musik). 1816.*” [“The Old Ballads of Sweden. Collected and published by ER. GUST. GEIGER and ARV. AUG. AFZELIUS. 4 volumes.”] And, second—“*Svenska Fornsanger, en samling af Kämpvisor, Folk-Visor, Lekar, och Dansar, Samt Barn-och Vall-Sanger. Utgifne af ADOLF IWAR ARDWISSON. Stockholm. 2 Del. 1837.*” [“Ancient Swedish Ballads, a Collection of Champion Ballads, Popular Songs, Sport and Dance Rhymes, Shepherd and Nursery Songs. Collected by ADOLF IWAR ARDWISSON. 2 volumes.”] These reliques of olden minstrelsy comprise the most choice specimens of ballad literature, and hurry us at once into the bosom of antiquity. They have never been translated before, and they appear to me worthy of an English dress. 1843.

Kindelblad.

“Norrige ligger högt i nord.”

Norway lies high in the North,
 Full of bears, and white with snow ;
 Its mountains rise aloft from the earth,
 And from their peaks the eagles go.
 Wildly whistle the Northern blasts,
 Through the fir-tree tops so brown ;
 And from the giant cliffs on high,
 Tumble the boiling torrents down.

Norway is a glorious land,
 Full of honour, and crowned with might ;
 Freedom the badge of its ruling men :
 In love, in law, we all unite.
 No cheats are there, no sneaking knaves,
 Nor slothful drones ; but earnest bands,
 Firm as the mountain oak in heart,
 True as the steel that arms their hands.

Noroway is a glorious ground ;—

We dream of our olden men of might,
We think of the wondrous antique days,
When the stars and our fires are bright.
Saga high the heroic lays

Of knight, and dame, and champion, tells ;
And oh ! what old ancestral pride,
Our valiant Northmen's bosom swells.

Noroway lies high in the North,

Yet fair and fresh its roses glow ;
And over its green and healthy soil,
The sweetest winds of Heaven blow.
Its silver brooks in beauty play,
Through forest, and grassy mead and dale ;
Its corn-fields wave, its jocund herds
Wander at will o'er hill and vale.

But it is not the Beautiful only lives

In this happy land, but the wild Sublime :
Torrent, and chasm, and mountain hoar,
Are there, from the oldest olden time.
Old free Noroway ! hail, oh hail !
Hail in the South, and hail in the North,
In mighty mount, and in humble vale,
Our Norsemen—sons of truth and worth.



The Birds of Passage.

BY STAGNELIUS.

“Se foglarnes skara.”

See! the birds are wending,
To some foreign land ;
Their swift flight is tending
Far from Gauthiod's strand.
Wildly they are sighing—
Wildly on the breeze ;—
“Whither are we flying
From our native trees ?”

And thus their sad wailing to Heaven's throne flees.

“From the Scandian bowers,
Tearfully we go ;
There through sunny flowers,
Fled we to and fro ;
In the lindens blooming,
Stood each cosy nest ;
Winds, the air perfuming,
Rocked us into rest.

We now cross the ocean, of strange lands in quest.

“Sweet it was, beholding
Summer evening's close,
His gold locks enfolding
With a wreath of rose.

Pleasures without number
Filled our hearts; we lay
In Elysian slumber,
Till the break of day,
Waked each little sleeper from meadow and spray.

“ There the trees were bending.
Gently o’er the plains,
Flowers their cups were lending
To the pearly rains.
Gone are all the roses,
Leafless are the trees,
Bird nor beast reposes
In the wintry breeze,
And hoar-frost is gemming the May-blooming leas.

“ Why, then, do we linger
In the North till ice,
With its gloomy finger,
Kills us in a trice ?
Why, then, should we sorrow,
Leaving but a grave ?
Why until to-morrow,
Spare the wings God gave ?
Pass we, then, quick o’er the hoarse welcome wave.”

Thus the birds were singing,
Wandering in the air,
Till, o’er ocean winging,
Reached they lands more fair.

There were green elms waving,
 Winds that softly blew ;
 There were bright streams laving
 Myrtles round that grew,
 And the groves and the valleys with joy beamed anew.

When our earthly gladness
 Hath attained its goal,
 Sink not then with sadness,
 Weep not, O my soul !
 Birds, to scenes of splendour,
 Pass o'er ocean's foam,
Thee the grave shall render
 To a heavenly home,
 Where angels immortal in bright beauty roam.



Sven Svanebbit.

“Sven Svanehvit rider sig den vägen fram.”

Sven Svanehvit journeys as far as he can,
 And see, there meets him a Wandering Man :
 “O Wanderer, wanderer, hear what I say,
 Unriddle the riddle I give thee this day.”

“For thee or thy riddle I care not a word,
 The monarch of Iceland I slew with this sword.”
 “If the monarch of Iceland you brought to death-pain,
 Then know *'twas my father* your right hand hath slain.”

Sven Svanehvit plucked his black sword from its sheath,—
One blow—and the Stranger fell lifeless beneath ;
Sven Svanehvit cut up his carcass as small
As the leaves of the linden in autumn that fall.

Sven Svanehvit journeys as far as he can,
And he meets another Wandering Man :
“ O Wanderer, wanderer, hear what I say,
Unriddle the riddle I give thee to day.

“ Look well at this ring, tell me *what* is more round ?
What beasts of more worth than all others are found ?
And tell me where standeth the house of the sun ?
And where lie the feet of the dead and gone ?

“ Who builds the bridge most wide of the wide ?
And where swim fastest the fish in the tide ?
The name of the place with the broadest road ?
And where lives the man most abhorred of God ?

“ And what is more black than the blackest coal ?
And what is more swift beneath the pole,
Than the wing of a lark ? Than the swan more white ?
And what 'tis out-tops the eagle's flight ?”

“ Yes—the Sun than thy ring is far more round ;
The Beasts in Heaven are worthiest found ;
In the West is the house of the glorious sun ?
To the East lie the feet of the dead and gone.

“The Ice builds the bridge most wide of the wide ;
Thereunder swim fastest the fish in the tide ;
And Hell is the place with the broadest road ;
And *there* lives the man most abhorred of God.

“And Sin is more black than the blackest coal ;
And more swift than the wing of the lark is the Soul ;
The Angels than swans are far more white ;
And the Thunder out-tops the eagle’s flight.”

Three days they drank of the Bacchic store ;
“Since thou knowest all this, thou knowest much more ;”—
Sven Svanehvít scarcely able to stand,
Put his golden ring on the Wanderer’s hand.



Little Tofva.*

“Lill’ Tofva hon tjente på Konungens gård.”

Tofva in the King’s court, she was a little maid,
Oh ! little Tofva ! were I half so fair,
A year and fifteen weeks little Tofva there had stayed,
And Tofva was the king’s love, and she was all his care.

* In northern ballads, the word “little” is invariably used to express the most passionate fondness ; whatever is most earnestly recommended to the reader is always called *little*.

“Parvola, pumilio, χαριτων μια, tota merum sal.”

—*Lucret.* iv. 1155.

This peculiarity also occurs in Italian and Irish poetry.

Thus to his servants three spake the beautiful young King,

Oh ! little Tofva ! were I half so fair !

“Tell Tofva that I want her, and hither Tofva bring,”

For Tofva was the king's love, and she was all his care.

Little Tofva threw around her a mantle white as snow,

Oh ! little Tofva ! were I half so fair !

And to the handsome young King, made ready quick to go,

For Tofva was the king's love, and she was all his care.

And through the spacious halls little loving Tofva flies,

Oh ! little Tofva ! were I half so fair !

And the young King received her, and joy lit up his eyes,

For Tofva was the king's love, and she was all his care.

And he tapped her on the rosy cheek, and thus prayed he,

Oh ! little Tofva ! were I half so fair !

“Christ grant, little Tofva, that my dearest love thou be,”

For Tofva was the king's love, and she was all his care.

“And, O my gracious King, oh, speak not to me so.”

Oh ! little Tofva ! were I half so fair !

“For the Queen watches privily, and threatens many a woe,”

For Tofva was the king's love, and she was all his care.

“Let her hear what she may hear from sycophant and slave,”

Oh ! little Tofva ! were I half so fair !

“Christ grant that she were dead and lying in her grave,”

For Tofva was the king's love, and she was all his care.

Thus spake the Queen unto her servants three,

Oh ! little Tofva ! were I half so fair !

“ Tell little wanton Tofva that she must come to me.”

For Tofva was the king's love, and she was all his care.

Little Tofva threw around her a mantle white as snow,

Oh ! little Tofva ! were I half so fair,

And to the angry jealous Queen made ready quick to go,

For Tofva was the king's love, and she was all his care.

And through the women's chambers the little trembler hies,

Oh ! little Tofva ! were I half so fair !

And the Queen frowned upon her, and rage lit up her eyes,

For Tofva was the king's love, and she was all his care.

And she struck her on the rosy cheek that glittered like the May,

Oh ! little Tofva ! were I half so fair !

“ Unto my dear King what hast thou had to say ?”

For Tofva was the king's love, and she was all his care.

“ One of the court pages would seek my love to win,”

Oh ! little Tofva ! were I half so fair !

“ And to ask the King's orders, O Queen, I ventured in,”

For Tofva was the king's love, and she was all his care.

“ Thou liest, little Tofva, thou hast spoken false through fear,”

Oh ! little Tofva ! were I half so fair !

“ Thou wishest I were dead, and lying on my bier,”

For Tofva was the king's love, and she was all his care.

Thus spake the Queen unto her servants three,

Oh ! little Tofva ! were I half so fair !

“ A good pile of dry wood gather quick for me,”

For Tofva was the king's love, and she was all his care.

“ But oak-tree or aspen-tree I would not have thee fell,”

Oh ! little Tofva, were I half so fair !

“ But willow-rods that kindle rapidly and well,”

For Tofva was the king's love, and she was all his care.

To the King runs a little boy with fear and horror scared,

Oh ! little Tofva ! were I half so fair !

“ Oh ! what a strong fire thy good Queen has prepared,”

For Tofva was the king's love, and she was all his care.

“ I have seen the Queen's servants build up a mighty pyre,”

Oh ! little Tofva ! were I half so fair !

“ She will burn the little Tofva, so she swears, in the fire,”

For Tofva was the king's love, and she was all his care.

Then they lifted little Tofva all on a steed of pride,

Oh ! little Tofva ! were I half so fair !

And the valiant Monarch rode exulting by her side,

For Tofva was the king's love, and she was all his care.

With sad heart to the south little Tofva rides along,

Oh ! little Tofva ! were I half so fair !

O gracious Heaven ! guard me from such a bridal-song !

For Tofva was the king's love, and she was all his care.

Little Tofva rides along to the broad sea's strand,

Oh ! little Tofva ! were I half so fair !

Where all the little ships sail swiftly to the land,

For Tofva was the king's love, and she was all his care.

And in the King's bosom doth little Tofva sleep,

Oh ! little Tofva ! were I half so fair !

Till they reach the third King's land, having passed the mighty
deep,

For Tofva was the king's love, and she was all his care.



Sir Carl; or, the Cloister Robbery.

“Herr Carl han gick för sin fostermor in.”

Sir Carl he goes to his Mother in,

“Advise me, Mother, I pray ;

How shall I the fair young maiden win,

From the cloister with me away ?”

For Sir Carl he sleeps alone.

“Oh ! lay thee as sick ; oh ! lay thee as dead,

Oh ! lay thee on the bier ;

Thus shalt thou the fair young Maiden wed

Withouten danger or fear.”

The little boys came to the cloister old,

Clothed in their robes of blue ;

“Sir Carl he lies in his coffin cold,

To his false fair mistress true.”

The little boys came to the cloister old,
Clothed in their robes of red ;
“ From thy chamber, Nun, step forth and behold
Sir Carl lie stiff and dead.”

The little boys came to the cloister old,
Clothed in their robes of white ;
“ From thy chamber, Nun, descend and behold
The corpse of thine own true knight.”

To the Lady Abbess the Nun went in,
“ Advise me, mother, I pray ;
And oh ! he is dead—Sir Carl is dead,
May I visit his death-cold clay ?”

“ I will not say thee, yes, or no—
But if in the hour of eve,
To the chamber of the dead thou go,
I fear thou’lt sorely grieve.”

The Maiden goes through the chamber-door,
As the glorious sunshine bright ;
Sir Carl he lay as dead on the floor,
But his false heart laughed with delight.

And the Maiden went to his head and sighed,
Seeing his tresses gay ;
“ Ah me ! that my true love never had died,
But were mine for ever and aye.”

And the Maiden went to his feet of snow,
And lifted the sheet so fine ;
“ Oh ! would thou wert quick, and for evermoe
True love, fond love of mine.”

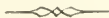
And the Maid went thence to the chamber-door,
“ My sisters dear, good night ; ”
Sir Carl sprang up from the marble floor,
And caught the maiden bright.”

“ Away—away with the death-like bier,
Bring mead, and madder, and wine ;
To-morrow I'll make thee my spouse so dear,
To-morrow thou shalt be mine.”

The fair young Nuns of the cloister old,
As they read in the holy book,
Believe 'twas God's angel bright and bold,
That forth their sister took.

And each young Nun of the cloister old,
Prays all the long night through ;
“ Christ grant that some Angel bright and bold,
Would come and take *me* too.”

For Sir Carl he sleeps alone.



Sir Tynnè.

“Och det var Rydder Tynnè.”

Sir Tynnè he was a gentle Knight,
Wherever on horse or foot went he,
In the forest green, or the castelled hall,
No braver or gentler knight could be.

Sir Tynnè he rose—Sir Tynnè he goes
Into the wood to shoot harts and hinds,
And Ulfva, the little Dwarf's daughter fair,
Under the lindens green he finds.

Ulfva, the little Dwarf's daughter fair,—
To her handmaid small quoth she,
“Go, fetch me hither my good gold harp,
For I will enamour this Knight with me.”

Once she struck her harp of gold,*
And so sweetly spake the string,
That the beasts of the field and the forest-hold
Paused, and forgot where they meant to spring.

* This faërie harpist was more than rivalled by the famous Scotch minstrel Glenkindie, commemorated in Jamieson's *Popular Ballads and Songs*, i. 93—

Glenkindie was ance a harper gude,
He harpèd to the king ;
And Glenkindie was ance the best harper
That ever harped on a string.
He'd harpit a fish out o' saut water,
Or water out o' a stane,
Or milk out o' a maiden's breast
That bairn had never nane.

Twice she struck her harp of gold,
And so sweetly spake the string,
That the little gray hawk on the elm tree so old,
Stood listening long with outstretched wing.

Thrice she struck her harp of gold,
And so sweetly spake the string,
That the little white fish in the flood so cold,
They paused spell-bound to hear her sing.

And leafing tree and flowering mead
Confessed the might of that Runè strain :
And Sir Tynnè spurred on his good war-steed,
Which no man's hand but his could rein.

And soon Sir Tynnè, that gentle knight,
Down from his dun war-horse leapt he ;
Then goes he to Ulfva, that maiden fair,
As she sitteth beneath the green linden tree.

“ And here you sit, my maiden fair,
Like a rose among lilies, soft and bright ;
No earthly man dares look in your eyes,
And feel not love and young love's delight.”

“ Now nay, now nay, thou gentle knight,
Forbear thy wooings of love to me,
For I am betrothed to a mountain king,
The King of the Dwarves, and his bride to be.

“ My bridegroom he dwells in the mountains dark,
And plays at his game of chess all day ;
My father he marshals his champions bold,
In armour of iron yclothed are they.

“ My mother she sits in the mountains deep,
Piling up gold in her golden chest ;
And I stole out for an hour or two,
To play on my harp as I love best.”

Then spake Sir Tynnè, that gentle knight,
Patting her on her cheeks of rose,
“ My heart’s own love, an answer I crave,
Of kinder, gentler sort than those.”

“ An answer of kinder, gentler sort,
Not mine, Sir Knight, is not mine for thee ;
I have plighted myself to a Mountain King,
And must keep my troth full faithfully.”

And it was Thora, the little Dwarf’s wife,
Out of the mountain’s door looked she,
And she saw Sir Tynnè, that gentle knight,
A-wooing beneath the green linden tree.

And it was Thora, the little Dwarf’s wife,
Her eyes flashed anger, and woe, and fear ;
“ What have you to do in this grove, Sir Knight ?
What evil chance hath brought you here ?

“Far better it were for thee, daughter mine,
To dwell in the mountain, and pile up gold,
Than to sit in the roses beneath the lime,
And strike the lewd harp like a minstrel bold.

“And better it were for thee, daughter mine,
At home to work at thy bridal dress,
Than to sit in the grove, and with Runè rhymes
Win Christian hearts in this wilderness.”

And Ulfva, the little Dwarf's daughter fair,
Into the mountains dark went she ;
And after her went Sir Tynnè, the Knight,
In scarlet and furs clad winsomely.

And it was Thora, the little Dwarf's wife,
She fetched a chair of red golden glow,
Then she cast the knight in enchanted sleep
That lasted until the red cock crow.

And it was Thora, the little Dwarf's wife,
The Runè books five, of enchanted might,
She brought, and broke off the powerful spells
Which her daughter had thrown o'er that gentle
knight.

“And hear ye, Sir Tynnè, give ear, give ear,
From the Runè spells your spirit is free ;
But in truth and in faith, I tell ye, Sir Knight,
My daughter can never your young bride be.

“ And I, too, was born of the Christian folk,
But stolen away in the days of old,
My sister she dwells in Iceland’s isle,
And wears on her brows a crown of gold.

“ And well she weareth a crown of gold,
And well is she named a royal Queen ;
They have stolen her daughter away, away,
And far and wide they search, I ween.

“ Her daughter was stolen away, away,
And to Bernerland taken one wintry night ;
There sits she now, a beautiful Maid,
And she is the Lady Hermelin hight.

“ Seven women there be who watch her well,
Whene’er in the waving dance she moves ;
Nor dare she play on her golden harp,
The golden harp whose sound she loves.

“ The monarch he has a sister’s son,
The king’s sole royal heir is he,
For him they intend that beautiful Maid,
Who hates him, and never his bride would be.

“ And now my word of honour I give,
Of my own free will my faith I plight,
To thee will I wed that beautiful Maid,
If thou wilt bring her to me, Sir Knight.”

Then she gave Sir Tynnè a fair new coat,
 Broidered with pearls and stars of gold,
And every seam was trimmed with gems,
 Of brightness rare and of price untold.

Then she gave him a steed, a prancing steed,
 And a saddle as bright as the shining May,
“And ne’er shall you need a guide,” quoth she,
 “For this good steed never shall lose his way.”

And Ulfva, the little Dwarf’s daughter fair,
 Good wishes she gave to that gentle Knight,
“And take ye this glittering sword and spear,
 And arm ye, Childe, for the future fight.

“And never,” quoth she, “shalt thou fight a fight
 In which thou shalt not the victor be,”
“And never,” quoth she, “shalt thou miss the strand,
 Though tossed full long on a stormy sea.”

And it was Thora, the little Dwarf’s wife,
 She poured him out a glass of red wine ;
“Ride away, ride away, Sir Tynnè,” she cries,
 “Ere cometh my husband home to dine.”

“And now, Sir Tynnè, that gentle knight,
 Beneath the linden trees he rides,
There meet him two mighty Mountain Kings,
 Ascending the gloomy mountain sides.

“Well met, Sir Tynnè, good-morrow, Sir Knight,
You ride full well on your prancing steed ;
And whither and whither would you go ?
Methinks your journey requireth speed.”

“I travel a straight and a distant road,
To save a beautiful flower,” quoth he,
And fain would I try my good steel sword,
An’ it will go well or ill with me.”

“Ride in peace, Sir Tynnè,” they say ;
“Peace we wish, and peace give we ;
But, lo ! the Champions of Iceland come,
Who have sworn to break a lance with thee.”

And now Sir Tynnè, that gentle Knight,
Under the green trees holds his way ;
There meet him six Champions of Bernerland,
They bid him at once to halt and stay.

“And fight we must in this blessèd hour,
Fight we must till death divide,
For silver white, or the good red gold,
Or each man for his plighted bride.”

And it was the monarch’s sister’s son,
He was in hot and hasty mood ;
“Of silver and gold I have ynough,
And I will have this champion’s blood.”

“But hast thou not a plighted bride?—
Ladye Hermelin fair and fine,
For her I dare thee to fight me here,
Whether she shall be mine or thine.”

At the first charge of these furious knights,
Like thundering torrents forth they bound;
He struck at the monarch's sister's son,
His head fell down on the grassy ground.

Back now rode the Champions six,
Clothèd each in a mourning skin;
They went up into the lofty hall,
And found the agèd King within.

And when they told the agèd King,
Oh! how he tore his snowy hair!
“Avenge my sister's son's death,” he says;
“Avenge, or dread my dark despair.”

Back then rode the Champions six,
Soon they thought to win the prize;
Lamed and dismembered straight were they;—
By mishaps thus men grow wise.

Then the wolves and bears he slew,
Which fiercely guarded the lofty hall;
Then he brought out the beautiful Maid,
Who so long had lain in thrall.

Now has Ladye Hermelin 'scaped
Sorrow and trouble, and tear and blight ;
Now she sleeps on the loving breast
Of that true and gentle knight.

Now has fair Sir Tynnè escaped
Sorrow and trouble and deadly fight ;
Now he sleeps in the loving arms
Of that Ladye sweet and bright.

Much did he thank the little Dwarf's daughter,
Ladye Ulfva fair to see,
Whose magical Runes had nerved his arm,
To win fair Hermelin scathelessly.



Herr Redeball.

“Lilla Lisa och hennes Moder de suto i sin sal.”

Lilla Lisa and her mother in their palace halls they sate,
And they held with each other a wonderful debate ;

Ho, ho ! no, no—no, no—no !

They held with each other a wonderful debate.

“And hear me, Lilla Lisa, dearest daughter mine,
Is it milk that I see on thy kirtle so fine ?”

“Not milk, mother dear, stains my kirtle all so white,
But mead that I spilled on it by chance yesternight.”

“Mead is not like milk,” quoth the mother with a frown,
“For the milk is white, and the mead it is brown.”

“Mother dear, the truth I will not hide from thee,
Herr Redevall has been a-playing with me.”

“And has Herr Redevall a-played with thee?
Then art thou no longer a daughter dear to me.”

“On a gallows tree Herr Redevall shall die,
And thou shalt be roasted while I stand by.”

Now Lilla Lisa wends to Herr Redevall’s away,
And she knocks at his door in the morning gray.

“Get thee up, Herr Redevall, nor let thine own love wait,
My mother dear and I have had a wonderful debate.

“On a gallows-tree she swears that thou shalt die,
And that I shall be roasted, while she stands by.”

“I shall not be hanged on the gaunt gallows tree,
Nor shalt *thou* be bound in the red fire for me.”

Herr Redevall he saddles quick his courser gray,
“Mount thee, dearest Lilla Lisa,” gently did he say.

And when as they came where the rose-bowers smile,
Saith Lilla Lisa, “I would rest a little while.”

Redevall he spreads out his mantle in the bower,
And two little babes were born within that hour.

“Christ grant that I were with thee, dearest mother mine,
Thou’dst spread out my bed, and wouldst give me the
sweet wine.”

Herr Redevall he tended his little bride so true,
And he fetched her a drink in his silver-studded shoe.

Herr Redevall he fetches water from the spring ;
In the tree he heard a little bird so sorrowfully sing.

Mournfully and sweetly sang the little bird there,
“Lilla Lisa she is dead, and the twins so fair.”

Back to the greenwood Herr Redevall he sped,
And he found that it was true as the little bird had said.

Now digged he a grave so broad and so deep,
Therein he laid the bodies to take their long sleep.

He set his good broadsword right against a tree ;
It ran into his heart, and dead fell he.

Ho, ho ! no, no—no, no—no !

It ran into his heart and dead fell he.



Sir Ulfver and Wife Silberlind.

“Herr Ulfver han var en Riddareman.”

Sir Ulfver he was a brave bold knight,
He wooed a maid like the sweet sunlight.

This we know of Ulfver.

Gallant in mien, and noble in mind,
He wooed and won maid Silverlind.

They lived together in love and mirth,
And three little babes from her side had birth.

But in the eighth year came grim old Death,
And withered sweet Silverlind with his breath.

Sir Ulfver was long a sorrowful man,
But to court maid Stineborg then he began.

They lived together in blissful mirth,
And three young babes from her side had birth.

Wife Stineborg's children went out to play ;
Wife Silverlind's wept at home all day.

The youngest child so sadly wept,
That its mother woke where she coldly slept.

Wife Silverlind said to the Angel-band,
" Oh, may I go back to my own dear land ?"

" To thine own dear land thou hast leave to go,
But fly thou back ere the cock doth crow."

She knocks at the door with her fingers thin,
" Get up, my dear babes, and let me in."

" On straw, my children, why slumber ye ?"
" No better bed, dear mother, have we."

“And why so dirty, dear babes, oh why?”

“For none hath washed us since thou didst die.”

Wife Stineborg forth from her chamber came,

“Oh, listen ! oh, listen, thou cruel step-dame !

“Meadows and fields I left behind,

And my children starving now I find.

“And many a herd, and many a flock,

And my children go without shoon or sock.

“And many a bed of down left I,

While on straw and stalks my poor children lie.

“Wert thou to my children good and kind,

God a throne in Heaven for thee would find.”

“Hitherto have I been a stepdame bad,

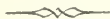
But the orphan’s heart will I henceforth glad.”

Oh ! never did Heaven or Angels see

A brighter or happier companie

Than Silverlind and her children three.

This we know of Ulfver.



The Proof.

“Jungfrun hon gick till sjöastrand.”

The maiden she walked by the green sea wave ;

Oh ! never forget me in weal or woe ;

There met she a Nobleman youthful and brave.

While on the fair isle the lindens grow.

And bright gold chains in her lap he laid ;

Oh ! never forget me in weal or woe ;

“Now plight me your faith, fair-blooming Maid.”

While on the fair isle the lindens grow.

“Nay, my foster-mother would sore complain,

Oh ! never forget me in weal or woe ;

If she saw me wearing thy bright gold chain.”

While on the fair isle the lindens grow.

“But say, as you went by the green sea-strand,

Oh ! never forget me in weal or woe ;

That you found the gold chain on the crystal sand.”

While on the fair isle the lindens grow.

“Nay, my foster-mother would weep and wail,

Oh ! never forget me in weal or woe ;

When she saw that my cheeks grew wan and pale.”

While on the fair isle the lindens grow.

“But say, as you went that you heard it said,

Oh ! never forget me in weal or woe ;

Your father and mother both were dead.”

While on the fair isle the lindens grow.

“ But wilt *thou* not plight thy faith to me ?

Oh ! never forget me in weal or woe ;

Come sit, and talk by the booming sea.

While on the fair isle the lindens grow.

“ Before cock-crow, poor I was born ;

Oh ! never forget me in weal or woe ;

And my mother died in the early morn.

While on the fair isle the lindens grow.

“ My mother they laid in the deep black mould,

Oh ! never forget me in weal or woe ;

For my father dear while the bells they tolled.

While on the fair isle the lindens grow.

“ My father they laid in the deep black grave ;

Oh ! never forget me in weal or woe ;

And they tolled the bells for my brother brave.

While on the fair isle the lindens grow.

“ My brother they laid in the deep black mould,

Oh ! never forget me in weal or woe ;

For my sister dear, while the bells they tolled.

While on the fair isle the lindens grow.

“ Now all were dead in the silent clay,

Oh ! never forget me in weal or woe ;

Who fed me, and clothed me for many a day,

While on the fair isle the lindens grow.

“ And my youngest brother remained alone,

Oh ! never forget me in weal or woe ;

Father, and mother, and sister in one.

While on the fair isle the lindens grow.

“ But my foster-mother my grief consoled ;

Oh ! never forget me in weal or woe ;

She taught me to sew, and to broider with gold.

While on the fair isle the lindens grow.

“ She taught me to broider, she taught me to sew,

Oh ! never forget me in weal or woe ;

To speak but little, and soft and slow.

While on the fair isle the lindens grow.

“ She taught me to cover the rich man’s board,

Oh ! never forget me in weal or woe ;

But never to trust to his flattering word.”

While on the fair isle the lindens grow.

“ Thanks, sister dear,” was the Knight’s reply ;

Oh ! never forget me in weal or woe ;

“ Thou art my sister—thy brother am I.

While on the fair isle the lindens grow.

“ And if thou hadst hearkened to what I said,

Oh ! never forget me in weal or woe ;

My sword would have struck thee stiff and dead.

While on the fair isle the lindens grow.

“ In the King’s palace I serve and bide ;
Oh ! never forget me in weal or woe ;
 Of his bravest Knight I’ll make thee bride.”
While on the fair isle the lindens grow.

The Enchanted Princess.

Jag vet val hvar som s  tr ett Slott.

Well do I know where a Castle stands,
 Where stands a Castle with mighty walls ;
 Rich and bright are its towers old,
 With silver ore and with ruddy gold,
 Ruddy gold from eastern lands—
 And of marble hewn are its giant halls.

And in that Castle a verdant lime,
 A lime of exquisite beauty grows,
 Thick are its leaves and of emerald green,
 And a Nightingale dwelt its boughs between,
 Which sang in the olden, olden time,
 A song when the Evening Star arose.

There came a Knight a-riding there,
 Riding alone by the marble tower,
 And he heard the Nightingale’s song arise,
 Which filled his soul with a strange surprise,
 To hear a song so sweetly rare
 Poured forth in the solemn midnight hour.

“Now hear me, my dear little Nightingale,
Dear little Nightingale listen to me;
If thou wilt me a roundelay sing,
Thee will I cover from tail to wing
With a rich and gorgeous golden veil,
And girt with pearls thy neck shall be.”

“Nought care I for thy veil of gold,
Or necklace of pearl, though starry bright;
The greenwood wild is the little bird's home,
In the greenwood wild I wildly roam,
Hither and thither in heat and cold,
And ever unseen by mortal sight.”

“And art thou a wild little greenwood bird?
A little wild bird in the greenwood trees?
And ever by mortal eye unseen?
Feel'st thou not cold or hunger keen,
Or rain when the might of the storm is stirred,
Or the snow that drifts on the northern breeze?”

“I feel not hunger—I feel not snow,
Or winter cold, or torrent of rain;
I dwell secure in these woodland dells;
But deep in my breast a secret dwells,
Ah me! a dark and secret woe,
That pierces me through with undying pain.

“Oft have I torrents of wild sea seen,
Between the mountains and valleys run;
But the friend sincere, and staunch, and tried,
Never deserts his good friend's side;

No torrent of hatred rolls between,
But steadfast is each as the changeless sun.

“*I too* had a loved one, and I loved *him*,
In days of yore *he* loved me well;
A stalwart, stately, brave young Knight,
Which kindled my cruel step-dame’s spite;—
This brother she changed to a wolf so grim,
And sent *me* into the woods to dwell.

“Quickly he fled to the shaggy wood,
To the shaggy forest he fled with haste;
In those savage haunts condemned to range,
Nor ever know rest, or pleasure, or change,
Until he had drunk her heart’s best blood;—
Thus seven good years did my brother waste.

“Merrily once to the wood she went,
Into the wood went this step-dame vile;
And down by the grove of roses she lied,
But my brother his fierce tormentress spied,—
Spied her, and quickly, with fell intent,
Tracked that sorceress base a-while.

“By the left leg, with his hideous claw,
He seized the Witch while she groaned with pain;
He tore out her heart—he drank her blood—
He licked—he lapped up the ruby flood—
A minute passed and my brother saw
In a stream his human form again.

“But still a little wild bird am I,
A little wild bird of the forest green;

And sadly and softly I sing and weep,
When my midnight vigils, alas! I keep,
And hither and thither on air I fly;
While the stars shine bright in the blue serene.

"Yet blessèd be God in the Heaven above,
Blessèd be God, who hath helped me now;
The chain of silence at length He broke,
'Tis fifteen years since a word I spoke,
Of grief, or joy, or sorrow, or love,
With any but thee, Sir Knight, I vow.

"And yet I have sung while the stars shone bright,
And sung in the rosy morning hour,
With my nightingale music sweet and low;
But nothing on this broad earth I trow
Hath given my soul such pure delight
As the meadow green and the blooming bower."

"Now hear me, my dear little Nightingale,
Dear little beautiful Nightingale, hear;
Come away to my chamber, and thou shalt be
The sole companion to dwell with me,
And sing to the stars thy sorrowful tale,
And thou mayst fly off when the roses appear."

"I thank thee, Sir Knight, for thy offer so kind,
For thy offer I thank thee, brave young Knight;
But alas! I dare not accept the same,
Forbidden to move by my cruel step-dame;
A home elsewhere I dare not find,
Till the feathers fall off from my breast so white."

The Knight stood awhile, and deeply thought,
In sage reflection, awhile he stood;
Nor heeded he much a single word
Of fear that fell from the fair little bird,
But her legs in his hand he quickly caught,
For such was the will of the Lord so good.

And he bore her away to his chamber fair,
To his chamber fair he the little bird bore;
The windows and doors he closed, when lo!
Into many a shape she began to grow,
Shapes that the stoutest heart might scare,
As you shall hear ere my song be o'er.

A lion, and then a bear, she became,
A lion of might, and bear of size,
And then in a cluster of dragons she rose,
And then as a lindworm strong she glows,
With jaws like an all-devouring flame,
And fury fierce in her baleful eyes.

He cut her fair skin with the smallest knife,
With the smallest knife he pierced her through;
The least drop of blood on the snowy floor,*
And a Maiden of brightness stood before,
Restored again to beautiful life,
And sweet as a flower in the morning dew.

“And now I have freed thee from dire distress,
Thou standest once more in thy virgin pride;

* To shed the blood of a transformed person at once put an end to the spell of magic.

And lovely Ladye I fain would know,
The sorrowful tale of thy secret woe,
And I would have thee thy race confess,
By thy noble father's and mother's side?"

"My father was monarch of Egypt's land;
In the land of Egypt my mother reigned;
My brother was found a Werhwolf to be,
In the wilderness gloomily wandered he;
For such was his step-dame's stern command;
Till his former shape he at length regained."

"If thy father was monarch of Egypt's land,
And if thy mother in Egypt reigned,
Then art thou my sister's darling child,
Changed to a little bird, beauteous and wild,
By thy step-dame's stern and strange command;
Oh! blest be this hour for thy shape regained."

And great was the joy of the old and young,
And great was the joy that filled every breast,
That the Knight caught the dear little Nightingale,
Which often and often her sorrowful tale
In the starry hour had sweetly sung
In the lime-tree green from her lonely nest.*

* There is an Oriental wildness in this Gothic fiction which reminds one of the story of Cambuscan bold, the mighty Tartar King, whose story Chaucer has but half revealed, and to whom the Knight, who is depicted in one of the epigraphs to this volume, presented himself with the various presents there enumerated: The horse, the mirror, the sword, and the ring, were gifts from the king of Araby and Ind: the first, on touching a secret spring,

Herr Båld.

“Herren Båld han sadlar sin gångare grå.”

Herr Båld saddles his courser gray,

Could one rightly think it?

To his mother's palace he rides away,

*Herr Båld steps confused over the threshold.**

“Herr Båld, Herr Båld, welcome be,

For I have something to tell to thee.

“And is this true as I hear it told,

That thou hast married a Witch, Herr Båld?”

“God pardon him, dear mother, I pray,

Who told thee that lie this holy day.

“But yesternoon I saw her stand

On the heath with the wicked witches' band.

“And a bear she rode upon,

With a wolf for a saddle thereon.

would convey its rider in twenty-four hours to the remotest part of the Globe; the second had the power of depicting upon its surface any treason which threatened the person or kingdom of Cambuscan; the third could not only pierce armour, vaunted as impenetrable, but likewise heal the very wound it had inflicted; while the fourth, destined for Canacè, the daughter of Cambuscan, endowed her during the time she wore it with a knowledge of the virtues of plants, and the language of birds.

* I have given a literal translation of the *omquard*, but have not thought it worth versifying, and I have struck it out of the subsequent verses, as it is harsh, unmusical, and unmeaning.

“And a whip of snakes I saw her hold,
I myself was present Herr Båld.”

Herr Båld wheels round his courser gray,
From his mother’s he rides enraged away.

Herr Båld rides to his own abode,
Little Kerstin she met him upon the road.

“Be welcome home, Herr Båld, to me,
Long have I been a-waiting thee.”

“’Tis false—thou art not glad to see
Thy husband—nor I to look on thee.”

He caught her straight by the golden hair,
He hurled her down on the shingles bare.

“Herr Båld, spare me for love’s sweet sake,
For I have my dying will to make.”

Little Kerstin into her chamber went,
Herr Båld follows with false intent.

Herr Båld fastened the massive door,—
Both stood alone on the marble floor.

“I give my gray steed to my father dear,
And him he shall ride to my lonely bier.

“To my mother my silk-sewed robe I leave,
Oft have I made her sigh and grieve.

“To my brother I give my gold crown red,
I know he will weep when he sees me dead.

“And unto my dear little sisters two,
I give my gold shrines—now pierce me through.”

Herr Båld unsheathed his gilded blade,
And poor little Kerstin in death he laid.

Then unto his yeman outspake Herr Båld,
“Quick to mine ear let thy mind be told.”

“Oh, saddle thy strongest steed, and ride
Where the thickest woods thy head can hide.”

Herr Båld saddled his courser gray,
To his mother's-in-law he rode away.

“Oh! welcome home, Herr Båld to me,
And how may thy little Kerstin be?”

“Little Kerstin she dwells in peace and bliss,
I think her soul is in Heaven by this.”

“Ha!—ha! I see by thy sword blood-red,
Thy hand has struck little Kerstin dead.”

Little Kerstin they laid on a bier of gold,
And to it in chains they bound Herr Båld.

They laid her then in the earth so black,
And him they tied on the gibbet and rack.



The Two Sisters.

“Det bodde en Konung allt uti Engeland.

There dwelt a king in England old,

Thus a little bird sang to me,

Of his daughters two a tale is told,

Now blooms the forest with flower and tree.

And the sister said to her sister fair,

Thus a little bird sang to me,

“To the silver strand let us both repair,”

Now blooms the forest with flower and tree.

The youngest was bright as the month of May,

Thus a little bird sang to me,

The eldest was dark as a winter's day,

Now blooms the forest with flower and tree.

First walked the youngest with waving hair,

Thus a little bird sang to me,

The eldest followed—false heart she bare ;—

Now blooms the forest with flower and tree.

And when on the silver strand they stood,

Thus a little bird sang to me,

She thrust her sister into the flood,

Now blooms the forest with flower and tree.

But the Maiden stretched forth her snow-white hand,

Thus a little bird sang to me,

“Oh! sister, dear sister, oh! help me to land,”

Now blooms the forest with flower and tree.

“And sister, dear sister, oh! help me to land,”

Thus a little bird sang to me,

“And I will give thee my red gold band,”

Now blooms the forest with flower and tree.

“Oh! mine is the band of the red gold ore,”

Thus a little bird sang to me,

“But God’s green earth thou shalt tread no more,”

Now blooms the forest with flower and tree.

“Help me, dear sister! while still I breathe,”

Thus a little bird sang to me,

“And I will give thee my red gold wreath,”

Now blooms the forest with flower and tree.

“Oh! mine is thy wreath of the red gold ore,”

Thus a little bird sang to me,

“But God’s green earth thou shalt tread no more,”

Now blooms the forest with flower and tree.

“Once again, help me! sister mine,”

Thus a little bird sang to me,

“And my bridegroom to thee will I straight resign,”

Now blooms the forest with flower and tree.

“I will not help thee to land, she cried,”

Thus a little bird sang to me,

“And I’ll be thy bridegroom’s blooming bride.”

Now blooms the forest with flower and tree.

The fishermen rowed in the dark midnight,
 Thus a little bird sang to me,
To the watery grave of this Maiden bright,
 Now blooms the forest with flower and tree.

Her snowy corpse they drew to land,
 Thus a little bird sang to me,
And they laid it gently on the strand,
 Now blooms the forest with flower and tree.

A harper along the way who strayed,
 Thus a little bird sang to me,
Of the Maiden's body a wild harp made,
 Now blooms the forest with flower and tree.

And he took the Maiden's breast so white,
 Thus a little bird sang to me,
That the sound should fill all with strange delight,
 Now blooms the forest with flower and tree.

Her fingers small that like lilies shine,
 Thus a little bird sang to me,
The harper made into pegs so fine,
 Now blooms the forest with flower and tree.

And her hair that was curled in star-bright rings,
 Thus a little bird sang to me,
The harper bound in his harp for strings,
 Now blooms the forest with flower and tree.

In his arms he raised up the instrument,
 Thus a little bird sang to me,
And into the hall of the wedding he went,
 Now blooms the forest with flower and tree.

The harp sent its music far and wide,
 Thus a little bird sang to me,
And hear what the harp says, thou false bride,
 Now blooms the forest with flower and tree.

At the first stroke of the minstrel's hand,
 Thus a little bird sang to me,
"The bride she wears my red gold band,"
 Now blooms the forest with flower and tree.

The next was a tone of death-like gloom,
 Thus a little bird sang to me,
"The bridegroom is my dear bridegroom,"
 Now blooms the forest with flower and tree.

At the third stroke the sad strings cried,
 Thus a little bird sang to me,
"My sister pushed me into the tide,"
 Now blooms the forest with flower and tree.

On Sunday the gold-crowned bride was gay,
 Thus a little bird sang to me,
She was roasted to death on the following day,
 Now blooms the forest with flower and tree.

Sir Malmsten's Dream.

"Herr Malmsten han drömde en dröm om en natt."

Sir Malmsten he dreamed of sorrow and pain,
Brightly white the lily shines,
That the heart of his Ladye love burst in twain,
He muses in sadness and still repines.

Sir Malmsten he summons his page with speed,—
"Get up and saddle my good gray steed."

They saddled his good gray steed in haste,
While backward and forward Sir Malmsten paced.

To the rose-covered gate the brave Knight rode,
His beautiful Ladye love's fair abode.

Two little maidens he passed on the way,
Yclothed in kirtles of scarlet and gray.

The one in the gray kirtle saw him and sighed,—
"God pity you, Knight, on your sorrowful ride."

He said to the girl in the kirtle of red,
"And who lies sick, or who lies dead?"

"Oh! no one lies sick, and none lies dead,
But Sir Malmsten's bride, once rosy red."

Sir Malmsten he rode to his Ladye love's door,
The corpse in the coffin lay silent before.

Sir Malmsten leapt down from his steed, and raised
The lid of the coffin, and silently gazed.

His five gold rings from his fingers he gave,
To those who were summoned to dig the dark grave.

“Dig ye the grave, my men, long and deep,
Here with my Ladye love take I my sleep.”

Sir Malmsten with that grew pale and red ;
Brightly white the lily shines,
He stabbed his true heart, and fell down dead.
He muses no longer, nor still repines.



Proud Hilla Lilla.

“Hilla lilla sitter i kammaren sin.”

Proud Hilla Lilla sits in her chamber small,
None but the Lord God knoweth all my woe,
Adown her rosy cheek the tears of crystal fall.
Alas! and alas! he to whom I could lament
Is cold in his grave, and shall hear me nevermoe.

To the Queen runs a messenger and tremulously cries,
Hilla Lilla she acts wildly as in her sleep she lies.

Round her the rich Queen her regal mantle laced,
And to proud little Hilla she wendeth on in haste.

The Queen struck Hilla Lilla on the cheek so bright,
That the blood spurted out on the curtains of white.

“Gracious Queen, oh! smite me not hardly on the face,
For I am a King's daughter as noble as your grace.

Hilla Lilla pointed to the coverlet so fine,—

“May it please you, my good Queen, a moment to recline.

“Gracious Queen, I beg of thee recline thou near,
And then the sad story of my woes thou shalt hear.

“While I was a-staying in the Palace of my sire,
Ten valiant Knights attended me, and each was my squire.

“My father dear, he reared me with such a royal care,
Two Knights I had to stand behind my golden chair.

“The first he was a Duke, and Magnus was his name ;
He tempted me to sully my fair virgin fame.

“The second was a Duke, and Hillebrand by name ;
A monarch’s only son he was, from England’s Isle he came.

“And, oh ! it was with him, with the Duke Hillebrand,
That foolish Hilla Lilla left her own native land.

“Hillebrand, he saddled quick his charger gray,
He lifted me upon it, and he carried me away.

“We came into a thicket, where many roses smile,
Duke Hillebrand, my dear love, would sleep a little while.

“He slept upon my bosom, he slept upon my breast,—
Sweet and sound his slumber, and sweet and sound his rest.

“Hillebrand, love, Hillebrand, awaken up my dear,
My father, and my brothers all, ah ! well-a-day I hear ;

“Hillebrand, love, Hillebrand, arouse thee up from sleep,
Through the forest on their steeds thy fierce pursuers sweep.

“Duke Hillebrand rose up, and to my arms he came,—
O dearest Hilla Lilla, love, name not my name.*

“He rushed into the first troop, like heaven’s awful fire ;
My brothers six he slew, my brothers and their sire.

“He rushed into the second, like a lion from his lair ;
There was my youngest brother, with blue eyes and golden
hair,—

“Oh, sheathe thy sword, dear Hillebrand, and gentle
mercy hear,
Slay not my youngest brother, my youngest brother dear.

“And hardly had I spoken the fatal mystic word,
Duke Hillebrand lay bleeding beneath my brother’s sword.

“Hillebrand he shook at me his terrible blood-steel,
An’ thou *wert* not little Hilla, *this* thou shouldst feel.

“By the yellow ringlets my brother drags me now,
And I must follow like a slave at his saddle bow.

“And nowhere so small had the sharp bushes grown,
That they pierced not thy poor Hilla Lilla to the bone ;

“And nowhere was there a shingle or a stone,
That its point pierced not poor Hilla Lilla to the bone ;

“And nowhere was found the smallest thorn known,
That it pierced not thy poor Hilla Lilla to the bone.

* In the days of romance and magic, to “name the name” of one of the combatants was considered a fatal omen.

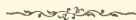
“And when we arrived at the first Palace gate,
Came forth my mother in melancholy state.

“Then quoth my brother, ‘We shall drown this little dame.’
But my mother bade him sell me, and spare my tender frame.

“And then, alas! they sold me for a little silver bell,
That hangs still at Kirkèby, with sorrow in its knell.

“At the very first peal that the little bell gave,
My poor mother’s heart broke,—she went into her grave.”

With that proud Hilla Lilla gave a soul-piercing groan,
And she fell down dead on the cold floor of stone.



The Lindworm.

“Lindormen rinner sig åt farstugan in.”

Into the palace the Lindworm fierce
Wound in many a serpent fold;
And the Lindworm sang of his Ladye love
Beautifully on his harp of gold.

“Rose-cheeked Ladye, will you with me
Hence away to the blooming grove?
Under the lindens green to live,—
I, thy lord—thou my Ladye love.”

“No, Lindworm, no,—I cannot with thee;
Dark indeed were my fate to find,
In place of a gallant young knightly lord,
A Lindworm fierce in heart and mind.”

Rose-cheekèd Maid, an' thou wilt not pledge
 Thy troth to the Lindworm who loves thee;
 Give me but one kiss from thy scarlet lips,
 And thou'lt never again thy poor suitor see."

The rose-cheeked Maid went into the grove,
 The Lindworm followed her footsteps fair;
 And there was a beautiful silken bed
 Standing amidst the roses there.

The rose-cheeked Maiden ran and ran,
 The Lindworm followed her footsteps fleet;
 He caught the fair Maid in his serpent coil,
 And his and the Maiden's red lips meet.

O wonder! O wonder! it is a King's son,
 Shining so lovelily like star-gleam;
 O wonder! O wonder! thou rose-cheeked Ladye,
 Is it a truth or some faëry dream?

Then the Lindworm fell on his bended knee,—
 "Thank God that I be once more a man;"—
 And the rose-cheeked Ladye never again
 From that princely Knight in terror ran.

"Delrio tells of a tailor of Basle, who, in an adventurous mood, chose to descend into an obscure cavern near that city. After many windings he came to an iron door, through which he passed into a splendid chamber. Here he found, seated upon a stately throne, a Lady, whose countenance was surprisingly beautiful, but whose shape terminated in a dragon's train. Before her stood a brazen chest, at each end of which lay couched a huge ban dog, that rose up, as if to tear the intruder to pieces. The Lady appeased the dogs, and opening the chest displayed an immense treasure, informing the tailor at the same time, that she was

The Power of the Harp.*

“ Ungersven han går och leker på gården.”

It was a young Lover who skilfully played,
In the window above sate the fair weeping Maid.

*Oh ! why dost thou weep, fair lady ?
Sweet-heart, why sorrowest thou ?*

Art sad for the saddle ? art sad for the steed ?
Art sad that my love to thy fond ear I plead ?

enchanted by her stepdame, but should recover her natural shape on being kissed thrice by a mortal. The tailor essayed to fulfil the conditions of the adventure ; but her face assumed such an altered, wild, and grim expression, that his courage failed, and he was fain to fly from the place. A kinsman of his, some years after, penetrated into the cavern, with the purpose of repairing a desperate fortune ; but finding only dead men's bones, he went mad, and died.

* A ballad of East Gothland, wherein Necken, the Water King, giveth back the Drowned One, for that her Lover playeth the Harp so sweetly. The lament of the Lady for the hardness and roughness of the saddle, will appear more natural when we recollect that in those chivalrous days the fair sex sat *astride* upon their steeds with golden shoes. A Danish princess, who proposed to introduce a carriage into Sweden, was met with an universal outcry against so outrageous an innovation.

*Vor jeg i min faders land
Da sink jeg Karm och Köresvänd ;
Dertill svarade de Svenske fruer :
I forer hit oss inge Judske seder.*

Were I in my father's land,
A car I'd have and driver grand—
The Swedish ladies answered thus,
“ No Jutland manners bring to us.”—Syv. ii. 21.

I grieve not for saddle, I grieve not for steed,
Nor grieve that your love to my fond ear you plead.

Art sad for the saddle of ruggèd bull's hide ?
Art sad that the journey is distant and wide ?

I grieve not for hardness of ruggèd bull's hide,
Nor weep for the journey is distant and wide.

Art sad for thy father, or mother so old ?
Or thy brother, or sister with locks of pale gold ?

I weep not for father, or mother so old,
Or for brother, or sister with locks of pale gold.

I am sad that those tresses of sunlight must flow,
And be tossed in the stream of the cold Varnamoe.

When I was an infant, a prophetess said,
That I should be drowned on the day that I wed.

I will build thee a bridge, mighty, massive, and great,
Though it cost every mark of thy husband's estate.

Twelve Knights for thy vanguard before thee shall ride,
Twelve Knights in the rear, and twelve Knights on each side.

They mounted the bridge in their gallant array,
But the golden-shod little steed fell on the way.

The golden-shod little steed fell, and the Bride
Screamed loud as she fell in the dark rushing tide.

Then quick to his page spake the Bridegroom so bold,
"Bring speedily hither my loved harp of gold."

The harp it was brought, and the first note it gave,
The Necken rose laughing on Varnamoe's wave.

He struck it again, but so sad was its strain,
The Necken rose weeping and wailing in pain.

"Oh! hearken, young Bridegroom, oh! hearken to me,
I'll give thee thy Bride for thy sad melody."

"Shalt have her again, blushing beautifully red,
Shalt have her again, for thy Bride is not dead."

*Oh! why dost thou weep, fair lady?
Sweet-heart, why sorrowest thou?*



The Necken.

"Necken han gangar på snöhvitan sand."

The Necken he walks on the sea-strand so white,
And he changes his shape to a gallant young Knight.

And into the tailor's house quickly he hies,
And dons him in robes of the finest blue dyes.

Then the Necken goes off to the fair isle away,
Where the lovely young villagers dance all the day.

He joins in the dance, and so gracefully moves,
Every maid as she looks on him feels that she loves.

And the Necken he takes up the shining gold band,
It becometh so sweetly this fair Maiden's hand.

"And hearken, fair Maid, what I say unto thee,
In the churchyard next Sunday our marriage shall be."

Away to the church doth the fair Maiden ride,
And Hollfast the driver he sate by her side.

The bridle was silk, and the shafts were of gold,
And Hollfast the driver was skilful and bold.

The Maid in her white wedding garments is clothed,
And she enters the Church, and she meets her Betrothed.

The Necken along to the church tower rode he,
And he fastened his reins to the ancient church key.

And the Necken passed down through the old pillared aisles,
And the fair Maiden met him with tears and with smiles.

The Priest at the altar, with smooth solemn brow,
Marks the air of the Stranger, "Sir Knight, who art *thou*?

"Where wert thou begotten, and where wert thou born?
Whence came the bright robes that thy figure adorn?"

"And I was begotten, and born too," quoth he,
"And mine, only mine, are the robes that you see."

Away to their homes are the villagers gone,
The Bride with the Bridegroom remaineth alone.

"Thy father, thy mother, thy brothers, thy friends,
Where be they?—I fear what this silence portends."

“ My father and mother the blue billows be,
And my friends are the wild sedge that grows by the sea.”

“ O God ! must I dwell in the wild waves below,
While the blithe-hearted fishermen over us row ?”

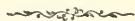
“ Yes, yes, in the billows so cold and so pale,
While the seamen so joyously over us sail.”

The Necken took hold of her sweet yellow hair,
He bound to his saddle the Maiden so fair.

And wildly she shrieked, and the heart-broken wail
Was borne o'er the land on the wings of the gale.

They sought the young Maid on the highways all round,
And nought but her gold-buckled sandals they found.

They sought the fair Maid in the waterfall dark,
They found her a corpse, pallid, withered, and stark.*



Sir Magnus and the Sea-Witch.

“ Det var så tidigt en Söndagsmorgen.”

It fell on a Sunday morning's dawn,
Ere the larks to Heaven were winging,
A young man slept on a sea-beat lawn,
And he heard the Mermaid singing :—

“ *Magnus, young Magnus, listen to me,
I bring thee gifts from the silver sea,
I court thee to plunge in the emerald waves,
And woo me for aye in its crystal caves.*

“ And I will give thee a mantle fine
As ever wore knight on his shoulder,
Whose scarlet woof like the sun shall shine,
And dazzle the rash beholder.

“ And I will give thee a sword of might,
With a scabbard and rings all golden,
As oft as you wield it in feud or fight,
The triumph by thee shall be holden.

“ And a new mill-house I will give to thee,
With mill-stones working for ever ;
They turn on the ground as light and free
As those in the running river.”

“ If thou wert a Christian maiden mild,
I'd pledge thee my troth by the fountain ;
But thou art a Sea-Witch, wicked and wild—
And hence to thy wave-washed mountain.”

Sir Magnus he wheeled his steed around,
But the Mermaid rose up and stayed him ;
Her hand in the bridle and bit she wound,
And to tarry awhile she prayed him.

And had not high Heaven willed it so,
That the cock at that moment chanted,
With the Mermaid wild the Knight should go,
And her heart's desire were granted.

*Magnus, young Magnus, listen to me,
I bring thee gifts from the silver sea,
I court thee to plunge in the emerald waves,
And woo me for aye in its crystal caves.*

Sir Holkin and Little Kerstin.

“Och drottningen ville sina tärnor lära.”

And the Queen called her maidens, and thus to them did say ;

He promised me roses—ah ! poor Maid.

“Guard ye well your honour, guard it well, I pray:

With the others that slept in the evening he played.

“Sir Holkin he allured me ; persuading me this year,
That I my faith would plight him, and false he is, I fear.”

“And has stout Sir Holkin allured thee then this year ?
Girl, thou shalt no longer pollute my palace here.”

“And oh ! that I could find but one true and faithful friend,
To Sir Holkin in the evening a message I would send.”

Then out spake a false Maid, all in a kirtle blue ;

“And if no other do it, thy bidding will I do.”

And out spake a false Maid, in kirtle white as snow ;

“And if no other goeth, most willingly I’ll go.”

And out spake a third Maid, false as she was fair ;

“And if no other bear it, thy message will I bear.”

And when this false fair Maid came to Holkin’s door,
Sir Holkin himself she saw standing it before.

“Little Kerstin she hath sent me to come to thee and say,
Ride over in the evening, and prithee not delay.

“She hath borne to thee a daughter so lusty and so big,
And blacker than the blackest earth the stout miners dig.”

“And let it be as black, as black as it can be,
The more ruddy gold shall Kerstin have from me.

“And give to her this wine-flask, and when her cares annoy,
Let her drink it to the dregs, and it will bring her joy.

“And bid her that she fling the blue bolsters on the floor,
For on softest down beds she shall slumber evermore.

“And bid her that she fling out the tallow candles all,
The whitest of wax-lights henceforth shall grace her hall.

“Bid her neither sorrow, nor shed the salt tear ;
To-morrow I will ride to her, for she is mine own dear.”

To the sea-strand the false Maid went, and drank out the wine,
She filled the Knight's flask full with the saltiest of brine.

“From thy true Knight, Sir Holkin, this water-flask I bear,
He says that you may drink it when sick and sore with care.

“He tells you to fling out the blue bolsters on the floor,
For on sticks and on straw you shall slumber evermore.

“He bids you to fling out the tallow lights, and sit
Henceforth, for all your life, in a dark and dismal pit.

“He bids you sit in sorrow, and shed the salt tear,
He never more will ride to you, nor ever more come here.”

“And oh ! that I had but a silver-bladed knife,
And with mine own hand I would rid me of this life.”

“ Easy sooth it were to get a silver-bladed knife,
But I will have no hand in the taking of thy life.”

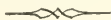
Then little Kerstin kisses her babe's cheeks white ;
“ And oh ! thou shalt lose thy mother dear to-night.”

The true Knight, Sir Holkin, not far was he away,
And he heard little Kerstin this gloomy promise say.

Then little Kerstin turned her unto the damp wall ;
Sir Holkin he stood peeping in, and heard and saw it all.

“ And O little Kerstin, oh ! turn not thus from me,
For I am thine own true Knight, and ne'er will part from thee.

“ The false maid shall be buried alive this very day,
Who wished the blood of innocence like thine to betray.”



King Magnus.

Och Jungfrun hon gāngar i rosendelund.

And the Maiden she walks where the red roses blow,
There sees she a linden most beauteously grow.

Oh ! there's no one to cure me of sadness.

“ Here standest thou, linden tree, blooming and fair,
With the gold-gleaming leaves which thy bright branches bear.”

“Ah, maiden, sweet maiden, why praise ye me so?
For thou art most happy, while I am in woe.

“To-morrow come suitors to claim thy white hand;
To-morrow come woodmen my life to demand.

“They will hew me to pieces to make them a stairs
To the altar where sinners gasp sorrowful prayers.

“They will hew me to pieces to make them a shrine,
Where penitents kneeling seek mercy benign.”

“O linden, dear linden, and since thou canst speak,
Is there none on this broad earth whose aid thou wouldst seek?”

Oh! there's none on this broad earth whose aid I could seek,
But King Magnus, with whom I can ne'er hope to speak.”

And the maiden sat down and a letter she penned,
Oh! had I to bear it some trust-worthy friend!”

When straight there came flying a falcon so gray,
To the halls of King Magnus I'll bear it to day.”

Then away with the letter the gray falcon flew,
Till the halls of King Magnus rose up on his view.

Then the King took the letter and hastily read,
And his cheeks grew as pale and as cold as the dead

Then outspake King Magnus—“Up, saddle my steed,
With the gray flowing mane and the fetlocks of speed.

The red-coated courser, quick saddle for me,
Way, and away till my true love is free.”

King Magnus leaped up on his courser so red,
And fleeter by far than the falcon he fled.

King Magnus he came, and he fell on his knee,
And kissed the young maid in the fair linden tree.

King Magnus knelt down at the bright maiden's foot,
And he kissed her again in the linden tree's root.

Then the King to his heart the fair linden tree pressed,
And a Virgin most beautiful blushed on his breast.

The King raised the Virgin upon his gray steed,
And bore her away to his Castle with speed.

And she sat in her state on the knee of the King,
With a crown of red gold and a gold wedding ring.



Tunè, the Raben.

Herr Tune han var en så visser man.

Sir Tunè was a wise man, and he gave his daughter's hand
To a noble Knight who bore her away to his own land.

On the fair morn of Sunday she stood a bride so gay,
On the cold dawn of Monday in iron chains she lay.

From her iron-latticed dungeon little Christel she peered out,
And she sees Raven Runè flying mournfully about.

“And hear, O Raven Runè the boon I beg of thee,
Wouldst thou fly from this dark place to my own land for me?”

“My young are in their nest, and their nest is in this wood,
And how should I leave them withouten care or food?”

“Thy young ones, Raven Runè, they shall lie upon my breast,
And they shall feed as heartily as if in their own nest.”

Then away to the Ladye’s land the Raven Runè flew,
And she saw Sir Tunè walking in the rose-avenue.

“And hear me, Sir Tunè, and hearken to my tale,
Thy daughter is a prisoner—I heard her sadly wail.”

“Oh! welcome, Raven Runè, dear Raven Runè mine,
For thee I have already mixed the madder and the wine.”

“I have no wish, Sir Knight, to drink thy madder and thy wine,
But rye-bread thou shalt give me for those young ones of mine.”

They grind rye with water, and they grind it with wind—
“Now take, O Raven Runè, what gratifies thy mind.”

Sir Tunè, like a bold Knight, then marches to the stall,
And he looks from right to left on his mighty chargers all.

He views well the brown and gray that stood beside the rack,
But he places the gold saddle on his stout steed Blak.

Sir Tunè travels onward to the cruel Erl’s door,
Not a soul can he see standing the mighty gates before.

But his dun steed Blak gave so terrible a neigh,
That the great walls trembled with horror and dismay.

And big and small, and young and old, they all came out,
And the proud Erl he wondered at such a rabble rout.

“And hear me, O rich Erl, and give me answer straight—
How fares my little Christel? Why comes she not in state?”

“Little Christel, O Sir Tunè, this day I have not seen,
She hath lain locked in iron gyves and bonds since yestereen.”

Sir Tunè smote his hands, and he went within the bower,
And he shook off the chains from that fair trembling flower.

And the dun steed Blak, with his left leg stamps,
And dashes in ten thousand bits the horrid iron cramps.

Now hear, thou haughty Erl, now hear me question thee,
“What is it that thou hast to say?—What fault to find with me?”

“And tell me what it was that I gave your father old?—
A lightning-footèd horse, with a saddle of red gold.”

“And tell me what it was your mother had from me?”—
“Two girdles of red gold, and a cap most fair to see.”

“And tell me what it was that I to your brother gave?—
A swift-keeled ship, with oars to cut the wave.

“And tell me what it was that I to your sister sent?
Two caskets of rich gold with rare embellishment.

“Of the purest spun gold was the first casket full,
And the second it was heaped with the finest sheep’s wool.

“What fault have you to find then? or what can you complain?
That cruelly you gave me up to dungeon, gyve, and chain.”

"*This* fault I find with thee," the proud Erl replied,
 "Thou wert not a maid when I had thee for my bride."

"As God may shield me from suffering and woe,
 Unto thy bed I came a virgin pure as snow."

Then the bold knight, Sir Tunè, he swung his hat with might,
 And he wish'd the rich Erl many a pleasant night.

And he placed his little Christel on the good steed Blak,
 And to her ancient home carried little Christel back.



Ung Hillerström.

Du stig nu så vackert till sadel och häst.

OH! come down quick from the saddle and steed,
 No noise let your spurs of red gold make,
 And over the bridge young Hillerström speed!
 And let not the saddle-girth break.

In summer time.

And when to the Garden of Roses he came,
 Where often and often had wandered he,
 The maiden's six brothers found Hillerström,
 And he must their prisoner be.

"Good day, good day, young Hillerström,
 And where so early hast thou been?"
 "From the wild forest where I hunted the game,
 I have come to this garden green."

“Where is thy falcon, and where is thy hound?
And where thy game as thou dost pretend?”—
“As sure as I stand on this green ground,
I have given them to a friend.”

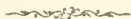
Hillerström draws out his gilded sword,
That shone in the morning sun so red,
And he smote the brothers down on the sward,
The six lay cold and dead.

Hillerström mounts his steed of gray,
And fleet and fleet as the archer's dart,
To his Ladye's palace he rides away,
“How fares it with thee, sweet-heart?”

“Hear what I tell to thee, Ladye bright,
Lament not thou, nor sadly weep,
Thy brothers six I have slain in fight,
They lie in their mortal sleep.”

“My brothers six if thy hand hath slain,
And if they lie in their mortal sleep,
Sweet love, for *thy sake*, shall I never complain,
Lament nor sadly weep.”

In summer time.



Walther von der Vogelweide.*

Sö die bluomen üz dem grase dringent.

When the flowers spring in beauty from meadow and lawn,
 As if they were greeting the lusty young Sun,
 And the wild summer birds of the forest so green,
 Sing sweetly and cheerfully in the May dawn,
 As through the blithe notes of their music they run;—
 When earth seems like Paradise, tell me what scene
 Of enchantment or beauty can match such a sight?
 Oh! yes, there is *one*, more delicious and bright,
 More dear to my eyes, and more sparkingly fair,
 Which, the oftener I see it, wears *some* newer light,
 With whose magic no sunshine or rose can compare.

* An old Minnesinger, who lived about the middle of the thirteenth century;—his name signifies *Pascua Volucrum*. In 1228 he became a Crusader, and fought bravely in the Holy Land. He was buried at Würzburg, in the Cathedral, and over his tomb the following inscription was placed—

*Pascua qui volucrum virus Walthere fuisti,
 Qui flos eloquii, qui Palladis os obiisti,
 Ergo quod auricolam probitas tua posset habere
 Qui legit, hic dicat "Deus istius miserere."*

"In a manuscript chronicle, however," says Uhland, "is preserved a charming legend, of which the substance is as follows. Walther was buried in the alley of the New Minster, that is called the Lorenzgarten, beneath a tree. In his will he ordered that on his tomb-stone corn and water should be placed to feed the birds; and, as is still to be seen, he caused four holes to be made in the stone beneath which he is buried, for holding the daily food. Matilda, the mother of Otto I. (Pertz, Vol. V. 740,) "non solum pauperibus verum etiam *aribus* victum subministrabat." Also in *Vitâ Mathildis*, (Pertz. Vol. VI. 294,) "nec etiam oblita est *volucrum* æstivo tempore in arboribus resonantium, præcipiens ministris sub arbores proicere micas panis." In Norway it is still the custom to give corn to the sparrows on Christmas Eve.

Let a noble young damsel, most beauteous and chaste,
Dressed in elegant neatness, and stately in style,
For pastime amid the gay landscape appear;
Her form of perfection with majesty graced—
As round her she looks, mark the light of her smile,
Like the sun shedding light o'er the stars of our sphere—
Oh! what are the wonders or splendours of May,
Its roses, its lilies, its sun-flashing ray;
What charm do they own that could equal *one* glance
That falls from those eyes in so winning a way
As you see her amid her companions advance?

And now if the truth of my words you would prove,
To the beautiful realm of young May let us go—
He is here—he is here, in his beautiful dress.
Look on *him*, and on *woman*, apparelled by love,
And tell me which glows with the rosiest glow?
Or can sunshine a tithe of her beauties express?
Oh! would that kind Providence gave me my choice,
How my soul would exult, how my heart would rejoice;
The Sun should grow cold, or the stars leave the pole,
Ere for May or his splendour I gave in my voice,
Or deserted fair woman, the May of my soul.



FROM THE DANISH.

The Phantom Ship.

INGEMANN.

Skjøn Gunhild stander paa Dække.

Fair Gunhild stands on the galley's deck,
And looks on the calm black sea,
She sees where the pale moon mirrors itself,
'Mid the small stars tremulously.

She sees both the moon and the starry lights,
On the waves so sweetly smile,
While the galley glides softly, like a snake,
To Britain's distant isle.

Thither long since in his dark-prowed ship,
The little Maid's love had sailed;
Ah me! ah me! as she stood alone,
That day she wildly wailed.

He promised letters of love to send,
And soon to come back again;
But no letters of love did he ever send,
Nor did he come back again.

Fair Gunhild—alas! she could not rest,
Her heart beat wild with fright,
And she went from her father's and mother's house,
All in the murky night.

And the galley's deck did she straight ascend,
Her dear betrothed to find;
Whether he lay in a far-off land,
Or was rocked by sea and wind!

Fair Gunhild was tossed about three days,
All on the wild white wave,
But on the third night of moon and stars,
The sea grew still as a grave.

And the Maiden stood on the galley's deck,
And looked on the calm black sea,
And she saw the pale moon mirror itself,
'Mid the small stars tremulously.

The crew were lulled in their slumber calm,
The helmsman bowed in sleep,
While silently in her robes of white,
The Maid looked over the deep.

Then from the depths of the ocean rose
A wild and shadowy ship,
And slow and weird-like over the waves
She saw the strange thing skip.

The ghost-like sails were rent in twain,
By the board the mast had gone;
She could not sail, but like a wreck
She dreamily floated on.

And all on board was still as death ;
She moved without life or sign ;
The crew were flickering human shapes,
Like mists in the pale moonshine.

Now struck the wreck the galley's side,
But none could hear or see,
But the Maid who saw from the lonely deck
The stars shine tremulously.

Then a whisper came : " O fair Gunhild !
Thy love thou fain would'st find ;
He does not sleep in a foreign land,
But is rocked by the sea and wind.

" And cold and lone is his watery grave,
Down in the deep sea laid ;
And thus, alas ! must thine own One dwell,
Apart from his plighted Maid."

" Full well did I know thy gentle voice,
O thou in thy sea grave laid !
And, oh ! no more shall mine own love dwell
Apart from his plighted Maid."

" No—Gunhild, no, thou art yet too young,
And thou must remain behind ;
I will not weep, and I will not sigh,
When pleasure gilds thy mind.

“Thou has plighted to me thy vow and oath,
I give thee back oath and vow ;—
Now since I am rocked in my ocean grave,
Another love choose thou.”

“I will be thy dear and faithful wife,
My oath I still must hold ;
And is there not room for both of us,
Dear love, in thy grave so cold ?”

“The wild wide sea for many hath room,
But dark are its depths of woe ;
When the bright sun shineth above in the sky,
We slumber still below.

“And only, alas ! in the midnight hour,
When the cold pale moonbeams fleck
The sea, can we rise from our dreamy sleep,
And float on our shadowy wreck.”

“Let the bright sun shine above in the sky,
I'll sleep in thy dear loved breast ;
And there, forgetting the ills of life,
Will I take my gentle rest.

“Stretch forth thy hand, my own dear love,
Thy plighted virgin take ;
And I will dwell in thine ocean grave
With thee, for love's sweet sake.

“And only, love, in the midnight hour,
When the moon and star-beams fleck
The waves, shall we rise from our gentle sleep,
And float on our shadowy wreck.”

Then she gave the Dead her lily-white hand—
“Fair Gunhild be not shy ;
Quick, quick, dear love, the morning breaks
Aloft in the dappled sky.”

The Maiden descended down on the wreck,
It drifted away again ;
And the galley’s crew woke up in fear,
The Dead Ship began to wain.

Pale and cold stood the galley’s crew,
Gazing like maddened men ;
They raised a prayer to God in heaven—
The Dead Ship vanished then.



The Red Cross Knight.

INGEMANN.

“Sagl op min Ganger ! slib mit Sværd.”

“Saddle straight my charger—whet well my sword,
Go, boy, and fetch me my lance ;
The saint’s crown incites me against the Paynim horde,
Through the blood-stream of fight to advance.”
Thus to his vassals’ bold spake the fierce Wild Knight
In his coat of black armour terribly bedight.
And he vaulted on his black steed proud,
While his lance and his sword clanged loud.

After the Knight five men-at-arms rode,
Clothed in their harness red,
A stout red war-horse each of them bestrode,
They followed as the Wild Knight led.
Shouts and loud hurraus of slaughter wide they sent,
And away to the land of the Sarazin they went ;
And they burned, they robbed, and they slew,
All they met their wild path through.

Once they fell in, all in the morning gray,
With a wandering gladsome throng,
Who peacefully from village to village held their way,
With their herds, and pipes, and song.
With shouts and loud hurraus of carnage rushed the Knight,
With his stout men-at-arms he trampled them in fight ;
And dismal were their shrieks in the air—
“ Oh ! spare us, O Christian, spare ! ”

There came to them a Man in armour like the snow,
On a white steed rode he along ;
With gentleness and goodness his mild eyes glow,
And he prays for the wandering throng :
“ And, O Sir Knight, spare the weaponless this day—
They are men—they are innocent ; oh spare, oh stay ! ”
But the men-at-arms ruthlessly slew,
And away the White Man flew.

“ Cut them down,” cries the Knight, “ with battle-axe
and sword,
To Hell’s hot flames let them go ;
They do not believe in Christ, our blessed Lord ;
Let the blood of the Heathen flow ! ”

Terribly their swords descended stroke on stroke,
With death groans and wild shouts the forest echoes woke
And they went on their way covered o'er
With battle-dust and hot red gore.

A silk-clothed and fiery-eyed fierce Turkish band,
Dashed at them now with a yell,
And dreadful was the rattle of brand on brand,
And the dead on the dead they fell.
But the Mussulmen they drooped, the Mussulmen gave way,
Wearied and terrified in such a bloody fray.
And the Wild Knight he lay on the ground,
Wounded and senseless, in a swoond.

Wounded and senseless the Wild Knight he lay,
So heavily his black armour weighed,
Till at length, at the last parting blushes of the day,
There came to him a Turkish Maid.
"O, wicked Christian man, thy wounds fast bleed,
And yet I cannot hate thee, pining in thy need ;
May thy God all thy crimes forgive !
But *I* will assist thee to live."

Gently, then, and tenderly the Wild Knight she raised,
And she bound up his wounds with care ;
But while she thus tended him the Wild Knight gazed
On the Maiden mild and fair.
And his hot blood burned in his breast and veins,
And rudely to his breast he the young Maid strains ;
She fell at his feet in despair :
"Oh, spare me, O Christian spare !"

Then again came the Man in armour like the snow,
On his white steed riding along,—

“Be not ungrateful, and work not woe,

And do to the Maid no wrong ;

If innocency’s prayer thy heart will not hear,

Vengeance, and red vengeance, expect and fear !—”

But the Wild Knight murmured and swore,

And the White Man vanished as before.

“Hence, pious prater !” was the Wild Knight’s word,

“Is she not a Heathen slave ?

She disbelieves in Christ, our own blessèd Lord,

Who died our souls to save.”

And the Maiden she struggled in his hot grasp there,—

“O, warrior of the Cross !—oh, spare—oh, spare !”

But she sank like a blightèd flower,

And her innocence faded in that hour.

And onward still with clamours and hurraus they bent,

The Knight and his warriors too :

East and west, north and south, wherever they went,

They pillaged, and they burned, and they slew.

Brightly shone the clear moon out through the dusk,

When these wandering marauders they came to a mosque,

Where children and old men gray

Knelt reverently down to pray.

“Cut them down,” cries the Knight, “with battle-axe
and sword ;

To Hell’s hot flames let them go ;

They believe not in Christ, our own blessèd Lord ;

Let the blood of the Heathen flow !”

Terribly their swords smote the weak trembling group ;—
But ha ! what strange terror seizes on the troop ?

 Their swords fall down from their hands,
 And quenched are the flaming brands.

No longer o'er the scene shone the moonbeams mild,
 But the sky became fiery red ;

In vain and in vain shouts the Knight half wild,—
 The words on his lips are dead.

And the Man with the armour that glittered like the snow
Is here like the thunderbolt—his fierce eyes show

 The anger and disdain of his soul,
 And flames of fire around him roll.

“ A third time I encounter thee, a third time we meet,

 But I come not to warn thee again ;

Thou hast trampled upon innocence beneath thy feet,

 Thou prayest to God o'er heaps of slain.

Unnatural and base, thy cruel deeds are done,

Thy doom it is pronounced by God's holy Son.

 And *this* is the hour of thy doom,

 The *next* shall enwrap thee in gloom.”

Then speedily with shouts, and clamours of hurrah !

 The Pale Spirits of Darkness came ;

In vain the Wild Knight and his vassals, in dismay,

 Fled from their grasp of flame.

The White Man changed to a Demon black as night ;

Terribly he flashed on the Doomed One's sight :

 His heart from his frame he tore,

 And rent it—I saw no more,

Then quick from the saddle Knight Edward leapt,
And he gave his hand to the damsel bright,
And song, and music, and rosy smiles,
Were round them both on their bridal night.*



Sir Aagè and Maid Else.

“Det war Ridder Aagè.”

It was the Knight, Sir Aagè,—
Down the fair green isle rode he ;
He wooed Maiden Elsebillè,
And fair as gentle May was she.

He wooed Maiden Elsebillè,
All with jewels, smiles, and gold :
And on the Monday following
The Knight lay dead in the deep black mould.

It was Maiden Elsebillè—
Oh ! she drooped both night and day ;
And Knight Sir Aagè heard her cry,
As in the black mould dead he lay.

Uprose Knight Sir Aagè,
His coffin upon his back took he ;
So drew he nigh to her lonely bower,
Toiling much and sorrowingly.

* See the beautiful old English ballad,—

“Childe Waters in his stable stooede,
And stroakt hys milke-white steede.”

He knocked at the door with the coffin-lid,
Gently, softly knocked the Knight ;—
“ Now stand up, Maiden Elsè,
Let me in, thou ladye bright.”

Then answered Maiden Elsè,—
“ Sooth, I'll not unlatch my door,
Until you name the name of Jesus.
Just as you could do before.”

“ Now stand up, fair Elsebillè,
Now unbar thy bower's door ;
I can name the name of Jesus,
Just as I could do before.”

Up then stood proud Elsebillè,
Tears upon her cheeks red flower,
Up she rose, and let the Deadman
Into her lonely bower.

Then she took a comb all golden,
And she combed his lovely hair ;
For every hair the Maiden combed,
A tear she shed of dark despair.

“ Hear me now, dear Ridder Aagè,
Dearest, truest sweetheart mine,
How is it in the black earth,
In that lonely grave of thine ?”—

“ Whensoe’er thy heart rejoices,
When thy spirit’s glad and light,
Then is my cold and gloomy coffin
Filled with rose-leaves bright.

“ Whensoe’er thy spirit grieveth,
And thy heart, sweet love, is sore,
Then is my cold and gloomy coffin
Filled with clotted gore.

“ Even now the red cock croweth ;
See the streaks of morning gray,—
To their graves must all the Spirits,
And I must with them away.

“ Now, oh now, the black cock croweth,
Hark ! his call I must obey ;
Now the Gates of Heaven are open,
And I must away.”

Uprose Knight Sir Aagè,
His coffin upon his back took he ;
And to the Churchyard straight he went,
Toiling much and sorrowingly.

This did Maiden Elsebillè,
Sad in heart, in spirit sore ;
She followed her sweetheart’s footsteps,
In the twilight dim and hoar.

When she passed the lone wood,
 Into the Churchyard old and gray,
Then Ridder Aagè's gold-bright hair
 'Gan to fade away.

When she passed the Churchyard,
 Into the Church's porch so gray,
Then Ridder Aagè's rose-bright cheeks
 'Gan to fade away.

“ Now hear, proud Elsebillè,
 Dearest sweetheart mine,
Never more for thy plighted man
 Let thy soul repine.

“ Look up to the golden heavens,
 And the fiery stars of light,
Look up, and say, sweet Elsè,
 How goes the night.”

She looked to the golden heavens,
 The green stars brightly shone ;
Into the earth the Deadman sank ;
 She looked—and he was gone !

Home went Maiden Elsè,
 Sorrowful was she that day ;
And on the Monday following,
 She slept in the cold black clay.

FROM THE SPANISH.

To the Flower of Gnide.

GARCILASSO DE LA VEGA.

"Si de mi baxa Lira."

Had I the lyre whose silvery sound,
 To music waked, could chain the rage
 Of tempests girt with thunder round,
 Or the wild ocean-wave assuage ;
 Whose breath, like that sweet, olden lute,
 So softly coursed the woods along,
 That stone, and tree, and savage brute,
 Danced to its witchery of song ;
 Think not, O sparkling Flower of Gnide,
 That gentle lyre should wake the hymns
 Of Mars, with dust and bloodshed dyed,
 Of headless trunk, and lopped-off limbs ;
 Of warriors, fiery-eyed and brave,
 Or the rude German, by whose might
 The Frank first learned to act the slave,
 And save his life by coward flight.
 No—*thou*, my girl, shouldst be my theme ;
 Thy beauties, on each sounding string
 In music—like some charming dream,
 Thine or an angel's—aye should ring.
 A discord struck at times might speak
 Thy pretty poutings—but the chords
 Should hymn the brightness of thy cheek,
 Thine eyes, more eloquent than words,

Thy statue-shape, the grace that plays
Through all thy movements—and my heart
Smit like a violet, when the rays
Of Summer round its blue buds dart.
Yes—I would sing, how by thy power,
A bondaged slave I'm doomed to be,
Because in some unlucky hour
I gazed on beauty—gazed on thee.
And how since then I tug the oar
In her sad bark, by Venus chained,
No nearer to th' enchanting shore,
But still repelled—still, still disdained.
No more, through thee, I wheel the steed
Along the plain, with curb of gold ;
No more I urge his lightning speed
With biting spur and reins unrolled.
Through thee no more the sword I wield,
Its glittering edge is dulled by rust,
Nor wrestle proudly on the field,
Stained with the combat's noble dust.
Through thee no more my once-loved Muse
Delights my soul, inspires my mind,
The amorous lyre alone I choose,
Whose softness, like some warbling wind,
Dissolves my soul in bliss away,
And wakens only pleasing sighs :
Thus pass my hours, once bright and gay,
When absent from thy heaven-blue eyes.
Through thee, my friend who loved me well,
Importunate and harsh has grown—

There was a time when to my cell,
As to some port, that friend has flown,
To pour his secrets in my ear,
To make his joys and sorrows mine—
Such were we once—alas ! I fear
Through thee I've burst that bond divine.
He shuns my face, he hates my sight,
As hates the traveller the asp,
Whereat he gazed in rage and fright,
Ere strangled in his brawny grasp.
From the hard earth thou wert not born,
The snow was not thy heartless sire—
Why then should aught so fair have scorn ?
Should aught so fair give way to ire ?
Tremble when thinking of that maid,
Fair Anaxaretè of old,
Who for her scorn, by heaven repaid,
Was turned to marble hard and cold ;
From her rough breast soft pity fled,
Till from her lattice she descried
Iphis, her lover, cold and dead—
A melancholy suicide ;
Hanged by the neck, but beauteous still,
The fatal rope had eased his pain,
But given eternity of ill
For some few moments of disdain.
'Twas *then* her breast to softness turned,
Felt Cupid's flames—but, ah, too late ;
'Twas *then* she cursed the heart that spurned,
And moaned and raged, accusing Fate.

Alas ! what boots repentance now,
The shaft is shot, the boy's no more ?
Thus thought she, as with haggard brow
Her raven locks she wildly tore,
And gazed, and hardened into stone—
Through every vein, through every limb,
An icy chillness, all unknown,
Shoots with electric force, till dim
Her bright eyes grow, and fixed her hands,
Her rosy blood forgets to flow,
Her fillets became marble bands,
Her cheek put off its purple glow.
Like some fine sculpture thus she stood,
And Salamis, with wondering eyes,
Vowed that a maid of heart so rude,
Deserved the vengeance of the skies,
And less the miracle admired,
Than the dread punishment that fell
On her who once each bosom fired,
But loved not him who loved so well.
Be warned then, Ladye fair, in time,
Lest Nemesis become thy foe ;
Let golden harp and splendid rhyme
The glories of thy beauty show.
And bless the bard who now awakes
The lute, to sing thy rosy bloom,
Ere Vengeance her red right-arm shakes,
And whelms thee fiercely to the tomb.



A Miracle of the Virgin.

“Era un Ladron malo que mas querie furtar.”

There was a wicked pickpocket of old, as stories tell,
Who better loved to rob and filch, and walk the ways of hell,
Than hear the church, or go to mass when rang the Sunda
bell;—

Now you shall hear, my brethren, what this pickpocket befel.

If he had other vices, as 'tis very like he had,
They're not recorded of him—so we will not be so bad
As to condemn him for them;—that he was a sinner sad
Is sure;—may God—in whom we all believe—forgive the lad.

In the height of all his heinous crimes, he had one wholesome trial
Which finally preserved him from the clutches of Old Nick;
In the sweet and blessed Virgin he believed through thin and thiel
And at her majesty's altar, for hours on hours he'd stick.

He said his Ave Mary in a way the most discreet;
He knelt down in the kennels to her image in the street;
He said his Ave Mary, and indeed it was a treat
To hear this thief so reverently the holy words repeat.

But he who walks in evil ways, in evil ways will fall:
Our thief was caught one moonlight night making a glorious haul
And tried, and sentenced to be hanged—alas! alas! not all
The counsellors in Spain could save him, loud as they can bay

He was taken to the gallows, and a handkerchief was tied
Across his eyes—poor fellow! you may guess how much he cried;
But little cared the hangman, how he snivelled or he sighed,
He strung him up, and turned him off, to take his acorn ride.*

This hapless holy thief was thus suspended high in air—
“He’s dead—he’s dead!” exclaimed the crowd, and then they
said a prayer;

Oh! had they known what soon they knew, I’m certain they
would ne’er

Have done unto this gentleman what they were doing there.

The glorious Mother—she who watches o’er us night and day,
And from her chosen servants never turns her eyes away,
Who guards them with unerring love, offend her as they may—
Resolved this thief should ne’er become Old Nicholas’s prey.

She gratefully remembered all the worship he had paid,
And all the genuflections in the mud that he had made;
Her blessed hands beneath his feet she carefully conveyed;
The thief swung on, but felt no pain, and sung out, “Who’s afraid?”

At the end of the third day, unto the gloomy gibbet came
His friends and relatives in tears, a-bawling out his name;
They thought him dead, and doubtless, too, the hangman thought
the same,
But their conclusions, it would seem, were wonderfully lame.

* “*To ride a horse foaled of an acorn*” is a fashionable periphrasis for being hanged.

They found him gay and merry, although hanging by a chain ;
He said and swore he had not felt a single moment's pain ;
The Virgin's hands did all this time the rascal's feet sustain,
He laughed and sneered, "Is this the way," says he, "they hang
in Spain ?"

"I'll hang here for a twelvemonth, friends and gentlemen,
cries he,

"And feel no pain or bother from the rope, as you shall see."
When they heard this, they swore the hangman should not get
his fee ;

"He did not tie the rope," said they ; "beheaded you shall be.

The mob at once determined that our thief should lose his head
"Bring up the sharpest axe," bawled one—another quickly said
"No—not an axe ! by this alone are noblemen struck dead ;
They'll feel affronted ; better get a good stout scythe instead."

So all these youths resolved to do his business with a scythe,
But Holy Mary was as firm as priests to get their tithe,
That underneath its biting edge this thief should never writhe
Between his neck and it she placed her fingers long and lithe.

But when these wicked youths found out they could not hurt
the thief,

And that the glorious Virgin was his guardian angel chief,
They changed their minds, and let him live to turn a newer leaf
And try and make his peace with God, and for his crimes feel grief

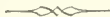
They left him there in peace, to go where'er his fancy pleased,
And night and day, from that time out, he so the Virgin teased
With prayers and sighs and crawl-thumping, at length he God
appeased,

And when this young man died at last—she felt extremely eased.

Garcilaso de la Vega.

“Una parte guardè de tus cabellos.”

O my lost love, Eliza ! still I hold
 One dear, dear ringlet of thy raven hair,
 Twined up in silk with care—alas ! with care.
 I wear it near my heart, but when unrolled
 It lies before me, big tears of despair,
 Wild mournful melancholy, fill my eyes.
 O'er the loved tress my inmost spirit sighs,
 Weak as an infant, and I muse in sadness,
 The victim of a lonely solitary madness.
 O my lost love, Eliza ! see me weep—
 Behold me wildly kiss this cherished tress,
 Torn from thy locks of raven loveliness.
 In tears of blood the relic still I steep—
 Still to my lips thy dear, dear hair I press.
 I fold it as a love-knot, and I bind
 It round my neck, dear love ! This hells my mind :
 I taste a short forgetfulness of sorrow,
 But wake to keener anguish on the morrow.



A Hymn in Praise of Blessed Mary.

“Quiero seguir à ti, flor de las flores.”

I follow thee, sweet Flower of Flowers,
 And sing thy praises all my hours ;
 Best of the Best ! Oh ! grant me still
 To serve thee in thy heavenly bowers,

Ladye, in thee my trust I place,
From thee my soul seeks hope and grace ;
Oh ! gently smile, and from my heart
The gloomy stain of sin erase.

O Holy Virgin ! grant thine aid,
My soul is sick and sore afraid,
Bowed down with sin, it kneels and weeps,
Oh ! mercy ! mercy ! heavenly Maid.

Star of the Sea ! my soul still guide,
O'er pain's, and grief's, and sorrow's tide,
Till safe from storm and wreck it sleeps,
Harbour of Brightness, by thy side.

Unfailing mercy, love divine,
These my soul seeks, and these are thine,
While in thine aid I hope and trust,
Nor woe, nor fear shall e'er be mine.

Sorrows and wrongs my heart enslave,
My thoughts are shadowed by the grave ;
Harbour of Brightness ! guide me, guide—
My soul from Death and Satan save.



Dope de Mendoza.

“ Moza tan hermosa.”

I ne'er on the frontier,
 Saw nymph like sweet Rosa,
 The pretty milk maiden
 Of green Finojosa.
 It happed on my way
 To the shrine of St. Mary
 Of Calataveno,
 I grew stiff and weary ;
 And entering a valley
 For rest, I saw Rosa
 The pretty milk maiden
 Of green Finojosa.

In a flower-prankt lawn,
 Amidst other fair girls,
 Her cows she sat milking
 With fingers like pearls.
 I could scarcely believe
 As I gazed on this Rosa,
 She was but a milk maiden
 Of wild Finojosa.

Than brightest spring roses
 My darling is fairer ;
 I know not to what
 I could meetly compare her :

Had I dreamed of the beauty
That charms in this Rosa,
The pretty milk maiden
Of lone Finojosa,

I would never have dared
Through that valley to saunter,
Or encounter the spells
Of that lovely enchanter.
Here ends my long canto—
So pledge me sweet Rosa,
The pretty milk maiden
Of green Finojosa.

FROM THE MAGYAR,

A Thought.

“W zeleném hágečku.”

Under a forest tree, two lovers
Once for shelter fled ;
Falls a great branch, thunder-rifted—
Lo ! the twain are dead.

Happier thus to die together
Than that one should still
Live to lament the dear departed
Through long years of ill.

The Cuckoo.

“Wsírém poli dubec stoié.”

An oak-tree stands on the grassy plain,
 In its boughs I hear the cuckoo sing ;
 And this is the plaint of his golden strain—
 “Alas ! why have we not always Spring ?”

Would corn grow ripe in the fruitful field
 If Spring remained through the live-long year ?
 Would our orchards their red ripe apples yield
 If rosy Summer were always here ?

Would the frost freeze up the well-stacked wheat
 If Autumn remained for ever and aye ?
 And what would become of the maiden sweet,
 If the seasons rolled not still away ?



The Deserted.

“Ach wy lesi tmavi lesi.”

O ye forests !—lonely forests,
 Forests dark of Miletine ;
 Oh ! how can ye thus in winter
 And in summer gladly shine ?
 Oh ! that I could cease my sorrow,
 Or my tears would cease to flow ;——
 Tell me, friends, in sweet compassion,
 How to cure my anxious woe ?

Father mine, where are thou lying ?
 In the grave, alas ! thou'rt laid.
 Mother mine, where hast thou wandered ?—
 'Thou art buried in the shade.
 Brother ?—Sister I have neither,
 And my love is captive made.

The Beautiful Inconstant.

FALUDO.

“Uri nemzet' eredete, derék, jeles, szép termete.”

She is of a noble line, like a gem I've seen her shine ;
 Young and beautiful and bright, all that can the heart delight ;
 What care I how fair she be ?
 She is false, and false to me.

Like black damsons are her eyes, or the stars that gild the skies ;
 Fragrant lips and heavenly smiles, graceful gestures, witching wiles ;
 What care I how fair she be ?
 She is false, and false to me.

See her alabaster breast, see her lips like roses prest ;
 Snowy shoulders, marble chin, winks that tempt one into sin ;
 What care I how fair she be ?
 She is false, and false to me.

Whether far or near, she's fair, any time, and anywhere ;
 Drest or undrest, night or day, still she shines like sunny May ;
 What care I how fair she be ?
 She is false, and false to me.

Wit and wisdom, music sweet, in this graceful creature meet ;
Smiles and eloquence and mirth, from her lips and eyes have birth ;

What care I how fair she be ?

She is false, and false to me.

Pindus high I've seen, but there heard not songs so rich and rare,
As the songs this angel sings—angel wanting only wings.

What care I how fair she be ?

She is false, and false to me.



The Nosegay.

“ Vieie vietřicêk.”

A light breeze is blowing—
From forests of kings it blows ;
A Maiden is going
Where the silver river flows.

In a well-bound bucket
She draws up the waters sweet—
And the stream wafts a beautiful wreath
To the beautiful Maiden's feet.

Oh ! could I but know,
Thou wreath of shining flowers,
Who planted thee first

In thy lone and far-off bowers,
I vow by my faith I'd fold
Round his finger a ring of gold.

“ And could I but know,
Thou wreath of shining flowers,
Who bound thee about
With this silken band so fair,
By my faith I'd give him the pin
That ties up my floating hair.

“ And could I but know,
Thou wreath of shining flowers,
Who flung thee into the waters,
Away from thine own dear bowers,
I'd give him the garland that dresses
My long wind-wandering tresses.”

An elegant nosegay,
Violets and roses entwined—
And the fair Maid stretched forth her hand,
That shone like a starry beam,
Alas ! and alas !
She fell in the smiling stream.



The Lark.

“ Pleie dieva konopie.”

A gentle Maid is weeding hemp
In her master's fields ; she cries ;
And a singing lark inquires,
Why the tears are in her eyes ?

“ Little kindly-hearted lark,
Well may I weep all the day,
They have borne my own dear love
To the mountain tower away.

“ Had I but a pen, I'd write
For my love a letter fair,
Thou, dear little kindly lark,
On thy wings the note wouldst bear

“ But I have not ink nor pen,
Note of love I cannot send ;
Little lark, fly, sing and tell
All I suffer to my friend.”



· FROM THE ITALIAN.

A Venetian Barcarole.

“ O pescator ! dell' onda.”

O fisher ! o'er the waters glide,
Bring here thy bark of lightness,
Come search the deep and azure tide
That sleeps in the moon's brightness.

What shall I seek within its waves ?—
A ring of radiant splendour
I've lost, but soon those coral caves
The jewel back shall render.

A thousand crowns of shining gold,
- Young fisherman, I'll send thee,
When once again my ring I hold,
If haply Fate befriend me.

A thousand crowns I will not take,
O lady ! robed in beauty ;
To search the deep for thy fair sake,
I hold it is my duty.

But if, perchance, thou wilt persist,
And payment be thy pleasure,
I'd rather by thy lips be kist,
Than all thy golden treasure.

Aurelio Bertola.

“Una lucertoletta.”

A weak little lizard
One day with a squeal,
To a Crocodile said,—
“How delighted I feel,
To see in my old age,
In this very land,
One of my little children,
So mighty and grand.

Of miles I've passed over
A thousand, to see
Such a noble descendant,
Who so honours me.
Though we creep through the grass,
And the chinks in the earth,
Yet our true ancient blood,
Shows us of the same birth."
The mighty king Crocodile
Heavily snored,
And of all these fine compliments
Heard not a word,
But when they were over,
He opened his eyes,
"Pray, worm, what's the meaning?"—
The lizard replies;
That is, *would* have made answer,
But ere he could say
One word—was king Crocodile
Snoring away.



Chiabrera.

"Dico al Muse: dite."

Said I to the Muses. "Ye sisters declare
What beautiful Image resembles my fair?"—
With purple-bright smilings and laughing blue eyes
The Lady Thalia, for ahi, thus replies,

"We think that your mistress resembles the Dawn
In chariot of gold by her crimson steeds drawn;
We think, too, at times that she shines like the noon
Of a sunshiny day in the flower-dressed June.

"Moreover we think that her eyes have a fire
Like Hesper the brightest of all the bright choir"—
"Pooh, pooh!" said I, "Ladies, you mock me indeed—
Her charms all your stars and your sunshine exceed."

'Then I asked of young Cupid some likeness to name;
At once at my bidding the little god came;
He thought, and he thought for a long summer's day
But failed, and at last in chagrin flew away.



Giambista Tappi.

"Cento vezzosi pargoletti Amori."

As a troop of young Cupids in gambol and play
Ran about through the roses one morning in May:
One winged little urchin called out, "Let us go—
There are roses more charming than these that I know."

All the Cupids demanded at once, when and where
Grew flowers more lovely than those that grew there?
"Come along," quoth the urchin, "with me, and I'll show
You the garden of beauty wherein they do grow."

To my own pretty Mary he brought the bright choir,
 And he showed them her eyes, those sweet wells of desire,
 When, like bees round the roses in summer's sweet glow,
 These wicked Loves tripped through her charms to and fro.

On her ringlets one hung, on her sweet lips one played,
 Three or four danced about on the cheeks of the maid.
 Round her mouth clustered dozens, like pearls in a row,
 And on either arched eyebrow sat one with a bow.

In her beautiful eyes, too, beneath the white lid,
 Two Cupids with torches of lustre lay hid;
 But so thronged was her neck, that seemed shining like snow,
 One Cupid was hurled by the crowd down below.

He fell into her bosom, and there took his rest,
 Than all his companions more joyous and blest.
 "Can one of you," cries he, "a sweeter spot show
 Than this breast, which the Graces with witcheries strow?"



Giambattista Zappi.

"Quand io men vo' verso l' Ascrea montagna."

When to the fair Ascrean heights I climb,
 Glory, like some bright star, walks by my side,
 My heart she cheers, my feet she stoops to guide,
 Onward with *me*, she cries with voice sublime;
 O'er the inhospitable hills we wend,

When at my left foul Envy grimly stands
 With pale envenomed lips and blood-stained hands,
 And says, *I* too shall on thy course attend.
 What shall I do? If back my steps I trace
 Foul Envy leaves me, and I walk alone,
 For star-like Glory too, alas! is flown—
 Onward with both, and with unflagging zeal,
 I'll seek the loftiest heights till Glory grace
 My brows, and Envy writhe, and still with torture groan.



Filicaja.

“Dov' e Italia, il tuo braccio e a che ti servi.”

Where is thine arm, Italia? Why dost *thou*
 Beg aid from others? Both I deem thy foes,
 Who dare defend thee, or who dare oppose ;—
 Both were thy bondmen once, though hostile now.
 Where is thine honour? Where the grand remains
 Of thine o'erspreading empire? Where the might
 That once was thine? The faith that thou didst plight
 To ancient Glory on the embattled plains?
 Away—repudiate olden Valour, Fame ;—
 Sink to disgraceful sleep, and tamely lie
 Mid groans, and scorn, and blood. Sleep on, and die,
 Thou vile adulteress, for the avenging knife
 Shall find thee naked, with thy minion by,
 And rob thee of thy shame, at once, and life.



Forenzo de Medici.

“Spesso mi torna a mente, anzi giammai.”

How oft my memory gladly ponders o'er
 Those old, old days of passionate first love ;
 The place, the time, the dress my mistress wore,
 When, smiling, like a seraph from above,
 She won me first ! Thou, Cupid, *thou* can'st tell
 How she then looked ; for never from her side
 Hast thou departed ! With what gentle grace
 All paradise seemed opening in her face !
 As down some snowy mountain's summit wide
 A flood of sunshine falls, her tresses fell
 Over her robes of white——dream all the rest ;
 I cannot hymn what passes in my breast.
 It must be day where such a sun doth bide,
 And heaven the place by her sweet presence blest !



Boiardo.

“Chi non ha visto ancor il gentil viso.”

On thy sweet face who ne'er hath fixed his gaze,—
 Sweet face ! outshining sunlight's loveliest beams,
 Brighter than aught that mortal fancy dreams,
 Glowing with heavenly, not mere earthly blaze ;—
 Who ne'er hath seen the garden of thy smile,
 Roses and lilies blent in living wreath,
 Or heard the music-words thy red lips breathe

Like angel anthems ; feeling all the while
The magic of thy glance, that like quick fires
Shot down from heaven, with love his soul inspires ;—
He who ne'er saw the slow, the soft, yet wild
Luxuriant languor of thy fawn-like eyes,
Knows not—he cannot know—the power that lies
In Beauty, or in Love, the quiver-bearing child.

Parini.

“O Sonno placido che con liev orme.”

O sweet, O placid Sleep, who lightly stealest,
With wings of silence through the mirk midnight,
Who to the slumberer's gladdened eyes revealest
Thy phantom-peopled visions of delight,
Go—where my beauteous Phillida is sleeping ;
Rest on her pillow, and mine image paint,
As one who, for her cruel slights, lies weeping,
Death-like my features and my footsteps faint.
So may she pity, when in tears she'll waken,
And love me with a love as true as mine.
Do this—and two fair poppies shall be taken
From yonder field to grace thy silent shrine.

Gaiardo.

“Grazioso mio dono, e caro pegno.”

Beauteous and graceful pledge of love—sweet gift

Woven by those fair hands, whose aid alone
Can cure the wounds they gave, and thus uplift
My soul to heavenly joys, and so sustain
My vital being ;—love-gift prized, and dear,

Why to my arms hath not thy mistress flown,
To cheer my spirit, and to ease my pain ?
The snowy hand that worked thee, why not here ?
Where are the glowing fancies of the maid
That in thy woven meshes seem portrayed ?
Sooner shall life be quenched within my heart

Than thou from me, belovèd braid, be torn ;

A thousand kisses fond at night and morn
I'll print upon thy threads—we ne'er shall part.

Lorenzo de Medici.

“Lasso a me quando io son là dove sia.”

Ah me ! whene'er I see that angel face

And soft bright smile, my wild and panting blood

Flies to my heart in one absorbing flood ;

Pale grow my cheeks ; yet when I mark the grace

That shines about her, I revive once more—

My soul regains the strength it lost before.

Love, who sits veiled in her enchanting eyes,
Still cheers me by his sweet seductive arts ;
By those bright eyes, he swears, from which my darts
Draw all the force that in their bright barbs lies,
I shall be always with thee ; rest secure,
The beauteous maid shall yet be thine—be sure.
Words of deceit ! and yet my credulous mind
Believed it all, and up to Love my heart resigned.

Guonacorsi de Montemagno.

“ Non mai più bella luce, o più bel Sole.”
The golden looks of day, the sun's bright beams,
Shed not so sweet a light as her fair eyes,
The violets wild that spring by crystal streams,
In glens, are far less fragrant than her sighs ;
The laughing May, when all her flowers are blown,
Boasts not a rose so beautiful as she ;
The voice of song, or music's sweetest tone,
Sound not so softly as her words to me ;
From her fair face, love, like a gentle shower,
Falls on my deeply-wounded heart and soul ;
While in her bright eyes Cupid hath his bower,
And holds me still beneath his firm control :
My passioned heart within my fainting frame
Is burned to embers by his piercing flame.

Boiardo.

“Io vidi quel bel viso impallidire.”

I saw her shining face grow pale as snow,
 When we two parted, and a sorrowing cloud
 Grew o'er her cheeks, as when thick mists enshroud
 The saffron Dawn, or Evening's golden glow.
 I saw the roseate beauties of her cheek
 Melt into lilies, and the big tears start
 From her sweet violet eyes, whereat my heart
 Such transports felt, as never tongue could speak ;
 Sweet words, sweet tears, that soothed my saddest woe,
 And gave a wild sweet charm to melancholy ;
 'Twas Love stood by thee weeping—Love made flow
 Those tears of passionate fondness pure and holy.
 Though dark my fate, those tears can charm me still,
 And chase from memory's page each sombre trace of ill.



Petrarcha.

“Rapido fiume che d' alpestra vena.”

Wild rapid stream, that rushest down the mountains,
 Tearing amid their rocks thy winding course,
 Whirling along as if with tempest force,
 To the dear spot where Love is guiding *me*,
 As Nature *thee*, from thine eternal fountains.
 Onward, bright river, like a war-horse free
 From chain or bridle ; weariness nor sleep
 Checks not thine haste ; but ere thou reach the deep,

Rest where my dear love lives, 'mid gardens green—
 Herself a bright warm Sun in air serene :
 If she then walks beside thy margin, stay,
 Kiss her white silvery hands or feet, and say
 My spirit flies to meet her like the wind,
 Though the weak fainting flesh lags panting on behind.



Petrarcha.

“Passato è 'l tempo omai, lasso, che tanto.”

My days of love are o'er—sweet summer days,
 When in my heart the blessèd light of love
 Burned with a vestal purity of blaze.
 Gone to the holy shrines in heaven above
 Is she, whose gentle loveliness still beams
 Down on my soul, waking its young love dreams
 Once more in all their beauty ; still her eyes
 Shine on my spirit ; and her heart, that fled
 The wilderness of my lone bosom, hies
 To earth from heaven, to dwell with me awhile.
 Methinks I see her, all in glory crowned,
 Over me with ineffable sweetness smile.
 I strive to burst the bonds of life that round
 My being coil, and wing my upward flight
 On to the glorious tribes of angels heavenly bright.



Petrarcha.

“Alma felice che sovente torni.”

Blest spirit, who so oft from heaven,
Where thou shinest with the Seven,
Turnest thine eyes upon thy lover weeping
His weary soul in joys celestial steeping ;
For Death their brightness dared not
To quench—though *thee* he spared not.
Oh ! how I hail thy beauteous presence,
Fresh from thy homes of starry pleasance ;—
My days are sunless till thy spirit brightens
The gloomy shades, and, like Aurora, lightens
The path to heaven that leadeth,
Through which my spirit speedeth.
I seek the immortal sky that holds thee,
My panting soul once more enfolds thee.
Why do I weep ? Alas, that thou’rt departed !
Thou art an angel—I am broken hearted,
Therefore I sorrow, dearest,
Wretched, but when thou’rt nearest.



FROM THE FRENCH.

Iris.

“Iris en ce miroir toujours.”

When in this glass your charms you view, love,
You see the features of my true love ;
If when *I* looked, I saw what *you* love,
To care I’d bid a long adieu, love.

Victor Hugo.

“ Dans l’alcove sombre.”

By the lowly altar,
In a dusky shed,
Sleeps an infant shadowed
 By his mother’s bed.
While he slumbers there,
Free from thought or care,
To his eyes so fair,
 Heaven opes overhead.

Oh ! what dreams of beauty,
Pass before his eyes :
Sands with diamonds shining,
 Gold and azure skies ;
Ladies robed in white,
Glittering like the light,
Bearing spirits bright
 In their arms, he spies.

Vision of enchantment !—
Lo ! a gentle stream,
Murmuring sweetest music
 On his infant dream.
Sisters, mother, sire,
Like some angel-choir ;—
Wings of starry fire
 On their shoulders gleam.

Yet still newer splendours,
Lovelier than before ;—
Wreaths of lilies, roses
 On the grassy floor.
Calm delicious lakes,
Fish like snowy flakes,
While the water shakes
 Reeds of golden ore.

“ Baby, keep thy slumbers !
Dream still, baby fair,
Thou art yet unconscious
 Of thy coming care.
Like the leaves that slide
Down some wintry tide,
Thou in dreams dost glide,
 As thy free thoughts bear.

“ Without care or sorrow
Thou sleepest on thy way, •
Happily and heedless,
 Rapt in visions gay.
Grief upon thy brow,
Bright and candid now,
Hath not dared to plough,
 ‘ Fear the coming day.’ ”

Guilelessly he sleepeth,
And the angel-band
Unto whom the Future
 Times revealed do stand ;

See the baby here,
Lone and void of fear ;—
Lo ! they drop a tear
On his little hand.

Fondly they embrace him,
And with lips of love
Kiss him ;—they are weeping ;
See his lips—they move :
“ Gabriel ! ” he cries,
And the angel flies
To him, while his eyes
Point to heaven above.



To Aglaë.

“ Tu me promets d'être constante.”
You swear, you little rogue, you'll be
The very pink of constancy,
And ask me, at the holy fane
To bind ourselves in Hymen's chain.
Certès, your plan is cool and sage,
But ere, my dear, I'll thus engage
To yoke myself in chains that ne'er
Can severed be, I'd have you swear
You'll always be as young, as pretty,
As gay, as arch, as fond, as witty,
As now you are—and if you do,
This very day I'll marry you.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Luther's Hymn.

“Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott.”

The Lord is our good Tower of Strength,
Our Shield and Sword of Terror,
And He will free our souls at length
From evil, and crime, and error ;
The Old Accursèd Fiend,
With Might and Knavery screened,
Hell's armour dark and strong,
Hath risen to work us wrong ;
On earth he hath no Rival.

With arms of flesh we nought avail,
Our ranks were soon disbanded,
But the right Man doth hell assail,
As God himself commanded.
Ask ye, Who can he be ?
Jesus the Christ is he—
God of Sabaoth's son,
By him the fight is won ;
He on our side shall battle.

And though the world with Devils were thick,
Watchful and soul-devouring,
Ne'er shall our hearts grow faint or sick,
O'er all their wiles still towering.
The Fiend as pleaseth him
May angry look and grim,
Our souls he cannot slay,
His power hath passed away ;
One little word shall smite him.

That Word, in spite of fraud or force,
Shall stand alone, immortal,
Still trampling in its heavenly course
Hell and its gloomy portal.
Slaughtered—disgraced—reviled,
Reft of goods, wife, and child,
So be it—let them go,
Small is the loss I trow—
God's mansion is eternal.



The Nun.

UHLAND.

“Im stillen Klostergarten.”

In the still cloister-garden
Walks a fair young Maid,
The moon it shone so brightly
Where the fair girl strayed,
And the tears they ran down from her eyes.

Now, heaven be thanked, my lover
Is shining with the saints,
The man is made an angel
For whom my soul faints,
And I may love an angel in the skies.

Before the sacred altar
 Of Mary mild she stood,
 And smiling on the Virgin,
 She prayed while pray she could—
 She looked like a seraph at the shrine.

Upon her knees then sinking,
 To heaven her eyes she cast ;
 Death came, and to her lover
 Her snowy spirit passed—
 They wander in the sweet sunshine.



Christmas Eve Hymn.

“ Es kommt ein Schiff geladen.”

There comes a galley laden—
 A heavenly freight on board,
 It bears God's son, the Saviour,
 The Great undying Word.

And proudly floats that galley
 From troubled coast to coast,
 Its sail is Love and Mercy,
 Its mast, the Holy Ghost.

Now Earth hath caught the anchor,
 The ship hath touched the strand,
 God's Word in fleshly garment,
 The Son steps out on land.

Thou Bethlehem the lowly
Receiv'st him in thy stall,
Thou giv'st him rest and shelter,
Who comes to save us all.

Oh ! haste my brothers quickly,
To kiss this little child,
Who dies a glorious Martyr
For souls with sin defiled.

And he who dies with Jesus,
With Jesus he shall rise,
And Love Eternal waft him
With Christ beyond the skies.



Student Song, by Goethe.

“Hier sind wir versammelt zu löblichen Thun.”

For pleasure, for pleasure, we're met here to-night,
My gallant boys, *Ergo bibamus*—
And our glasses that glow with the wine's purple light,
Make us think but of *Ergo bibamus* ;
'Tis a hearty and homely old toast—let it pass
From the first to the last with the wine-blushing glass,
Oh ! where'er bliss is found, there you'll hear (by the mass !)
The echo of *Ergo bibamus*.

My own little sweetheart passed by me to-day,
As I carolled an *Ergo bibamus*,
She came near, but a-pouting she turned her away,
When she heard me sing *Ergo bibamus*.
Oh ! believe me that whether we make love or no,
Whether scatheless by glances, or slaves to their glow,
There's no maxim on earth that—as far as I know—
Can compete with bright *Ergo bibamus*.

My good-hearted boys, my departure is nigh,
Fill the cup then—and—*Ergo bibamus*,
But though small is my store, ere I bid ye good bye,
Let us shout again, *Ergo bibamus*.
Our bodies may fade, but our spirits are young,
And ne'er on our souls hath despondency hung ;
What heart could be niggard that ever yet sung,
The goodly toast, *Ergo bibamus*.

And now, my lads, what of the times shall we say ?
Why have we not, *Ergo bibamus* ?
They're most excellent jolly good times, by my fay,
And deserve a loud *Ergo bibamus*.
Our hours are as pleasant as ever were passed,
The present's as golden and gay as the last,
With the happiest times it deserves to be classed,
So fill away, *Ergo bibamus*.



Heinrich Voss.

“Das Mägdlein braun von Aug' und Haar.”

A dark-haired girl, with arch brown eyes,
Tripped lightly o'er the meadows,
A rosy flush suffused the skies,
And in th' embowered shadows
The nightingales sang sweet and clear—
But her alone I see and hear,
My own heart's love, this maiden dear.

A short and simple gown was tied
Around her waist so tightly ;
The wanton zephyrs blew aside
Her petticoat—but slightly :
Her ankle small did plain appear—
She is the lass I most revere,
My own heart's love, this maiden dear.

The cow approached, and soon her pail
With rich new milk was laden ;
She sat and sang—I told my tale
Of passion to the maiden,
Her eye lit up with love sincere—
She is the lass I most revere,
My own heart's love, this maiden dear.

I wooed, and while she sweetly smiled
I strove to read her blushes,
Yet snatched some kisses warm and wild,
Whereat her red cheek flushes

Like sunset bright in yonder sphere—
 She is the lass I most revere,
 My own heart's love, this maiden dear.

O'er hedge and stile I helped this maid,
 Her snowy milk-pail bringing ;
 Onward we went, through gathering shade,
 A homely ballad singing ;
 Ne'er reached her heart one thought of fear ;
 She is the lass I most revere,
 My own heart's love, this maiden dear.

“ So late to-night ?” her mother cried—
 At once I thus besought her,
 “ Good mother, hold, nor vainly chide,
 I love thy beauteous daughter,
 Let her be mine—my vows now hear,
 She is the lass I most revere,
 My own heart's love, this maiden dear.”



FROM THE PORTUGUESE.

Luis de Camoens.

“ Quando o Sol encoberto vai mostrando.”

When the glad sun sinking
 Leaves the world in shade,
 Oft I wander thinking
 Through our silent glade,

As I saunter lonely
 'Neath the sky star-wrought,
Thou—oh, thou only
 Art my dream, my thought.

As I gaze around me
 On the scenes well known,
Sad thoughts confound me
 And I weep alone.
Here I've seen thee braiding
 Thy hair gracefully
With flow'rets fading
 As thy love for me. •

In these happy bowers
 'Mid the gay rose trees,
Thou hast dreamed for hours
 In love's reveries,
Here I've seen thee willing ;—
 Here I've known thee grave,
Here thou oft stood'st smiling,
 My heart thy slave.

Here I dared to love thee ;
 Here I pressed thy brow ;
When the stars above thee
 Were less pure than thou.
Here, alas ! we parted—
 Yet I live—I live—
And, though broken-hearted,
 Can thy fall forgive.

FROM THE IRISH.

"Whiskey is the Panacea."

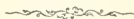
BY CAROLAN.

At the dawning of the day, while in bed you lounge away,
 If dulness sheds her mists upon your soul,
 Take my advice—fill up
 A merry whiskey cup,
 And the clouds will quickly vanish in the beams of the bowl,
 And the clouds, my boys, will vanish in the bowl.
 Oh! what the soul can cheer, like the whiskey sweet and clear.
 Should aught the mind of sage or bard employ
 But whiskey, our delight,
 At morn, and noon, and night,
 And the sparkling fount of mirth, and wit, and rosy joy,
 The sparkling fount of wit and rosy joy.

What potions, or what pills, can, like whiskey, cure our ills?
 Oh! believe me when I tell you 'tis life's staff,
 If sick or sore you lie,
 All your pains and aches shall fly,
 If you only fill your glass to the brim, and freely quaff,
 If you only fill your glass and freely quaff.
 The lover it inspires—the warrior's breast it fires :—
 Talk not to *me* of brandy, gin, or wine,
 The hock of Allemayne,
 The grape of sunny Spain,
 Oh, the whiskey, *Ireland's* whiskey, shall be ever, ever mine,
 Oh, the whiskey, Ireland's whiskey, shall be mine.

Thus dazzling o'er with glee your path of life shall be,
 If the whiskey clear in brimming bowls you drain.
 Your muscles 'twill make strong,
 Your life it will prolong,

And happiness upon your head like sunbeams 'twill rain,
 And happiness like sunbeams on you rain.
 Then trust me while you drink, and your whiskey goblets skink,
 Gout or cholic never shall your frame molest ;
 While you make your hogsheads flow,
 Hale and stout your limbs shall grow,
 Then *drink*—of all the axioms that I know 'tis the best—
 Oh! *drink*—of all wise axioms 'tis the best.



A Guipuzcon Drinking Chorus.

Guizonbat ardogabe
Dago erdi illa,
Marmar dabiltza tripac
Ardoaren billa ;
Bānan eran ezquero
Arxenera guchi,
Guizonic chatarrenac
Balio ditu bi.

When we give up the bottle,
 We straight grow lank and lean ;
 A wholesome wine-washed throttle
 Is health's best stay I ween.
 But while we quaff good liquor,
 We're healthy, strong, and sound ;
 It makes the squire and vicar
 Grow fat, and sleek, and round.



Guipuzcoan Love-Ballad.

“Maite bat maitetzen det maitagarria.”

A maid of beauty holds my doting heart,
 Whose smiles, whose eyes ten thousand sunbeams dart ;
 She is away,
 And yet her charms pursue me night and day,
 Oh ! could she be
 Sold for a whole world's richest treasury,
 Hundreds would flock to buy,
 The priceless charms that in the virgin lie.

She is away from me ! oh, cruel fates !
 Kept from my arms by thousand envious gates.
 Vainly I weep,
 Vainly my vigils of despair I keep,
 Still, still I call
 The absent nymph—alas ! I pine in thrall.
 Lives still the modest maid ?
 Treads she the plains where once her footsteps strayed ?

My dreams are sometimes brightened by her eyes,
 The morning comes, and brings me back my sighs,
 Methinks I see
 Her stand before me, fair surpassingly.
 Methinks we while
 The hours in love, and many a blissful guile.
 These are my dreams, alas !
 With morning's dawn those dreams of gladness pass.

Ah ! me ! what melancholy fills my breast ?
Sadness, and solitude, and wild unrest.

Yet hours there are,
When o'er my soul hope glittereth like a star.

Oh that once more,
My love I saw—my sorrows then were o'er.

All my heart-harrowing woes
Would fade for ever, and my soul repose.
Nay—if the cost for such a boon were death,
Gladly I'd pay, and pleased resign my breath.

My days are desolate, and dark with gloom,
My lonely nights are blacker than the tomb—

Unless that she
Were there, no spot of earth hath charm for me
Then shall I tell

My sorrowing tale to her I love so well ?

And yet I feel that all
I bear for one so beautiful, is small.



FROM THE BRETON.

A Love Song.

What shall I do, my pretty Nici,
I burn in heart and soul for thee ;
I know not how, or when it happened,
But feel how fierce love's flame can be.

I scarcely dare to gaze upon thee ;
Those bright eyes kill me while they shine ;
My heart itself has proved a traitor,
And, sweetest Nici, now is thine.

How shall I act, my pretty Nici,
My soul for comfort flies to thee ;
I fear a *no*—for *yes* I'm longing,
Ah, well-a-day! which *shall* it be ?
Am I deceived?—or, heart, oh, tell me,
Dwells not sweet pity in her eyes ?
Oh, yes ! and cruel tyrant coldness
Far from her gentle bosom flies.

Wilt thou not speak, my pretty Nici ?
Oh ! wouldst thou love as I love thee ;
Tell me, oh, tell—nor leave me wretched,
Pining, still pining anxiously.
Quick, quick,—or soon my soul, despairing,
Will sink beneath its weight of woe ;
See, how I pant and shake all over—
Speak to me, dearest, yes or no.



FROM THE ARABIC.

Maonals.*

Now that thy graceful form is like a young tree,
Bending, waving, thin, and flexible,
Give me of the nectar of thy love, O Belovèd ;
Let us enjoy the spring ere it is gone.

Close no longer against the soft knock of love
The secret door of thine affections ;
Beauty is a flower, perfect while it lasts,
But the duration of its reign is momentary.



They have likened thee, O Maid, to the star of night ;
But thou indeed art far more beautiful.
Has the moon those exquisite black eyes,
With pupils brighter than any planet ?

The feathery reed bends like a young virgin
Beneath the soft breathings of the west wind ;
But thou, O slight and flower-fragrant stem,
Seest all mankind bend before *thee*.



When my Belovèd passes, the bough of the willow
Sighs with envy of her graceful form ;
The rose, gazing on the garden of her cheek,
Is suffused with shame at the superior loveliness.

* This is the name of the common love songs of the Arabs. They are short, graceful, and sweet, like the madrigals of the Greek Anthology.

So I, when I behold this peerless Virgin,
Sigh, O thou who hast put me into captivity ;
Thy lance-like eyes have penetrated my heart,
Making wounds that never shall be healed.

When the night enfolds the earth with darkness,
It is the shining black of thy plaited hair ;
When the day glows with pure radiant splendour,
I see the lustre of thy dazzling face.

The aloe tree with gleaming fragrant flowers
Diffuses perfume stolen from thy sweet form ;
So thy lover shall spend his days celebrating thee,
Diffusing odour-like songs that from thine eyes draw light.

My belovèd comes—but her face is veiled,
Yet her presence magnetises all hearts ;
The exquisite stem of the tulip sees her,
It grows mad with envy of her finer shape.,

Suddenly with soft white hand
She uplifts the snow-white veil,—
The multitude of youths beholding,
Utter cries of wonder and delight.

Is it a flash of lightning,
 Thus do they exclaim, which glitters from the tents?
 Or have our Arab brethren
 Kindled fires amid the desert?

O loveliest! cure me of my heart-sickness,—
 Then I need not seek the Kanon of Avicenna;*
 With thy voice of music sweeter to the ear
 Than the melody of the harp or senthir.†



A Nile Song.

Ialali!‡ Ialali! I was sitting
 On the high and the lonely mountain peak,
 And between me and my lover there was flowing
 A river deep and mighty as the Nile.

Ialali! Ialali! I was clapping
 Both my hands, and I cried from out my heart,
 O my lover, O Belovèd, O my fair one,
 Why didst thou not come here to me before?

Now the river is impassable,—an ocean,
 Flowing wildly, flowing fearfully between;
 Why didst thou not a paper-writing send me?
 Ialali! Ialali! O my loss.



* The celebrated medical treatise by Ebn Sinà.

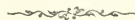
† A stringed musical instrument.

‡ Ialali, *i. e.* O my night.

Ialali! thy loved form sits enthronèd
In my wreath of roses, jessamine, and pearls ;
Thy fond eyes are like two shining stars before me,
They prevent me from embroidering thee a cap.

Oh, come to me, delay not any longer ;
For the sake of Alla come to me in haste ;
Like a wind flower, my heart it trembles wildly,
When thy sweet name is murmured on my lips.

From my eyelids flows a rivulet of fondness ;
Come to me, oh come to me, Belovèd ;
My heart how it palpitates in absence ;
Come to me, and wrap me in delight.



FROM THE BENGALI.

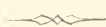
Song in the Metre of the Original.

A maid there is more bright than light
Whose charms my soul inflame ;
Her father's only child she is,
And Veedya is her name.
In vain my lyre, that form, all fire
And beauty, would portray ;
But, oh ! my heart is sad and lone,
While she is far away.

They say that Love has ne'er revealed
His form to mortal eye ;
But he who views my Veedyà's charms,
Sees Cama's self stand by.
Ye gods, forbid that he should see
That maid so choice, so fair ;
For Love may then my rival prove,
And sink me to despair.

I'll chant in song her matchless grace,
And breathe it in her ear ;
The sacred hymns of Noodyià
My Veedyà oft shall hear.
How blest were I, if, changed by spells
Into a bird-like shape,
I sang to her in Vrindabòr,
'Mid lily, rose, and grape.

My Veedyà's beauty fills my soul ;
I murmur still her name ;
She brightens every hope and thought,
And is my being's aim.
At night, at dawn, in star and sun
I see her ever shine ;
My life must be one cheerless waste,
Till Veedyà's heart be mine.





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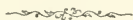
FROM THE PERSIAN.

Bafez.

A child of clay delights thee by her presence ;
Thy daily thoughts are fixed upon her light.
At night she hurries slumber from thy lids ;
Thy soul is bent alone upon her brightness.
Beneath her feet of ivory pure or silver,
Thou layest down thine head, O loving one !
Thine eye beholds no form but her, alone,
Thy heart trembles like a leaf in her presence.
If she asked thee for thy soul, thou wouldst bestow it,—
Nay, thou wouldst surrender heaven itself.
If a vain passion, airier than the air,
Thus subdues thee in thy young energies,
Wonder not at the spell of power which enshrines
Those who love the True Light ;*
Wonder not if they are wholly absorbed,
In the sublime mystery of their devotion.
They heed not Life ; their life is in Him.
They value not the earth, but willingly leave it
To be immersed in the Paradise splendour
Which He, crowned with an encircling light,
Ever opens wide to their possession.
What! though they move about in robes of clay,
Their feet are on the earth, their souls are fire.
Wisdom illuminates their glowing thought.

* Among the Persians, as among the more intellectual of the ancient Greeks, there exists an intense yearning after a Kalon, or Invisible Beautiful and Immortal, which is called Soofeism : this exhibits itself in many ways. Thus the brother of Mirza Salêm burst into tears at the sweetly mournful singing of a boy in the service of the Khan.

By faith they can command the mountains ;
 At one word a city falls with all its towers ;
 They are as mighty in their will as are the winds,
 Yet are still and silent even as marble.
 God, the Most Beautiful, they see everywhere ;
 Every fair apparition reflects but Him,
 Even as though it were an image in a mirror.
 By them alone are the pure delights of love felt ;
 They have abandoned all for the Supreme One.



Gelâleddin.

Tell me, thou who far and wide hast wandered
 Over gardens beaming bright with roses,
 By the sweetest lakes and streams and rivers
 On whose margin Beauty's self reposes,—
 Tell me, where the fairest landscapes lie,
 That like scenes of heaven met thine eye ?

Ladye, fairer than the snow-white lotus,
 Earth contains no scene so bright and shining
 As the bank of flowers beside the fountain
 Where I've seen my dearest love reclining,—
 Small that bank indeed, but dearer far
 Than all other scenes or landscapes are.



Nizami.

Fair and stately, flower-encinctured, perfumed
 Was the garden, through which roamed delighted
 Sage Ferhâd ; and in the midst a Palace
 Reared its radiant dome beneath the cypress.

There were roses, blooming like the summer,
Bloodlike in their hues ; the gorgeous tulip
Waved its glowing turban in the zephyrs ;
Trees were there of wine and honey blended—
Hawthorn, willow, violet, and narcissus.
Onward passed Ferhâd ;—in other regions
He sojourned, and strayed in other gardens,
But saw none so fair and flower-encinctured.
Years passed over quickly : back returning
To that much loved scene, he found but ruin.
Gone was all that paradise of roses ;
Weeds and thorns assailed him with their daggers.
Where whilom the nightingale had wandered,
Crows and kites yelled forth their horrid noises.
All was fog, miasma, swamp, and desert.
Sorely wept the Sage while thus surveying
That which once had been a scene of splendours.
Is it thus, he said, that all men's treasures
Fade and pass away to desolation ?—
That the pomp, and pride, and royal beauty
Which so charm the sons of mortals vanish ?
Go, and in thy cell amid the forest
Meditate, and know that earth hath nothing
Which thou canst not find within thy spirit.
So he sought the forest, and thenceforward
Found in God alone delight unceasing.

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